

*LIFE STORY AND  
MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES  
of  
EDWARD L. BLACK*

14478 Volney King James Pintole Outlaw

172. "Nauroo. City where father (Geo. Black b. 1823) was a body guard of Joseph Smith" - same brother 9 babies that tragic night 1846.

LIFE STORY AND  
MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

188- Sept 27, 1895 (1895)

OF

EDWARD L. BLACK

Dictated 1946

305- Bring sister Jane Black she will cure me at Beaver - Balance of her life

307. The Narrow Road Saved My Life

In her Book  
gives Wm's  
See also  
5- Jan 14, 1839 - George - baptized  
12- She Jane G. Black - had a knowledge of plants & herbs  
3- George Black - With Jane Johnson + Father Wellison, and 20  
William and Joseph - came to S. C. C. arriving November 2, 1851  
See page 8 for considerable history of this family

18- Two  
15- American Bros + shield by American - Alice Jane  
21- The Two Geo Black Families  
15- American Bros - "The Little ones may  
come to the Valley where I live"  
"Mother had a baby girl by the name  
Alice Jane. I do not know how she  
fell in with the Indians Black but  
she came with the Indians coming across  
the plains."

Compiled  
by

SPENCER BLACK  
1978

144-8 - Volney King & horse Pinto

## Preface

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile Psalm 32:2

Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him and saith of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." St. John 1:47.

The two above scriptures describe the man, Edward Lenox (Uncle Ted) Black, as well as any scriptures could because if ever a man lived "In whom there was no guile," it was he. The scripture I have heard him quote more frequently than any other is "Let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrines of the priesthood shall distill upon thy soul as the dews from heaven. D & C Sec. 121:45. Honor and virtue were his life and the purpose of publishing this auto Biography is to give all his posterity a chance to know this great man, to feel of his spirit and be motivated to emulate the qualities of righteousness that characterized his entire life.

His life was preserved as a babe, through a spiritual manifestation (he always believed it was one of the three Nephites who interviewed in his behalf). He lived in tune with the Spirit of Christ all his life and just prior to his death he equated the excruciating pain he was experiencing with the suffering the Savior went through in the Garden of Gethsemane except that he said of his own suffering, "I am now understanding, in a very small way, what the Savior went through when he suffered for all of us." Of him Elder Gordon B. Hinckley said:

"To compress eighty years of vigorous living into eight hundred words of story, and still convey the spirit of the man, is no small task. For all but the 1st of his 81 years Edward L. Black of Kanosh, Utah, has been fighting. The first year he made little stir, but ever since then people have known he was around, either as a fatherless boy doing the work of a man, as a missionary in the South, as a successful farmer in his home community, or as an ardent temple worker."

I am proud to be the son of so righteous a man and I pray that all his posterity will live worthy of the great heritage he has bequeathed to them and that those who need to make adjustments in their lives to meet that worthiness will speedily do so. Spencer Black

## Chapter I

LIFE STORY OF EDWARD L. BLACK THE SON OF GEORGE  
BLACK WHO WAS THE SON OF WILLIAM Y. BLACK AND JANE  
JOHNSON AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I was born in the town of Rockville by the side of the  
Rio Virgin River in Utah's Dixie, June 11, 1868.

I do not know my number among the more than 3,000 babies  
grandmother Black brought into the world, in compliance with  
a life's mission to which she had been set apart by the  
Prophet Joseph Smith. President Brigham Young told her she  
would never lose a babe or a mother.

Mother lived most of her early married life with  
Grandmother. It was very soon noticable that there was  
something wrong with me. I fretted and cried all the time.  
Grandmother Black was put to her wit's end to know what to  
do for me, and as time went on I refused to take nourish-  
ment. Weeks went by and no improvement. The months began  
to go by and no change. Grandmother would take up my case  
with Mother telling her that if she would quit praying  
about me and quit asking the Lord to spare my life it would  
be no time until that little piece of skin and bones would  
be out of it's misery. Mother would say, "I will never quit  
praying for him. I will never give him up." So the time  
went on. Mother said she carried me on a pillow for more  
than a year during which time I didn't gain one pound.  
Every morning during that summer and fall she would carry  
me to the top of the hill of Rockville to get the early  
morning air. This continued until fall, and many of the  
best days in the winter were spent that way, and the next  
spring and summer until more than a year had gone by since  
I came into the world crying.

Mother was just about at the point of collapsing when  
one day, while she was alone and I had just gone to sleep,  
a very attractive man walked into the little cabin and said;  
"Sister Black, you have a very sick child. I have come to  
offer my help. I am prepared to tell you what to do for  
your child and he will get well at once. But you must make  
a promise with me that you will never tell any mortal being

on this earth what I told you to do for your child. If you are not prepared to make this promise I can do nothing for you or for your child. She promised and he told her what to do. Just then I squirmed and she turned to give me some attention for just a second or two. When she turned around again her visitor was gone. She rushed to the door in hopes of getting another glimpse of the wonderful visitor, but she never saw him again. No one else in Rockville ever saw him. She proceeded to do as he had directed and I got well at once, and began to get fat and was a normal child after the visit of that man.

After I was grown my mother told me this strange story, but did not want me to talk about it, not even to her. One day just before I went on my mission, she and I were alone in our little home on the east side of this town (Kanosh). I don't know what possessed me to speak to her as I did, but I said, "Mother, don't you think you better tell me what that man told you to do for me when I was a baby?" I shall never forget what happened. She turned white; I thought she was going to faint. She said, "Don't you ever speak to me again about that circumstance while you live on this earth". I tried to read her thoughts. I may be mistaken, but I believe she thought if she divulged that secret the same trouble would come back on me and there would be no one to help me the next time. She carried that secret to her grave at the age of 89.

My family are all married except Laura, our youngest daughter, who lives in Long Beach, California with my oldest daughter Ila. My youngest son, Spencer also lives in Long Beach at present. Spencer, his wife Venna, and their sweet little girl Eileen are here on a visit. My son, Mark, his wife Nina, and their four children, Russell, Caroline, Judy and Loren have a home close by on the same lot, and just beyond them on the corner is the home which used to belong to my oldest sister, Alice Rappleye, and now belongs to my oldest son Wells, who lives there with his wife Blanche and their two sons Garry and Lonnie, also Blanche's father whose name is Ring and is nearly 90. My only living sister, Annie Whatcott, 86, is with us here today. She and my half brother Nephi, who lives in Richfield, are the only ones left of the Black Family, Father's family of 13 children.

I am the oldest of our Black family. The six girls, all older than myself, are namely, Jane Rappleye, Lucinda Curtis, Agnes McCloud, Annie Highet, Uncle William's daughters, Josephine Petty, Uncle Joseph's girl, and my

sister Annie Whatcott. I think these girls are all living.

Not forgetting my oldest son, Golden, who died in Salt Lake when he was 19 with the first epidemic of flu, while he was trying to enlist in the first World War. There never was a finer specimen of manhood than he, from every angle. He was as pure morally as any boy who ever lived. He has with him a great power to love; he loved all of God's creatures and he was very greatly loved especially by the women both old and young. We received letters from women in other towns and other counties to say their daughters had cried themselves sick when they heard of his death, also informing us that their daughters were only friends of Golden's. As I before observed, he loved beautiful women and girls when he knew that they were sweet and clean. He never trifled with a girl's affection. We talked a great many times on the moral question. I was startled, amazed, and astonished at his great depth of knowledge on that vital subject. He used to point out to me the deadly results of a life of crime, and how grieved God was with His children who indulged in vicious and wicked practice and how impossible it is for them to come into God's presence, without a genuine repentance, in sack cloth and ashes, so to speak.

Besides Golden, our little girl Della left us when she was 9 years old. A more lovely, sweeter, and more beautiful spirit never came into this world. She was not right when she was born; her little heart was weak. We took her to different doctors who said those things just sometimes happened and no one seems to be to blame. I worried a great deal about her. We spent quite a lot of time and money trying to do something to help her. I used to take her on my lap and talk to her, telling her stories. In those years I worked hard in my field to try and support those 8 children. I well remember one morning sitting in the rocking chair in this room where I am now writing (our north bedroom) planning what was best to do to make ends meet, and she came in where I was, closed the door behind her, and asked me if I would please hold her on my lap awhile. I just rocked as she sat on my lap--I did not want to talk. I just wanted to hold her close to me and enjoy the sweet influence she had brought into the room. I watched her as I rocked and noticed her looking in one direction for some time. Finally she turned and looked at me and said, "Papa, who is that man standing there?". A very peculiar sensation went over me, and I replied, "Can you see a man standing close to us"? She said, "Yes, can't you see him?", and she began to describe him, even the clothes he wore.

I at once began to cry. I knew it was my Father. She kept looking in that same direction for some little while. I cried. She finally turned and said he is gone now.

I knew she would not stay with us long, and about a week after that one of the boys came down to the field on a horse to tell me she was dead. She was 9 years old.

## Chapter II

Kanosh, Jan. 1st, 1938

### Experience of a Pioneer Mother

I have read with interest the biographical sketches of our pioneer mothers and grandmothers lives that have appeared in the Deseret News. How true are the statements: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world", a tribute to one of them by Abraham Lincoln: "All I am, all I ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother". I am sure all great men could pay the same tribute to their mother.

God chose choice mothers to assist their sons in the founding of a great commonwealth, making the desert blossom as the rose. Their courage and unselfish devotion in the establishment of Gods purposes, in this, the Land of Zion, will be for all time, a monument to inspire spirits yet unborn. It is one if these mothers, Jane Johnson Black, of whom I wish to relate a few of the experiences of her most interesting life.

Jane Johnson Black was born in Lisborn, Ireland June 11, 1801. Her parents were Daniel Johnson and Margaret Chambers. Her father was a great friend of William V. Black. Her mother having passed on when she (Jane) was very young, and her father being in poor health, had asked Mr. Black to take his child at his death and care for her as his own child. The father died when Jane was sixteen.

His congregations asked for her services, and nothing else would do but she take his place and act as their pastor. She finally consented to their wishes and rode her father's circuit for the next four years. After this she was one of the family of William V. Black, according to her fathers desire.

William V, Jr. served 21 years in the British army-- 4 years in Ireland and 17 years abroad. He assisted in taking

Cape Good Hope from the Dutch in 1806, the Isle of France from the French in 1810, went to Madress and Bengal, 1821, called at St. Helena just after Bonaparte's death. Reached England March 1st, and arrived at his home July 2.

The following words are his own language:

I found that my mother and all my brothers and sisters had died and my poor father was being cared for by Jane Johnson.

William V. Jr. married Jane Johnson July 21, 1821. They lived with his father until his death Feb. 4, 1834. They then moved to Manchester, England, and worked at his trade as a weaver. In 1835 they heard the restored Gospel preached by William Carter. The meeting was held in a cellar.

At this time 4 children were born to this couple: George Mary, William, and Joseph. Jan. 14, 1839 they were baptized *nota* by William Clayton. He was ordained a teacher then a priest and sent with Elder John Taylor back to Ireland on a mission. At this time he drew from the English government one shilling and one pence per day. After Elder Taylor was called away, he was ordained an Elder by Hyrum Clark, and labored with Elder Curtis. Organized the Hillsborrow Branch, and at the following Conference was sent back to Manchester.

In 1840, his family sailed for America. He remained behind, and filled a two-year mission. He organized the Oldham and Rockford branches, and in all his labors he said the Lord had blessed him in a most wonderful manner.

The mother and family had a rough voyage, and at one time it looked as though all on board would be lost. She and her children retired to a secluded place, and they all prayed and William spoke in tongues and the mother had the interpretation and it was that they would have a safe landing. A ship near them sank and all on board were lost. The gale their ship was fighting struck the other ship and they saw it fall apart. *no ship?*

She and her children arrived in Nauvoo and took an active part in all the activities of the Church. She loved the Prophet Joseph and knew he was a Prophet of God, and he soon learned to love her and showed her many considerations. She shared the hardships and trials of the Saints and her only thought and aim was to do her part in helping to establish the purposes of the Lord, building homes and cities only to be driven from them by mobs.

She cared for herself and family with her own hands, administering to the sick, bringing babies into the world, which work proved to be her life's mission. When her husband returned from his mission, he found his family living in Augusta, 20 miles from Nauvoo. They soon moved back to Nauvoo and her husband was ordained a High Priest by order of President Young.

Joseph, her youngest son, at the age of eight, had a strong desire to be baptized. Elder George Adams baptized him and added the name of Smith.

Jane witnessed the battle fought between the mob and the Mormon Militia and the Saints. She was the only woman on the battlefield, and she carried water all day between the two gunfires. Her oldest son stood at the gun all day. The old cannon, the property of the state, is a rare historic relic. She saw Captain Anderson fall, and heard Captain Packet say, with tears streaming down his face, "If I were the Lord, I would avenge his blood." Talking to my brother George in the Manti Temple a short time before he died about the incident, he said that President Taylor and John Smith were talking to him about it one day and President John Taylor said, "Brother Black, we two men passed by your father as he stood at that gun that day, and we set a brass bucket of whiskey and a tin cup down by his side, and I told him to drink freely, and while father was a very temperant man, he obeyed those orders." I feel very much indebted to my brother for this bit of history.

These were some of the trying circumstances the Saints had to pass through.

The leading bretheren of the Church loved this noble woman. The Prophet Joseph Smith blessed and set her apart to administer to her sex as long as she lived, with a promise of success in her labors. During her life she brought more than 3,000 babies into the world, and never lost a mother or baby. This was according to a promise Pres. Young gave her as he was ready to start to the Valleys. He said to her, "Jane, if you will try and live up to the counsel the Prophet Joseph gave you, I promise you will never lose a mother or baby."

At the time the Saints were driven out of Nauvoo, she stood on the Montrose side of the river watching the

actions of the mob, disarming and abusing the entire body of the Saints. A feeling of indignation arose in her soul, and her Irish blood almost boiled, when a mob captain rode up where she was standing and asked if she had any kind of gun on her person. She looked at him with fire in her eye and contempt in her soul and at the same time drew from her bosom a small six-shooter and said, "Do you want it?" "Indeed I do" was the reply. "Captain, I am serving notice on you that I intend using it before giving it to you. Now do you think you want it?" He gave her a piercing glance and replied "I guess not", and rode on.

That cold and dreary night never to be forgotten, 9 babies were born. She did her full duty relieving the distressed and suffering mothers and keeping alive the new babies. A little way up the river she pitched a tent under a big tree, which she used for a hospital. She also used a light covered wagon.

Her husband <sup>was</sup> in Canada, and he had to go there twice a year to draw his pension. At this time she said she had one bushel of meal and 12 cucumbers. These were given her by Martin Littlewood.

She buried her six-shooter and two guns wrapped in a small quilt, under the wagon between the two front wheels. Some time later she thought she would unearth them and see if they needed attention. As she began to remove the dirt, a group of men rode up. One of them asked what she was doing under that wagon. She looked up into the face of the man who tried to disarm her a short time before. She smiled and said to him, "You know we Mormons have the power to resurrect. I am now in the act of resurrecting." He turned to the men and said, "She is only a crazy Irish woman. Let us be moving."

She describes the scenes that followed that fearful night on the banks of that old Mississippi River, and scenes that tried the hearts and souls of the strongest. With very little nourishment many women went down into the valley of the shadow of death to bring a precious soul into the world. But certain blessings soon followed, and according to her report, while the sick were being cared for, the Lord sent honey dew, which they gathered from the bushes until they had plenty. She boiled maple juice until she had an abundance of cakes of sugar. After that the Lord sent quails until they had all they needed.

Going back to the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum. We remember that Brother John Taylor lay wounded in Carthage Jail with a number of bullets from the assassins' guns lodged in his body. After he was moved to a place where he was to receive medical attention, he would not let the doctor touch him until Jane Black was summoned on the scene to assist in the operation. After the bullets had been extracted and the wounds dressed, she asked Brother Taylor why he sent for her to assist in the operation. His answer was, "Not only did I know there was none better at such a job, but I want you to stand at the morning of the resurrection and testify to the Lord against the assassins who murdered the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum and attempted my life." She replied, "Don't worry, Brother Taylor, I will be there and tell the Lord all about it."

1851  
The Black family moved to Winter Quarters where they remained until the spring or summer of 1890, when they started on their long journey across the plains in James Pace's company. Their outfit consisted of two wagons, a yoke of cows, and five head of young cattle. The youngest boy, Joseph, said he drove the young cattle on foot the entire distance to the Salt Lake Valley. She took her baby, Johnson McDonald, along, whom she reared to manhood, but she buried her only daughter, Mary age 20, at Nauvoo.

They reached Salt Lake November 2. This trip was filled with hardships, the same as all those who passed through the same kind of experience.

November of the same year she, with her husband, her sons and their families were sent by President Young to Sanpete County. Settling in Manti, they built a stone house close to where the Temple now stands. They were 16 days making the journey in a snow storm.

After some time in Manti they were called back to Salt Lake and lived across the street south of the Eagle Gate just east of the old Guard house. Here they lived what seemed to be a long time.

The Saints had been driven three times from Spring City in Sanpete County, and in 1853 they were called to resettle that place. My father, George Black, presided as Bishop.

In the fall of 1861 they were called to Dixie, and settled on the Rio Virgin River, calling the town Rockville, a little town with one street, a ledge of rock on the north, and the river on the south. Possibly there was no man in the Church who had the ability to make friends with the Indians as did William V. Black (grandfather) except President Young and Jacob Hamblin. By a great many of his friends William was called President Young's right hand bower.

I visited William Black, Jr. (Uncle William) at his home in Deseret 4 months before his death, then in his 95th year. His memory was as keen and his intellect as bright and his articulation as fine as when he was forty. Among the many interesting things he told me that happened at Spring City, I should like to relate but one.

All the men, except himself, were in the mountains or canyon for poles. He was down at the corral repairing a calf pen when he saw a large Indian go into the cabin. Knowing his mother was there alone, he ran to the house, and saw the Indian with an arrow fixed at his bow and drawn tight pointed at his mother, abusing and threatening to shoot her. He immediately reached over the Indian's shoulder and grabbed the arrow, and then the battle was on. First one, then the other was on top, but his stogy boots came in good play. He stomped the Indian beyond recognition. The Indian finally got away and ran to the camp a few miles away.

It then dawned on him what he had done. He told his mother there was no earthly escape for him. He would face the ordeal and possibly get a chance to explain her innocence and have her life saved. He walked 30 or 40 yards out in front of the door and waited only a short time when he saw about 24 Indians under full speed riding toward him. The chief, on a white horse, was leading the charge. Uncle William said no mortal tongue could describe his feelings. They passed by him and went on down to the cabin door. The chief gave a signal and all the Indians stopped, and the chief sprang from his horse and went into the cabin. It seemed to William Black that the Indian remained in that cabin for hours, and when he came out he had been crying. Swinging back into his saddle, he gave a signal and all galloped back to camp. I presume grandmother taught that Indian the lesson of his life. William a few days later learned they whipped the Indian.

In 1861 they were called to settle Dixie, as I have before observed. They finally wended their way down over the Black ridge. Sixty-three years later with two other partners, D.S. Dorrity and Anthony Paxton, Jr, we built a modern highway over that ridge at a cost of one hundred and forty thousand dollars. Our road was exactly over the old Mormon trail. Sometimes I would find an ox shoe or a piece of wagon. Once I found a king bolt and wondered if it were fathers. I kept it a long time.

The numerous hardships the people passed through in settling that country are almost unbelievable, and the many stories mother told me of the things that happened in those days are still fresh in my memory, two of which I would like to relate.

The greatest thing that came into Mother's life was the privilege of living the most of her married life with Grandmother. One day a burly giant Indian, his face plastered with war paint, long braids of hair down his back, decorated with feathers, walked into their little cabin. The two women were the only ones at home. This was about three days before I was born. Grandmother was preparing a meal over the coals in the fireplace, as stoves were not fashionable in those days. Mother was so frightened she had a hard time to keep from fainting. The Indian asked Grandmother for something she did not have, and so informed him. To manifest his contempt he walked to the fireplace and spit in a frying pan of meat. She had a rather heavy oak stick standing by the fireplace sharpened at one end which she used in lifting the bake oven lid and other vessels from the coals. She immediately broke that stick in two across his head. He fell like a beef that had been shot, and he scrambled on all fours until he reached the door, where he got to his feet and ran, she was right after him punching him in the ribs with the sharp end of the stick and he screaming for help. Mother stood in the door and watched the race. The last words she heard her say to the Indian was "If you ever come to my house again you will get something worse than that." A few days later the Indian met Grandfather and congratulated him on having such a brave squaw.

One day a fellow got mixed up in a mowing maching when his team ran away, his foot and ankle were mangled, and of

course an amputation was necessary. Mother said Grandmother sharpened her butcher knife, cut a circle around the calf of the leg to the bone, then split the upper part of the flesh in three or four places, and tied the strips back some way. She had no clamps, so with a common saw she soon had the leg off. Folding the strips of flesh and skin back over the bone, and then dressed and bandaged the leg. The fellow lay there half dead. Mother thought he would die. Grandmother stood looking at him with her hands on her hips and said, "How grateful and thankful to the Lord you should be." He wanted to know what in hell he had to be thankful for. She replied "To know it was not both your legs."

They built a home and for sometime lived in Springdale. Her son, William, was the first man to discover Zion Canyon; her son, George, named it Little Zion. It is now known as Zions National Park.

The settling of that desolate and foresaken country was a tremendous task. The old gentleman Jennings was the first school teacher. Reading, writing, and spelling was about all they taught. The school was held on the bluff back of Rockville by a slate ledge where the children got their slates, and their pencils were made of the same material. Cotton, corn, and cane were their only crops until their trees began to bear. For a long time the seed was taken from the cotton by hand until a gin mill was installed. The cotton was carded and spun on the old spinning wheel. My oldest sister told me when she was about 7 she had a daily task of spinning four spindles of thread before she could go and play. The legs of the frame were cut off and plank laid down for her to walk on. Back and forward she would walk, turning that wheel and spinning the tiny rolls of cotton. Later the women fixed hundreds of threads in the loom lengthwise. Then the work of the shuttle began, hour after hour making the cloth. Then the dyeing process began. Madder root made the red dye. This they gathered from a bush that grew in Dixie. Indigo was brought into the newly settled country. Dye pots were found in most of the homes. Chamber lye was not only necessary and essential, but almost indispensable in settling the dye made from the indigo and madder root. Cloth made in this manner would keep its color. Denim or a piece of factory cloth would be occasionally purchased, raveled out, and used for thread in makin up their clothing.

My father sold or traded two calves and bought the first piece of calico that his family had in Dixie, and the girl who spun the cotton had her first calico dress. She is Alice Rappleye, now in her eighties, and lives in Kanosh, Utah.

There were few who had a finer knowledge of the science of obstetrics and more proficient in the art than Jane Black. This was recognized by the authorities of the Church in her early life. I am informed by one of her daughters-in-law that President Young visited her home in Manchester England. She, together with some of her Sisters in the church, made him a beautiful quilt, which he brought home. It is well known that President Young, before starting on his journey to the valleys with his company, told her she would follow soon and warned her concerning her obligation to her sisters and told her if she would be faithful she would never lose a mother or baby. She was never known to make a charge for her services, but was usually well paid. Sometimes a sack of flour, a ham, and sometimes both. Through this means she helped provide for her family in her journeys through the states, and the practice continued all the balance of her life in valleys. At one time President Young sent a team and buggy to Manti and had her come and wait on one of his wives in Salt Lake City. On his southern trips he loved to be at her little cabin home in Dixie. She had a knowledge of the plants and herbs, and combined them for the blessing and benefit of the sick and afflicted.

While sitting in front of her cabin one morning reading her Bible, a man passing by informed her that her house was on fire. "Tut, tut, she said, "If you pay your tithing as honestly as I do, you will never burn." He extinguished the fire.

She was scrupulously clean. A young man passing one morning said, "Mother Black, why do you sweep your dooryard clear out in the middle of the road?" Her reply was, "This is the only way I have of paying my poll tax." She went on humming her lullaby song. "Buy a Broom", the song she had sung to thousands of children and babies. The following is the chorus:

Buy a broom. Buy a broom.  
I have large ones for the ladies.  
I have small ones for the babies.  
Come all my littles ladies and buy up my brooms.

January 28, 1873 her husband died and was buried in Rockville, having lived there twelve years. That same year her youngest son, Joseph, received a letter from President Young releasing them from that mission. The letter is still in the possession of Peter T. Black of Delta, a grandson. They moved to Kanosh where her eldest son, George died. William and Joseph, with their families, moved to Deseret and settled and built up that country. The mother soon followed her sons. They built her an adobe home for dwelling close by them. One of the five wives visited her daily and cared for her wants. The dress she is wearing in the accompanying picture is a beautiful royal purple silk made by a young lady at that time, the third daughter of her eldest son, and it had been declared she looked royal in it. The pattern was bought from a peddler from England who was staying with Joseph. He had two patterns--the other a silver gray silk. This was purchased for the young lady just mentioned--\$10.00 for each pattern. The young lady is now a great-grandmother, my sister, Annie Whatcott, who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah.

I can only make a passing mention of her fine daughters-in-law, eight in number, but I should like to make a slight mention of her three boys. George was mechanically inclined. He put together the first Gin mill in Dixie, was familiar with all kinds of machinery. He was a musician, and choir leader in the new settlements. He freighted with two yoke of oxen to Pioche from Dixie, and my oldest brother often went with him driving another two yoke, but was too small to lift one end of the yoke from the ground. Brother George told me that Father donated three of his teams each fall to the Church. Then he would break or gentle three wild steers each spring. Like his mother, he did not know the meaning of fear. My mother said he never spoke a cross word to one of his children, much less put a willow or strap on them. This was the testimony of my two older sisters to me. His children have always loved his memory.

William was as sturdy as the deeply rooted oak, firm in his convictions, a wise counselor, and a great builder. He had big contracts on both U.P. and th D. & R. G. railroad, building their grade, to the amount of many thousands of dollars. He was a kind and loving husband and father. He was kind and thoughtful of his oldest brothers fatherless children.

Joseph had a mild and loving disposition. He was a refined gentleman. He had but little schooling, yet he accomplished much in journalism. He occupied nearly all the offices in the newly settled towns. He was Bishop for 15 years or more. He built the mills and enterprises, and he helped his brother build the railroads. He was a natural historian. In 1888 he and brother Andrew Jenson and Edward Stevenson went back over the old trails where our people were driven by mobs. The result of that journey is a little book entitled "Infancy of Mormonism".

Fourteen of his grandsons and one son-in-law served in World War I. There is no doubt these fine sons, all of them outstanding characters, inherited from their parents the qualities that made them great.

At the age of 82 Grandmother dictated to a scribe, Joshua Bennett, the story of her life. End of Story.

### Chapter III

I desire to say a few things about my mother, Mary Ann Donnelly, up until the time she arrived in Salt Lake. It is extremely pitiful we know so little of her life. She said so little about herself and her people. Very little was done in those early days about record keeping.

Mother was bory January 26, 1834, in Hagherafelt County, Derry, Ireland. Her mother's name was Mary Ann McEwan Donnelly. Her father's name was Philip or Felix Donnelly. He was a drover; one, as I understand, who ships, buys and sells. On one of these trips he was lost at sea. Mother was very young when this happened. Her mother married Edward Irwin. They had no other children.

Mother was a student, and possibly in her neighborhood no other girl was better versed in the Scriptures than she. She loved poetry, and could quote Bobby Burns for hours, and was doing it until the day she died. The poem she quoted more than any other, and especially when she wanted to set me right, went something as follows:

Ah, oode som power the gift to gee us  
to see our sels as others see us,  
it oode fro many a blunder free us  
and foolish notion.

She had a very good command of the English language. (At the age of 17 she found herself in love with a boy by the name of Frank Quinn.) She never loved anyone throughout her life as she did him. At that time two Mormon Elders came to that little town, Elder John T. D. McAllister and James Furgeson. She and another girl went to hear them. These Elders were about 20 or 21 years of age. Elder McAllister was the speaker. His subject was the restored Gospel in this dispensation, how the Father and the Son appeared to Joseph in the sacred grove, and what they both said to him, the visit of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdry and what he said and did, the visit of Peter, James, and John, and what they said and did, the visit of the Angel Moroni, and what he said and did. She told me that talk was like the strains of beautiful music. It sounded like an old beautiful story she had once read and forgotten. She knew every word of it was true. It had brought to her a new life she had dreamed of. In that elated frame of mind she told her step father and mother the story. She was so astonished she did not know what to do with herself to find they both laughed at her. A few days later she told her sweetheart or boyfriend all about it. He was grieved and worried about it. She made further investigations about it, and finally told her parents her desires. They had no objections so she was baptized in the Mormon Church. Then her boyfriend was more worried. They were both thinking seriously about each other. He was a devout Catholic. One day when they were together he said, "Mary, I have been thinking about our condition, and I have come to the conclusion it is alright for you to belong to the Mormon Church. We can get married and raise our family, and all the girls that come to our home can be blessed and baptized in the Mormon Church and all the boys that come to our home will be Catholics". She threw up her hands and said, "Frank, we separate right her". I think she said she never went with him again.

It was not long after this that she took a sailing vessel for America. She was eleven weeks on the ocean. She married a man by the name of Amerian Groo. My sister Annie says this happened before she came to America, but I don't understand it that way. Groo was a missionary who had the name of being a fine man and helped the immigrants a great deal. He was found missing and no one seemed to know what became of him. My sister Annie says he came to the Valleys years later. Mother had a girl baby by Groo, named Alice Jane.

1851  
 I do not know just how she fell in with Grandmother Black, but she came with the Black family all the way across the plains. While after their arrival in Utah, Mother told me that President Young called father in his office and said, "George, I want you to go get that Irish girl, Mary Ann Donnelly, and bring her to my office and I will marry you." Father told her the story, and they went together at once to his office and he made them man and wife. Mother said that thought had never entered her mind. She admired Father-- he was such a good man, so kind to his mother and faithful to the Prophet. But he had a wife, Susan Jakeway, whom he married in Saint Louis where he worked on the river preparing to come to the Valleys, and they had a baby.

Now a few words about Father before coming to the Valleys. He was a trusted bodyguard of the Prophet Joseph when 18 years old. He was put to various tests and came through with flying colors. No man ever lived who loved Joseph Smith better than Father unless he had a greater capacity given to him from the Lord to love. At one time a mob general had his army assembled across the river from Nauvoo with the intention of exterminating the Mormons unless they left at once, so he decided to be sporty and serve notice on Joseph in person. Some way the Prophet got wise to this. The Prophet knew the general would come through a certain lane to come to the city, so he selected 6 men and gave them all the same counsel, which was, "Boys, don't let him come into the city except as a prisoner." So the Prophet placed two of the men at the end of the lane where the general would enter the lane, one on either side of the road, each with a gun. At the middle way of the lane were two more men. At the end of the lane next to the city the Prophet placed Uncle Robert Barrow and Father. The general rode a fine white horse. He had selected 6 men to go with him, all well mounted. After riding off the boat on the Nauvoo side, they rode casually along until they got near the first two guards. The captain discovered what was in the wind, and he gave the order to charge, and just before he got to the guard they stopped out in the road, threw their guns down on him and ordered him to halt. He turned quick in his saddle and screamed to his men, "Come on boys." By this time they were past the first guard. He did the same with the second guard. Uncle Robert said, "George, the son of B has passed all

the other boys and his is coming like hell." Father said, "Don't worry, he will stop when he gets here or I'll pick him off that horse, and I'll come close to getting all his men before they know where they are at if they offer resistance." Father gave the order, and the captain nearly pulled his horse over backwards trying to stop. Father walked up to him and said, "Captain, you are my prisoner. Throw the reins over your horse's head.", which order was promptly obeyed. "Now unbuckle those sixshooters, as well as that saber. Give them to me." Father buckled that paraphernalia around himself, picked up the reins, and told the captain to tell his men to follow, which they did. Uncle Robert and Father lead the captain to the Prophet's office. Father said, "Captain, get down from your horse, go in that office, and talk to a prophet of God. I will entertain your men." He sure entertained them. He told them what a bunch of cowards they were and what God had in store for them if they did not repent of their sins and cease trying to take the lives of God's other children who had just as much right to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience as any people who ever graced the earth. After Father had lectured to those fellows about an hour, the captain came out of the office. It was very plain he had been crying. Father gave him his guns and saber. He went back across the river and dispersed his army. Next day it was learned that one of his men asked him how it was he passed the first two sets of guards and stopped at the last set. His reply was, "I saw shoot in that fellow's eye, and if I had disobeyed his order he would have shot hell right out of me."

All his life Father was blessed with a great power of discernment. He knew what men had in their hearts by looking at them.

There is a fine old lady in Fillmore 15 miles north from here. She was telling me a story about Father. She said her father and mother were great friends of Father; Allen was their name. She first asked me if I knew who gave my father the name of Bogus Brigham. I told her I didn't know he ever had such a name. She said her father used to refer to him by that name with a great deal of pride. Her father said one time a number of officers tried to get admittance to one of the homes of Brigham. Mrs. Young had barred the door, and they seemed to be waiting outside patiently. Father knew Pres. Young was in that house. He walked over; said a few words to the officers and then

went to the door and Sister Young let him in. It was Brother Allen's idea to make the officers think that Father was going to persuade Brigham to give himself up. Father dressed in Brigham's clothes, wore his glass hat, and slipped out the back way, got quite a distance from the house, then made a circle so the officers could see him running at the same time. It took the officers some time to round Father up. Then he gave those officers the horse laugh. They went back to the house as fast as they could run. Mrs. Young said, "Come right in, gentlemen." That was one time they did not find him.

At one time when Father was only a boy the Prophet's father called him to his office and gave him a blessing. The following are some of the words he used.

George, thou art a virgin. Thou was selected chosen, ordained, and set apart in the eternal world to be one of the 144,000 Elders to escort the Saviour to the earth at His second coming. I reseat up you this, thy former blessing.

Then proceeded to give Father his one blessing. I have often thought of those words. He was a virgin. It reminds me, and for fear I do not think of it again while writing this story I wish to mention it now. Mother one time, talking to me about Father, said, "My boy, a more honorable, more honest, and more virtuous man never breathed the breath of life." That was her contribution to the greatness of Father.

I met a man in the Salt Lake Temple one day, and he had heard of my Father's blessing. He told me a Patriarch gave him a blessing when he was a boy, and the way he explained it to me the words were almost identical with the words of Father's blessing. The man lives in Nephi. I have misplaced his name and address. I may find it and include it in the story.

## Chapter IV

I now proceed with my story. The Lord has been good to me, and had it not been for His providence and inter-vening at the proper time, I would have been in the other world long ago. I am thankful and grateful to Him for His goodness to me. I cannot remember the time when I did not pray, and not once in my life have I profaned His sacred name, and how men can associate the sacred name of God with their petty troubles has always been a mystery to me. I am grateful for my standing in the church and for the blessings it has brought into my life. I am grateful for a father that God loved and that the Prophet Joseph Smith lived. I am grateful for a mother who morally was as pure as an angel, who gave up everything she loved dearly for the sake of this Gospel. I am grateful for her example and her teachings. I never remember a day in my childhood that she did not pray and teach us how to pray, and the importance of praying, and if I can write something about my life that will be faith-promoting to my children and their children and cause them to have a degree of pride in their heritage and a desire to keep the commandments of God and help further His cause in the earth, then I will be most happy.

We lived about one more year in Rockville. Then Father moved Mother and her family to Panaca, which was then called Bullyville. As I remember, there was a big smelter company there, which father worked for. He furnished the cord wood to operate their furnaces--hundreds and hundreds of cords of wood. He had a number of men chopping and hauling cord wood. Father stood around on the grounds seeing that the wood was properly corded, and while doing that, he inhaled the fumes and gases from the furnace, which was the cause of his death, the fumes being leaded. We remained there more than a year and a half, maybe two years.

I don't think I was three years old when some very important events happened in my life. I remember an old squaw coming to our home. She had a little chain about 3½ feet long. I was wild to become the owner of that chain. With some tread, a little flour, and some other things, Mother traded for the chain. It was really the first thing I ever owned. Years later I had it cut in half and gave half to my brother George and Uncle Tom Davis, of Fillmore. They cut their half in two and fixed them on their Spanish bit riding bridles.

They had those bridles when I was grown. After I got my chain, there came by our house one day six yoke of cattle and one span of horses, moving a house on some long logs. I followed that strange sight 4 or 5 blocks. It seemed I wanted to go right along with that outfit, the attraction was so great. I stood for some time watching them move away from me, and all of a sudden a man rode up and spoke to me. I can see that man today on that big beautiful gray horse. I was standing at the forks of a road. He told me where he wanted to go and asked me if I could tell him the right road. I said, "Yes, sir", and I proceeded to tell him. He asked me to come a little closer to him and open my hand. I obeyed and he dropped a new dime in my hand. Somehow I knew it was money, but I think it was the first I had ever seen. I thanked him and started to run, and I didn't stop until I got home and explained everything to Mother.

The first two pieces of property I ever owned were the chain and the dime--and I thought more of them than any other property I ever owned.

Soon after that I got lost. Father had a hired man who lived at our home who did odd jobs of various kinds. He went for a load of wood one day and took me along without saying anything to Mother or anyone else. When Mother found I was not in town she was wild. She had had quite a lot of trouble over me, and she didn't want to lose me now, so men and boys organized in groups, and the whole town was searching for me. Mother and some of her close neighbors were crying, and the whole town was wrought up, when this guy pulled into town with me on a load of wood. They felt like hanging him, and of course it had never occurred to him what a thing like that meant.

Our nearest neighbor's name was Runels. They had a girl named Laura. If she had not cried so much I could have had her for a sweetheart. She was my only playmate. She cried often, and it seemed so pitiful I just could not stand it. I spent most of my time there. When she started to cry I beat it for home. She made a song out of it. All the time she cried she would be saying Law, Law, Law, Law. I would sure like to write that woman a letter if she is still alive.

## Chapter V

Father moved us to Kanosh. I have a faint recollection about this trip. I remember going through the town of Beaver, and I well remember when we arrived at Cove Fort. I went in through the big gates and turned to the left into the first room on the south side of the Fort. I found an old woman rocking in a rocking chair. She took me in her arms and asked me some questions and told me some things, all of which I have no recollection. Mother came and got me.

We lived for some time in a cellar where James Paxton now lives. Our next place of residence was a real house, one room made of adobe, now Dell Penney's home. At this time ~~I had a sister named Laura with red hair, a very beautiful girl just learning to walk.~~ A deep wash ran between our house and where Forest Paxton now lives. Water was high in the spring, and just to worry Mother, Laura would get out in the road before Mother realized, and she would walk backward toward the wash. Mother was afraid to follow her, so she just coaxed her with promises. I remember how Mother suffered about that child.

When she was about 2½ years old, Mother and I were coming home from the store and Laura met us. She was crying, and said she hurt her leg. Mother made the examination and found she had stubbed her toe and it was bleeding. Mother carried her home. She died when she was three years old. It nearly killed us all; she was the baby.

At this time we lived in a cellar again while our cabin was being built where Theodore Penny now lives. The cellar was halfway between Theodore's and the Henry Whatcott's home. Later Aunt Susan's father's first wife, and her family lived where the Whatcott home now stands. Their home was a one-room adobe with a slant roof, bedroom to the west, and a long log room to the south. Aunt Susan's family consisted of George, Susan, Willaim, John, Nephi, and Melissa. Our family: Alice, Annie, Lillian, Joseph (died), myself, Laura, and Birdie. I wondered how Mother ever got along. She did an immense lot of crochet work. She made yards of it, all through their stay in Sanpete County, as well as in Dixie, and after we came here. Aunt Susan was a saleslady, and she took this crochet work and peddled it for meat and flour and anything the two families could use. We had a lot and a half and

*See Alice gone there*

Aunt Susan, a city lot and a half. We always raised a garden, and oh, the weeds. We raised a stack of hay, and usually had a cow and a few chickens.

I remember mother sending me to the store with 3 eggs to buy some nutmeg. It was some little balls used for seasoning food. I remember telling Bro. Nadauld, the clerk, it was mutton eggs I wanted. After getting my nutmegs, I strolled around by the north side of the store, and to my great surprise and astonishment, down by the side of the store among some weeds and trash I spied an egg. Well, I couldn't figure out for the life of me who had any better right to that egg than myself, still I knew it was not mine, but who did it belong to, and it would only spoil if it laid there, and I wondered if it would not be a charitable act to save it from spoiling. I had in mind all the time what I would like to do with it. I kept getting a little closer. Still I was afraid to pick it up. I knew better than to pray about it. I wondered if the Lord was watching me, and just what he would do if He was in my place. I stooped down and picked it up. It looked and felt like any other egg. I tried to put it back, but I couldn't. It seemed to want protection by staying in my hand. The only logical thing it could be used for was in my mind all the time from the first moment I saw it. So I went back in the store and traded it for the very thing eggs were made for, 3 sticks of candy. Somehow I didn't enjoy that candy as I had at other times. I did not dare to let anyone know I had that candy, much less mother. I felt tough as I left that store. I might have asked Brother Nadauld what to do about it; somehow I felt if I asked him I would get no candy. Anyway, wasn't my judgement as good as his? So I trudged along, only a half a block. I had another temptation. I was walking along the road and to my surprise again, right in front of Bishop King's home out near the road lay a long new bed cord rope in the weeds, the kind of thing I had wanted. It was lost, alright, and if I took it I wondered if I could ever find its owner, at the same time I knew two boys lived in that house my age, and two or three younger. Bishop King had two wives. Volney and Thomas were my age. I was afraid to debate that question and I took the rope right home and told mother how it all happened, I mean the rope. She never did know about the egg.

She looked sorta disgusted like, and told me to go wash my face and hands clean and put on my Sunday shirt, all of which I did. She told me to come and go with her and

reminded me to bring the rope. As we walked along I did not need to ask her where we were going, but I did. She said, "We are going to Brother King's and you are going to ask Sister King to forgive you for stealing her boys' rope." And that is just what I did, and she forgave me and nearly cried. She patted me on the back and gave me a kind of blessing. Her boys were pleased to get the rope because it was lost, and they felt mighty fine towards me about it.

If I had to have such experiences, I am glad they came just when they did. I look back on them as the most valuable experiences I ever had. They were the first experiences that put my mind to working. It seems strange to me now how my little mind worked.

My father died when I was between 4 and 5 years old. He called my to his bedside and told a number of things about this Church, and how he knew Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and then he said, "My boy, I want you to lead a clean life, and always honor God." As I remember these were his last words. Mother never let me forget that counsel. It was the greatest piece of advice and the most valuable I ever received.

Spending two or more years in mining camps at the most critical time of my life, from 19 to 21 and 22. That advice from my dying Father seemed to ring constantly in my ears. Could I afford to allow any man or woman to persuade me to take a drink--not on your life. I knew what Father meant by wanting me to lead a clean life. It was apparent to me that the usefulness of a man's life was gone if it was unclean. I took it to mean always honor God, pray to Him daily, love Him, and try to keep His commandments. I got these thoughts fixed in my mind early in life.

I think my first job was with Charley Crane herding bucks, possibly a hundred head. It was in the fall after the drops had been gathered. We kept them in a corral up at the old mill, now Brother Will Staple's field. I would herd them or let them run loose in the field for about two hours early in the morning, and the same in the evening, 25 cents per day. One morning Denis Manhard went with me. His big black dog followed, and while the sheep were out feeding the dog went out and scattered them and was chasing them. Just at the time Mr. Crane was coming up to see how I was getting along. We called the dog off as Mr. Crane came up. He was very hot headed anyway, and was not very choice with

his language. I explained we had not sent the dog after the sheep, and did not know he was following us. Still he called us a lot of bad names, using the name of the Lord. Especially did he curse the other boy, and told him if he every caught him in his field again he would put him where the dogs would not bark at him.

I put the sheep in the corral and went home and told mother all about it. She had me wash and clean myself up, go to Mr. Crane's and tell him to get some other boy to herd his sheep. He looked at me when I told him my story, and said, "You are welcome to what you owe me. I make you a present of it." I started to leave his house, when he stopped me and made out a due bill on the co-op store for what he owed me, I accepted it, and thanked him and walked out.

Sometime after this he came to our house and apologized to mother and asked her if she would let me work for him again. She accepted his apology and told him she did not want her son to work for him anymore.

## Chapter VI

The fist animal I ever owned was a spotted wooley dog. I am sure no kid ever loved an animal better than I loved that dog. His greatest trouble was that he made fiends with everybody, grown folks as well as children. He was a medium sized dog.

Three men were passing our home in a wagon one day going toward the canyon. I was down at Aunt Susans, and saw my dog following the wagon, and I could see the men coaxing him along. I ran as fast as I could. They increased their speed, and I lost my dog. I grieved over the loss of that dog more than anyone will ever know. I would not cry, or at least no one saw me cry.

About two weeks later I came out of our house and looked down toward Aunt Susan's and saw a wagon going north, a dog following. I ran out to the gate where I could see better. Sure enough, it was my dog. I began to scream and call his name, at the same time running as fast as I could run, and the same thing happened. They whipped up their horses. I had my trouble and sorrow all to go through again. I wondered then and I wonder now how men could treat a little boy in that fashion. I lost confidence in men.

The trick was not only mean, but it was dishonest. They were thieves and pretty much everything else that was bad. I was about 7 years old then.

My next experience with a man was Dennis Dorrity. He was a sporting man, kept race horses and ran them for money often. He lived just a half block and across the road south of our house. I liked him very much. He was kind to Mother and I thought almost as much of his wife as I did my own Mother. No woman could have been more kind to a kid than she was to me. This friendship lasted all her life. She has been gone about ten years. They lost their first and only son Bryant, whom I liked very much, and so our friendship was mutual all around.

He had his corrals, barns and stables just across the road from our home, also a race track, I think a half a mile long. He, at this time, hired me to ride his horses. I was surprised because I was so young. I never rode a race. My judgement was O.K. but I could not hold the horses, so he and I would train them. Two different boys, either Jack Freeman or Cal Manhard would ride them. The two best animals he had was a sorrel mare with a white stripe in her face named Vick, and a roan horse called the Wild Roan. I think Vick was the best animal he ever owned, but if some other horse would crowd her or get in ahead of her, she would fly the track, which of course would be very disastrous if that happened in a race. I did not work long at this job as I was just not big or old enough. He paid me and some time went by. He came to our house one day and wanted to play marbles for keeps. That was quite fashionable even among the men as well as the boys. I had a few agates, some glassies, 5 big glass marbles, each a solid color, all different. I had a sackful of new china marbles, some with certain kinds of designs painted on them. In fact, I had a swell outfit. My oldest sister, who worked at Fillmore, sent me the big glassies, and my sister, Annie, who also worked for different people like Sister Watts, gave me some of the others. I remember Annie got a dollar and a half per week.

I was a little afraid to play for keeps with him, but thought I would try it for awhile. Knuckle Boston was the game, with a ring about six feet across. We would lay 3 marbles each in the center of the ring, put our hand down on the edge of the ring anyplace, and shoot. I began to win. I won half his marbles. Then he began to win, and before the game was over, he had won every marble I had. If it was

possible, I felt worse than when I lost River, my dog, but I wouldn't cry if it killed me. He walked slowly toward our gate with those sacks of marbles worth more than gold. I really believed he would do something about it, but he closed the gate, walked home, and never looked back. I watched him until he was in the house. Up until that time I had never sworn, but I said darn you kinda under my breath like. Then under the circumstance, I wondered how the Lord would feel toward me for doing such a thing. Then I thought of my dog, and said to myself, "That's another dog trick." Then I repented of that because he won the marbles fair. I had a right to quit the game anytime, even when I had half his marbles, but there was something about it that didn't seem right. I studied it over about an hour. I do not remember where my folks were, but none were at home. Finally I saw him come out to his gate. He stood there for sometime, looking downtown. I wondered if he was going downtown to find another marble game, and maybe I would never see one of those marbles again. He began walking towards our house. When reaching the gate he motioned for me to come to the gate, which I did. He said, "Don't you know, I have just about decided I don't want to play for keeps anymore," then he hesitated, seemed like two or three minutes. I thought he was thinking of his own little boy. He couldn't even give them to him, and I was sure feeling bad for him. I was sorry I darned him, but I did not know how to ask his forgiveness. He finally came to and said, "I am giving you back all your marbles and mine too". I held those sacks of marbles in my arms. He turned and walked away and said no more.

Then my thinker started to work. He was testing my mettle, and he wished he had a little boy just assporty because I had never squirmed once in the least as he was winning and did win all my marbles. I thought to myself, there is a man with a soul worth having. I had always had that opinion of him, but when he walked away from our gate with all my marbles, I was sure up a tree. So my love for him all came back. The lesson he was probably trying to put across was likely worth all the sorrow we both went through.

## Chapter VII

For quite a length of time when I was a small boy, a certain man, John Charlsworth, kept a saloon in the northwest corner of the town. I remember going there with a little flask many times to get twenty-five cents worth of whiskey for Uncle Tunis Rappley, an old staunch Latter-Day Saint. For years he would walk all over the town daily chewing tobacco, and know everybody's business. Still, he sent me for his whiskey. All kinds of things from playing cards to fighting roosters went on in that saloon; fist fights were common. A special call was made at one time for the chicken fights. My brother-in-law, Ed Rappley came to our house and asked for our old red rooster. He was boss of all the chickens in our neighborhood, including all the roosters. I asked the privilege of going with him. These things always took place after dark. I was less than 8 years old. I had not been baptized yet. Charley Crane, a big sheep man who lived here, bred and raised game chickens. They were trained to fight. He had artificial steel spurs fully an inch and a half long, sharp as needles, which he strapped on his rooster's feet before they went into the ring to fight. Sometimes they would kill their opponent in the first few minutes by jumping and driving that steel gaff through the head or neck of the other rooster.

Probably 20 men assembled that night, all with one rooster or more. There was a place to take care of the chickens. The fighting ring was in the center of the saloon. The fights were matched after everybody was there. Judges appointed to give the decisions, a referee to see that each fighter had fair plan. I was the only boy there, all the rest were married men.

Mother's old red rooster was matched to fight with Charley Crane's best fighter. Two or three men who knew our rooster and my brother-in law backed him. George Alma George put up quite a lot of money on the Crane rooster. The roosters were set down, one in one corner and one in the other corner, Crain holding his and Rappley holding ours. The referee said, "Let them go". They few at each other and no pugilist that I have ever seen played quite so rough in the ring as did those roosters. They would clinch, then break of their own accord. As I remember, the rules was a fight

to the finish, or until one rooster quit. Finally, the Crane rooster drove the steel spur through the joint of our roosters leg breaking the leg right in two. He dropped on his belly with his head high in the air, and the other rooster flying across him, cutting him each time. The referee was about to pick the old rooster up, when some of the men screamed to let them go. Just about then, the old rooster jumped about two feet high it seemed to me, and caught the other by the back of the neck some way, and he clamped down on that neck like a vice, notwithstanding his weight. The game rooster dug him around that ring until finally the game rooster began to squeal and squawk like he was being killed, apparently pleading for some one to take the other fellow off. It was apparent to everybody the game rooster was licked, and the referee pried the old rooster's jaws apart.

That chicken fight nearly caused two or three men fights. They finally (the men who were backing those roosters) agreed to leave it to certain judges which finally gave a decision in favor of Mother's old rooster. Then the men lined up along the bar and drank awhile. Then the cock fights went on, but nothing happened quite so exciting as the first fight. When Ed Rappleye took our old rooster outside and killed him I was deeply hurt. I felt he had a right to live and even have a pension like the men who fought in the war, and sometimes lost both legs, but it was done so quick I hadn't a chance to plead the old fellow's case.

After the cock fighting was over everybody seemed to be pretty well lit up. George Alma made an announcement, screaming at the top of his voice, and said, "I've got a horse that can out run any distance, out trot or out walk any horse in town for a hundred dollars". I was close to Ed Rappleye, who asked Ike Furgison if he (Rappleye) could use his bay stallion to run that fellow. Furgison said yes. Rappleye asked George to repeat his statement. George screamed louder than ever, making the same statement, and at the end of the statement he added, " or I can lick you, you son of a B, for two bits". Rappleye had won his money on the cock fight. Rappleye stepped two or three steps back, threw off his coat, and started for George. Two or three men gathered George in their arms with him squirming and screaming to get loose, finally they had their arms around his legs, and his head was in the air just about to touch the ceiling. Rappleye said, "Let him down. I will soon cool him off." Most everybody's attention was drawn toward George, when down at the end of the bar next to the door I saw another fight going on.

Jake Hopkins was choking Andrew Ross. They fell out of doors together and rolled over each other two or three times. Finally Ross was lying on his back with Hopkins setting astride of him and beating him in the face with his fist. No one seemed to be witnessing this fight but me. I notified the men in the saloon. They rushed out and Ike Ferguson grabbed Hopings and threw him about a rod. Hopkins went end over end, got up crying and at the same time wondering if he did not have a friend. Ross had to be taken home. He lived in the same house he built, now Alice Whatcott's home. He was in bed for weeks, and nearly lost his life on account of that fight. He carried those ugly scars on his face to his grave. That party broke up when they took Ross home, possibly two o'clock in the morning. Rappleye and George did not fight; neither did they run that race.

I seemed to fall to my lot as a child to witness such things as I have described. Even before this cock fight episode, at one of Dennis Dorrity's big race meets I saw Jake Hopkins and Williw Ribison in a bloody fight. I ran around the stable to tell Charley Robison, Willie's brother, about it, and told him to go at once and stop it, which he did. At another time, at a matched ball game between the Fillmore team and Kanosh, I saw George Day and Jim Hatton, before either was married, in a rough and tumble bloody fight over a girl they were both in love with. At another time in front of the old meeting house at a dance I saw Al Young beat Calvin Jones nearly to death. I have been told that man never did get over that trouble. Maybe I should not record these things, but they are history that came into my life at a very young age, and they taught me lessons of right and wrong, and are as fresh in my memory as the days and nights they happened.

I was telling Bro. George Pyper just a little while before he died as we stood by the Tabernacle in Salt Lake, just after a meeting, how he impressed me singing a song in a play in the Salt Lake theater. He was a young man; I was a boy. He was supposed to be drunk, and consequently a bit silly. He was walking across the stage singing a song. I told him something about the song, then told him I would sing the chorus and act it out on the stage, so I began walking from him, staggering, acting as he did, singing the chorus, which is as follows:

"Oh, she cuts no ice in the Northern Sea that frizen, frozen Laura Lee." He threw up his hands and laughed and said Bro. Black, Bro. Black, what a memory, what a memory".

## Chapter VIII

The first real spooky story I ever heard was when mother and I were spending the evening with Aunt Nancy Rapple, wife of Uncle Tunis, the man I bought whiskey for so many times. His was a two-room log house with a kitchen on the back. Uncle Tom Woolsey who was famous for telling stories, came in and started telling this story. He said he came home one night rather late. Folks were all in bed; and when he got to his gate, there stood an ugly coyote snarling, growling, and showing his teeth. He said it made him out of patience because he knew it was the devil. The wood pile was near the gate, and he picked up the ax and began to chop a little wood. He purposely tried to make the chips fly in the coyote's face; and he finally gathered up an armful of wood and walked to the house, Mr. Coyote following him, growling and snarling all the time. He said he lighted the lamp and stirred up the coals in the fireplace and sat down on one side of the fireplace, Mr. Coyote on the other side. Mr. Coyote looked ugly and mean at him as if he would like to eat him up. Finally he told him he was tired of his nonsense, and at the same time said, "Well, Mr devil, I command you in the name of the Lord Jesus to depart out of my house and never return again and he was gone instantly. Then he started on another story.

I was pretty well wrought up and frightened, and was not sure whether mother and I would dare go home or not.

He was prospecting for gold, and he was near the top of a rugged mountain. He did not believe any other man would dare even try to climb that mountain. He was sitting resting and looked up, and lo and behold just above him he saw something shining. It was a knob of pure silver. He knocked it off the ledge. It weighed several pounds. He took it to President Young and made his report, and told President Young there was a mountain of silver where he got that sample. He was sure surprised at Pres. Young's remarks. Pres. Young said, "Now, Thomas, my dear brother, it is not time to use that silver. The Lord will make it known when he wants us to use it, and I don't want you to tell anybody where it is, and don't you ever go back to it until I tell you."

Mother and I went home.

I shall never forget Mother's bad spell of sickness. The only doctors we had had done all they knew how to do. Bishop King and his counselors administered to her late that night. It seemed we children wanted to be alone with her and so informed them. When they were gone we all kneeled down around her and we took turns praying, starting with the oldest, and we prayed with all the fervency of our soul asking the Lord to spare her life and make her well. She had a good night's rest, and so did we. Those bretheren and their wives and other women came the next morning to find her practically well, and she got well right away. We had only been doing the thing she taught us to do. Believing the Lord would hear our prayers; it sure increased our faith and caused us to try and be better kids.

I never shall forget my first school days. Aunt Susan taught school in her big log room and all the kids, both boys and girls were in the one room. Reading, spelling and singing is all I remember her teaching. We used to have recess, at which time we played ball and other games. Our recess lasted about an hour. We had no desks, only crude benches to sit on and we held our book in our hand or on our laps. We were surely taught to respect each other's rights, and to be kind to other people. We liked to sing. I guess the Indians could hear us up at their camp a mile away. They, especially the squaws and papooses, would come down past our school every day, begging for bread and other things to eat from the people in town. Aunt Susan was considered a good teacher. She had a way of handling the kids that they needed no punishment. She had promised us a dance at the close of the school. We all looked forward to that event with fond anticipations. I had my mind all made up when I was going to do that day of no one had any objections, but I did not tell a soul what I intended doing. The dance was to be in the afternoon. I expected to take the most beautiful girl in town to that dance, providing she would go with me. I was quite sure she would. The dance was to start two o'clock in the afternoon. I got all ready before noon. Mother wondered about my hurry because we only lived half a block from the dance hall, but I didn't tell anybody, especially the boys. I will now describe how I looked when I was all set for the dance.

I had a pair of overalls made from a pair of men's overalls, suspenders made out of the same material, a striped shirt, made from some man's shirt. The overalls had small patches on the seat, but they were all clean and I had a hat

we called them Enoch hats. Mother made it from a pair of washed overalls. I was barefoot, but I had washed my feet as clean as water would make them. I was now all set for the dance, so I marched myself over to Bishop Kimball's,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  blocks from our house. Sister Kimball told me to come in after I had knocked at the door. She was alone in the room. I asked if I might take her daughter Loo (Louise) to the dance. I shall never forget the strange look that came over her face. Of course, she was ready to burst with laughter, but for my sake she only smiled. She replied, "Yes, I guess so, if she would like to go with you". I inquired where she was. "in the other room", was the reply. I opened the door and closed it behind me. Sure enough, there she was fixing a hat or something for the dance. I just imagined I heard Sister Kimball laughing. My Enoch hat was in my hand all the time. I told Loo, in a very gentlemanly way, the nature of my call, and the pleasure I was sure it would give me if she would accept of my desires and wishes. After my speech was finished, she did not hesitate but said she would go. I told her I would call for her about 15 minutes to two. I wanted the kids to all be at the dance so they could see me coming. Up to this time I considered this event the greatest in my life. Was I surprised when I called for her. There she stood, looked most like an angel with a beautiful new dress and new shoes laced high up on her ankles. We walked out of the gate. I then took her by the hand and that's the way we walked. She was more than a foot taller than I, and her pretty hat made her look much taller. We were the same age, and was I proud when we walked in that dance. Without any exception she was the belle of the ball. Some of the girls had to dance barefoot, the same as a lot of us boys. I don't remember just who it was that played the fiddle, but I think it was Brother Joseph Barney. We danced only quadrilles. Aunt Susan did the calling. The floor being dirt, did not bother our feet at all. Seemed all the boys wanted to dance with my girl. After the dance I took her home the same as I brought her, thanked her very graciously and went home.

## Chapter IX

I just as well say a few things about the Indians. The one I thought the most of was Jane. She was the mother of John and Ponch, Shibbins, and Carlins. Ponch was my pal until he died at about the age of 50. He and his mother and two sisters came to our house very, very often. Jane did various things for mother, including washing clothes. Ponch and I played marbles and practiced wrestling together. Sometimes I went to the camp, I suppose to see him.

At that time the camp was about a mile and half east of town, and a little north. As small as I was, I remember going alone to the camp. When I say camp, I mean a village of a hundred and fifty or more. The names of some of the older ones I knew personally; Kanosh, Hunkiter, Kanosh's brother, Narant, Pushant, Todsweep, the latter three were cousins to Kanosh, Blind Jim, the doctor, Joe Leevi, Sabiquin, Kashoquop, Joghson, Awage, Jim, 2nd Hankiter, Marcer, Carboorits, Moab, Sam, Toabi, Umpitch or Stumpy, who had frozen feet, Nunzuck, Isade, Bill, Andy, Hankup, Charley Cross Eye, John, Peach, Dick, Alex, Lonnie, Joe and Wess and a number of others who I do not recall their names of.

Aripine and Walker left before any of the white people settled here. They were also Kanosh's supposed brothers. I have visited Narent's grave a number of times in the deseret cemetary. A big red snadstone marks the place where he lies. He loved my Father better than any other man. He cried for days when Father died.

On Chicken Creek one day father and Aunt Susan were surrounded by a band of young Indians. They were at the point of killing them when Narant rode up screaming. He sure reprimanded the Indians, telling them Father was the best friend he had on earth.

I went to the camp a number of times alone. One time I found Hunkiter, Kanosh's brother who never married, all alone, lying among some tall sagebrush dying with a loathsome disease. I talked to him, but don't care to write what he said.

Another time I went to the camp and went into the largest tent. I guess there were 9 or 10 old Indians sitting

in a circle around a small fire. A real old Indian was smoking a pipe, and he was doing all the talking. They paid no attention to me whatsoever, as though I had not been there. There were skins of various kinds around near the back of the tent, and on one of these skins were a couple of young folks, a boy and a girl. The old Indians paid no more attention to them than they did me. I imagined they were sparking, but I didn't like their style, so I started for home. I don't remember telling this story or this visit to the camp before.

There are only a few Indians left now, possibly 25 or 30, almost in the same location as when I made my visits when a very little boy. The government takes good care of them. They have their tractor and combine and raise lots of grain.

I think for the benefit of those who read my story, I had better give a very short sketch of the character of some of these Indians. A few years ago I wrote a short sketch of the life of Chief Kanosh, I think I will include it in my story later.

October 1853, some immigrants from Missouri going to California killed Moshoguop father near the site of Meadow Town. I am basing my story on an article Josiah F. Gibbs wrote. I have checked his article from a number of angles, and find it reliable. Soon after the killing of the old Indian, Moshoguop, with about 20 other Indians, went over a few miles below Deseret to hunt ducks in some lakes caused by the overflow of the Sevier River. There were 5 or 7 tents. At this time Captain Gunnison, with eleven men, were making a survey for a road to California. They were camped near the bank of the river. Moshoguop planned a massacre. He and his men crept through the brush and willows in the night opposite Gunnison's camp. Gibbs gives the names of the following Indians who took part: Moshoguop, Pants, Marrear, Jim, Garboorits, Hunkiboobits, Tomoants, Koonante, Shipoke, Doctor Jacob, Wahbits, Moaband Sam, Toaby, Hunkootoop, Bobobits, and Jimmey Knight, a wicked thief and killer. At sunrise Pants fired the first shot, killing the cook. Carboorits fired the second shot at Captain Gunnison. The bullet went past his head. Gunnison emptied his six shooter. Men were making for their saddle horses which were staked. Four men got away; eight were killed. I am giving few details.

Some of the Indians surrounded Gunnison. He was leaning on his elbow with some arrows sticking in his flesh, pleasing with the Indians, when Jimmy Knights rushed on the scene and put a bullet through the Captain's body and he fell dead. Later, Mareer and Carboorits told Gibbs the whole story.

Several days later Bishop Anson Call of Fillmore sent George Black, my Father, Daniel Thompson, John King, Lewis Bartholomew, Byron Warner, Helson Crandell of Springville, Utah, Chief Kanosh, and Nariant to go to the scene of the massacre to bury the bodies. The bodies of Captain Gunnison and a man by the name of Potter, whose home was in Manti were the only ones intact and they were taken to Fillmore where the Captain Gunnison was buried. Potter's body was sent to Manti.

Because of the value of Indian friendship, no organized effort at retaliation for murders and stealings committed by the Indians were ever undertaken by the Mormons. Among the numerous crimes committed by them this seemed to be the most terrible. The only one who took part in that crime ever arrested was Indian Jim. During a brief season he was in the territorial prison. All the authorities could get out of him was, "Me no savvy" or ninny Kosh Pasougeway", which means I don't understand.

For the detailed information of this terrible crime, Mr. Gibbs was indebted to old Mareer and Carboorits, who told him the whole story. They said they believed if Moshoguop had been present before Gunnison was shot by Indian Knights, he would have been given a chance for his life. The following are a few of Gibbs last words about the story:

Carboorits, who shot at the Captain, has lost his sight and is ending his days in darkness on an Indian farm near Kanosh town. Mareer and Sam are living in Deseret and are fast hastening to their grave. Sam is a muttering imbecile. Moshoguop died in Deseret in 1892. He was of medium size, compactly built, and as lithe and wiry as a panther. His forehead, high and retreating, was frank and not unkind. In spite of the terrible deed he planned and carried out so relentlessly, he was better than the average Indian. While his part in the Gunnison Massacre cannot be justified by revenge


for the death of his father, it is the result of transmission of wrong ideas of the indians.


Hunkiter was a strange secretive man. Todsweep and Preshant harmless and inoffensive men. The latter was turning white several years before he died. He was spotted more white than red. James George took him to the Louisiana Exposition and put him in a side show and told the story of his life, but was arrested for having on exhibition a diseased Philipino. Pushant had sore eyes and was sick. He died there and Mr. George buried him. Nariant, the soul of honor. Blind Jim, a kind hearted fellow. Joe Levi kind to everybody. Sabiquin tall stately fellow, looked mean, all the white young folks and kids were frightened of him. Mashoquop a very treacherous war chief. Johnson, Avago, Jim. Toaby, Umpitch, Moab, Sam, just Indians. Garboorits and Mareer not to be trusted. Manmuck wicked and cruel; forced innocent young squaws to submit to his evil desires. At heart he was a coward. Charley Crosse, son of the fine old man Marant, was very treacherous and mean. A lot of people were frightened of him. Hunkup, the last real chief, not so trusty. John a little quarrelsome. Peach exceptionally fine fellow. Dick, Alex, Lonnie, Joe, and Wess, good Indians.

## Chapter X

The greatest sorrow that ever came to us kids was when Mother married James Woolsey. He was the extreme reverse in style and character from mother. Mother was refined and cultured and quite well educated. She was often called out of the Sacrement meetings. She was an Officer in Relief Society and for a long time the first president of the Primary. Woolsey could neither read nor write. I remember trying to teach him how to write. I did not succeed.

Mother had a girl baby while she lived with Woolsey - - named her Birdie May. She died in Los Angeles April of this year. I spoke at the funeral. A good woman.

About the time mother married Woolsey, she drew from the Fillmore Coop Cattle Company 3 cows and 3 calves. I really do not know how this happened. For two or three years before this we owned a cow that we called Old Rose. She had only one horn. She was a blue roan with white spots on her hips and shoulders and was an excellent milch cow. The calves from our new cows were two bulls, a red and roan, and a red heifer with a white spot in her forehead. Woolsey, or Uncle Jim. as I always called him, made me a yoke for my bull calves. It was just like the yokes of pioneers. I have seen hundreds of yokes as well as the oxen. I broke my calves to the yoke and worked them all summer as part of my play. I branded them with  which I called the scissors brand.

Very little hay was raised in those days, and the cattle were turned on the range for the winter on flats and low lands, and they would go back in the mountains in the spring. It was a common thing to never see your stock again after turning them out in the fall. Especially was this true with poor folks who never rode the range. I do not remember seeing one of those 3 cows again until three years later. John Morry and I were out by the six mile point. We were afoot. I was still hunting for our cattle, and I called his attention to a red heifer some distance away with a strawberry roan heifer calf sucking her. I said to John, "That's my mother's cow." She was branded two bars on right shoulder and her ears were cropped off. When we turned her on the range she was neither marked or branded. There was another heifer with her calf. She was branded  on right thigh.

We drove them all home. The Morry family milked the stray heifer. Next spring she had a red calf. I was driving her by Bill George's house one day when Owen Crane came out and informed me I was going to get in trouble over that cow. I asked him if he knew who she did belong to. He replied, "yes". I told him to tell the fellow I had her, and that I would like to see the color of the man's hair who would dare claim her. I walked on, but never met the man.

At this time I had my scissors brand on both the cow and the roan yearling. Next spring she was dry. I turned her on the mountain and I never saw her again.

During this time Uncle Jim was working for some time out near Pioche. He sent no money home. He came home poorly in health, and as I remember he in some way became the owner of a team and wagon. I don't think any of the pioneers had a more old fashioned wagon than he had. His team was a little yellow swayback mare and her mate was a bay pinto. He camped on the Beaver Bottoms on the way home, about 40 miles southwest from here, turned his team out for the night, and lost the pinto. He gave up the hunt and rode Lucy, the yellow mare, home, got another horse, went back, and got his outfit. It seemed like he had been gone for months. He and mother counted the money he brought home and to me it looked like an enormous amount. They counted it three or four times. I had it right the first time - 42 dollars. Some little time after that some fellow brought the pinto mare home. I forgot the details but we sold her.

I think about the time Uncle Jim went to Arizona to live with a son of a former wife. We did not hear from him for a long time, but he finally came back and died here.

Lucy had a yellow horse colt that belonged to me, which I called Durgan. I believe I thought more of Durgan than I did my dog, and parting with him was more a tragedy than losing my dog. I will tell more about him later.

Uncle Jim lived the greater part of the balance of his life with my sister, Annie Whatcott, who mothered the old and the young, the tramps and the travelers. I have known whole families staying with her a week at a time. I don't believe she ever got a dollar for those services.

She is the same today, having reached her 86 mile pole. Aunt Ann died at the age of 94.

## Chapter XI

During my second school days, Benjamin Godard was the teacher, commonly known as Ben and hated by all the school, both boys and girls. Many of those boys are mad today that they did not gang up on him and beat him half to death as a part payment for his cruel treatment toward them. Many a promise for a licking was laid up for him, which he never received. Emma Niel taught with him, a young, beautiful refined, cultured tender and sympathetic lady who was loved by every boy and girl in school. She was the extreme in refinement and tenderness from the cruel Godard. No more cruel wretch ever taught school in India or Africa than Ben Godard. Emma later became Godard's second wife, her oldest sister being the first. Emma told me in later years how I whispered one day in school and informed her I intended marrying her when I grew up. That is about the way all the boys in school felt about her. It was a mystery how she ever married Godard. It was thought his devil-given hypnotic power that he accomplished the trick.

The old Bat had various forms of punishment. His favorite punishment was leading the kids around by the ear, sometimes lifting them from the floor, and pulling their ears loose from their heads. He seemed to have taken a very decided dislike for me. I guess he could read my little simple mind and knew I hated him, and many were the punishments and knockdowns I received at his dirty hands. I will just relate three. There were, however, more tattling kids in that school than any other school in the world. I guess they wanted to curry favor with the old crocodile because they were afraid of him.

I threw a snowball and hit a boy in the mouth coming around the corner of schoolhouse and made his mouth bleed. Another kid saw it and ran and told the teacher. This happened at recess. He called me to the stand, and the kid I hit marched up to me and began to plead with the teacher and protector to not whip me, that I did not mean to do it, etc. He told the kid he was going to teach me to look where I was throwing. So the kid put in again, "Honest, teacher, he didn't mean to hit me, and besides it didn't hurt a bit. I

don't want you to whip him." The kid was about ready to cry. He knew I was going to get hell. All this was in the presence of the whole school, and all the kids looking and listening all mad at the teacher. He had in his hand a three-foot broom handle. He told me to hold out my hand. If I had disobeyed he would have broken that stick across my head. When he was fiery red in the face, and he was getting red right now. He came down on my hand with such a force that my whole body quivered. I think he gave me about five blows. Of course, I had no use of my hand for some time. I had no father, and I often wondered what kind of fathers kids I know had. If my father had been alive that villain would have been tromped in the ground.

The teaching of art was discouraged in Godard's school. All other subjects should have been stopped before he half killed half the kids. I was sitting one day with my slate on my lap busy drawing a donkey, a kid on each side was watching me. Godard came up behind and stood for some time watching, so we learned later. He took each of these kids by the outside ear, pulled their heads about 18 inches from mine, then banged both heads against mine. Well, I thought I was killed. I looked up and all I could see was a cluster of bright silver-colored flashes before my eyes. This lasted for some time, then finally faded away, and the first thing I saw was Godard standing in front of me with a hideous grin on his face. He seemed to be enjoying my reaction to the brutal assault I had just received at his foul and wicked hand. I had been in what was worse than a daze, and when I saw him I trembled; being startled I thought it was the devil, and of course I was not far from being right. All these feelings and emotions of mine seemed to put fat on his ribs. How I suffered for some time with my head - - - days and days. It's a wonder I have any sense at all.

The third punishment, - At recess I was playing knuckle boston, and of course we have to lay the back of our hand on the ground when we shoot the marble. When recess was called and we were all in the house, it seemed Godard sidled around close to me, which always made me nervous. He said, "When did you wash your hands last?" I didn't aim to be funny, but I was frightened and excited, and I answered, "Day before yesterday." I think he took advantage of that remark and judged me saucy. I could see the red in his face again when he replied, "I will just have to dust that hand a little", so he took me by the wrist and

beat the back of my hand over the back of a bench just as fast as he could whip it in his madness. I don't think I used that hand again for three weeks. Mother, bless her soul, kept it in poultices.

Well, he has never asked my forgiveness, but I have tried to forgive him and probably the Lord has too. I would not be surprised if he is still in hell.

Naturally, a lot of amusing things happened in our school in those days. For instance, Godard prayed every morning in school. I imagined the devil laughed. One day he attempted to lick Jack Charlsworth. Jack figured he had no licking coming, so he wrestled the teacher down and sat on him and held his hands. That episod seemed to take some of the starch out of the teacher for the time being. "I don't think Jack was ever punished for that act."

Godard allowed no swearing on the school grounds. I remember one boy, Ed Mortenson, would say "Oh God-ard when something went wrong on the ball diamond. Then the boys would laugh. But one boy, Jack Freeman, was caught red-handed once, and some kid ran to the teacher and told him Jack had said darn it. It was at recess time. Godard called him up to the stand and told him what kind of a little heathen he was, and that he was not fit to associate with nice children. He told him he was expelled from school, sent him back to his seat for his books, then had him march back to the stand, and with a few words of good advice made him march down the aisle to the door and leave school for good. We were all watching him. When he got to the door he opened it and said, "Goodbye scholars, goodbye school, goodbye Godard, you G--D-- old fool".

Then a race was on. Down the aisle Godard went like a shot after Jack. We were all out in a hurry, and watching the race. Pretty soon Godard came sneaking back like the dog that had been licked, with his tail between his legs. Then the scramble to get to our places. No one could tell from the expression on our faces that we had just been to an exciting show. We were sure studying our lessons. I would not have looked up for a hundred dollars for fear he would have been looking at me and my expression might have given me away. I imagined his anger was at its highest pitch, and I had no desire to look at him, and especially when he was in that kind of a mood.

## Chapter XII

I would like to go back a little way. We lived next door to Bro. William Prows and his second wife and family for two or three years. I played with Tom, one of the boys, and when anything went wrong he would put a dreadful wish on me, saying "I wish you were dead and in your god for Israel grave". It gave me a chill until I got used to it.

Bro. Prows had a team, a little bay swaybacked mare named Doll and a little sorrel horse they called Toot, for short. His proper name was Toothache because the poor fellow had some bad teeth. With some of the kids I would go with Bro. Prows up in the hills south of town for wood and when he would speak to the horses, he would say, "Get up Toot, Doll". The kids would ride old Doll. It was on her I had my first horseback ride, and I actually rode up the lope. The kids used to say, "she rides like a cradle".

Tom came over to our house one evening and suggested to my sister Lilliann that she put a dough face on me and send me over to his house to scare some of the family. My sister fixed the dough, rolled it out thin, and I lay on my back while she smoothed it down over my face, then made holes in it so I could both see and breathe. Then she tied a white cloth around my head in order to hold the dough in place. She then wrapped a white bed sheet around me and started me to the Prows home. We lived 8 or 10 rods north of their one log room house which had a willow or brush shed in front and faced the south. They had 6 or 7 kids. I went through the lot and stood under that shed by a post, facing the door. Josephine, the oldest girl, just about my age, opened the door to let a kid go out. She saw me and let out a hideous scream and fell back on the floor. I scattered dough and pieces of that sheet all the way across that plowed ground between our homes. I was about ready to cry when I made my report to Lillian and Tom as Sister Prows came in. Believe me she was excited and mad. She knew it was some trick of ours. Lillian told her the entire story. She gave us some pretty good counsel, then took Tom and went home. This reminds me of a similar story.

Somebody gave me an old white felt hat. I steamed it up and stretched it over a sharp post. I think it was more than a foot tall, and looked like a miniature Indian tent. I was standing in front of the Coop store watching some boys half a block away throwing their hats at the horse another boy was riding. Wesley Nelson was the boy on the horse, and he finally left them and came galloping up the street by me. I threw my hat and it passed under the horse's neck and he began bucking. You should have seen that poor kid fly through the air. There was another boy flying through the air about that time, but Bart Nelson, Wesley's father riding the same horse, caught me before I reached home. I thought I would drop in my tracks when I saw the look on his face. No one knew or saw what happened. I don't believe Wesley even saw me. I told Brother Nelson the whole story, just how it all happened, and how badly I felt that I didn't dream throwing my hat would cause any trouble, etc. He cooled off, gave me some very good advice, and went back home. Wesley was in bed a long time, in fact he didn't get around until they sold out and moved away.

I did not meet Wesley until we were young men. He and another fellow were coming up Clear Creek Canyon in a wagon, and I was going down. I stopped them and asked if he was Wesley Nelson. He said yes, but did not know me. I told him who I was and how badly I felt about what I had done, and I even felt worse for the way he felt about it and the things he said about me. He said he had changed his mind and did not feel that way now. I got off my wagon, shook hands with him, and parted friends. I have never seen him since.

I remember the various kinds of games we used to play when the boys and girls met together at some of the homes. One of the most amusing games was called gossip. There was a deep wash between where Harold Ahlstrom and Forest Paxton lived and a foot bridge with a rail on each side spanned that wash. Gossip. One had to whisper to his or her neighbor a sentence, and the neighbor pass it on to the next until it had been passed to a dozen or 15. One night I started the game by telling my neighbor, "John Doe married Sally Jones". When it got around, the story had changed somewhat. It was "Jim Day's cow was seen running over Noah Avery's bridge with her tail up". This was the bridge spoken of. Noah Avery also built the house Forest Paxton now lives in. He had one of the finest mothers who ever lived. I went to her place many times. She knew kids were always hungry. I always got a piece of bread spread with bacon grease, and

boy it was good.

Noah Avery was always held up before me as an ideal boy by my mother. She said to me, "Noah Avery chopped every stick of his mother's firewood before he was seven years old, and it is almost impossible to get you to chop what little I want, and you are nearly eight". I mortally hated to chop wood and pull weeds. I got my legs tingled with a willow more times for running away and not pulling the weeds than for all the other crimes I ever committed.

Nicknames were common when I was a kid. I have carried the name of Ted constantly for more than 70 years, and I had a number of nicknames inbetween.

We have a boy here visiting with us now, Danny Whatcott who is 21 years old. I have known the boy ever since he was born. His father is my nephew. This boy never knew until today I had any other name. He has called me Uncle Ted all his life. He has my name straight now - - Edward Lenox. He wanted to know what the Lenox is for and I informed him it is for one of my mothers old sweet-hearts.

Charley Levitt and his brother Roy gave me the name of Bold Banita. He was some famous daring war chief. It was a burlesque on me. Charley and Roy called me that for a long time. I took it gracefully and never had any fights about it. John Morry, a lifetime Pay of mine, called me Taters for years. It was sort of an honor; it was because I was Irish.

I know a number of girls as well as boys who had nicknames. The oldest girl of the man who baptized me was called Sin done, maca, roan, chickie Elexander. I used to feel sorry for that poor girl.

I waited with fond anticipations to the time when I could be baptized. Mother had told me a lot about it and what it meant. I would then be a member of the Church in full fellowship with the Lord. It seemed like I would be a little closer to the Lord. He would not be so far away when I prayed to Him. Before I was baptized, I felt something like a calf browsing around on the outside of a beautiful green pasture where there was no feed. In fact, I had a lot of funny notions. When I went to the place where I was to be baptized, a big crowd of people had

assembled. It was in the southeast corner of Uncle William's Black's city lot where Dan Rogers now lives. A creek ran down through that part of the town with lots of trees and willows near it. I never pass there now but what I stop and lean on the fence and pause awhile. I did not like the looks of Sam Alexander, the man who was to baptize me. To me he did not have the appearance of being a good man. I believe I would have asked for my baptism being postponed, but there stood bishop Culbert King and Bro. Kimball. It seemed to be O.K. with them so I just took my medicine, so to speak. When I was baptized, Bishop King and Bro. Kimball laid their hands on me and Bro. Kimball confirmed me a member in the Church. I often wondered if I misjudged the man who baptized me. He moved away from Kanosh but I kept track of him. He finally cut off from the Church and never came back. We will not mention what he was guilty of.

I often think of mother's friendship with Sister Emily Barney and Sister Niza Manhard. Each lived less than a block from us for years and years. Sister Barney was modest, gentle, very poor financially and a mother of 13 children. Brother Henry Barney then was as good as gold, and he gave me an old sorrel swayback work horse, named Yence. Mother used to divide her tea. She would send me often with some tea leaves wrapped up in a piece of paper. She called a dram of tea. Lewis Barney (I always called him Loot) was a lifetime friend who died only a few years ago. I remember how bad I felt when he bought his first sack of Bull Durham. He was 16. In spite of my lifetime labor with him, he used tobacco up to the day he died. He had a good wife and three lovely girls. The tobacco destroyed his usefulness for life.

Sister Manhard was wild and excitable and had quite a lot of trouble. She and mother neighbored together 30 years. Bro. Hand Manhard, as well as his wife, was always extremely kind to me. They had about 8 children. Dennis and Nellie were the youngest. Nelliw kept a play store and Den and I were cowboys, and we bought things at her store. Den profaned all his life, and I was mixed up with him all our lives. He would never be baptized. In later years I asked him how many times a day through his life he thought he had profaned the name of God. He replied "40". I said, "Suppose God keeps you in hell a thousand years for each time you profaned His sacred name?" Get somebody to help you figure that out and let me know. He could neither read nor write throughout his life.

Sometime after his death his wife came to me and said "I know Den would sooner have you to help me do his work than any man in the world, and so would I." We went to Manti and took care of the work in the Temple.

Den and I went up in Shingle Creek Mountains hunting when just kids. I had an old needle gun and he had a very old six shooter. We made camp, hobbled our horses, and next morning we went afoot. Some distance away in the head of a draw or hollow was a grove of quaking aspen trees. I told him I felt sure a bunch of deer were in that grove. I suggested I go up the side hill opposite the top of the grove and I would kill them as he drove them out. After I was located he marched up through that grove. They would have to come up under a high ledge of rock about 50 yards long. Very shortly 8 big fat deer came along by that ledge, and believe me they were traveling. It seemed to me they were jumping 40 feet. I shot at the leader, a big buck. I knew he didn't stop. They were all over the hill in a few seconds. Something happened that prevented me from shooting again, even though I had been quick enough. I heard something humming in the air. The bullet I had shot fell by my side all flattened out. I called Den. I think it must have been 150 yards from where I was standing across the hollow to the ledge. We examined that flat piece of lead and decided to examine where it struck to cause it to make that curve and come back. When we got over to the place, to our great bewilderment there lay one of the biggest, fattest, deer we had ever seen, shot in the left eye, the bullet going through the head. Believe it or not.

I had another friend I chummed with considerable, Andrew Woolsey. At another time he and I were up in Fishcreek hunting deer. We camped at the old saw mill, one evening we found ourselves near the head of a deep canyon. Looking across the canyon, we saw two deer walking from us. The one next to us we could tell was a big buck. We figured they were seven hundred yards away. We laid our guns across a limb of a dry tree and got our sight. I was supposed to say "Ready", and him say "Fire". He said "Fire". I asked him why he did not shoot. He replied, "Why didn't you shoot?" I said "We shot him." Our shooting frightened a bunch of deer and they were trying to get out of the canyon through some snow where they were. I killed one. Then I saw, standing on top of the ridge what seemed to me the largest deer I had ever seen. I shot straight over it's

back. It jumped and threw another cartridge in the chamber and snapped twice. I threw the cartridge out. The next shot tore up the dust under the deer's belly. I wasted 16 cartridges before that deer got away. It did not seem to know which way to go. If ever a guy had the buck ager it was me. My companion had run down the hill to get a better chance to shoot and lost his chance. The deer I shot we hung in a tree. We went to where we shot the big buck and followed him some distance. We found a pool of blood where he had been laying and tracked him across Fishcreek Canyon and up on a saddle that divides the two canyons. Notwithstanding wounded deer always go downhill, this fellow's tracks went straight up the mountain. It was now getting dark. Andrew took his tracks early next morning and found him on top of the mountain. He had two natural beams on one side of his head with 8 long points on each beam, one beam on the other side with 8 long points; 24 points in all. A specimen of that kind today would be worth some money.

### Chapter XIII

My first trip to Sevier Valley was late in the fall after all ranchers had come out of the mountains. I went with Ed Rappleye, my brother in law, and his brother Aaron. We were all day and till late at night getting to Three Creek. The snow was about three feet deep. We stopped at the abandoned ranch of the old gentlemen Dorrity. Brother Rappleye and I went in the dark cabin together. He felt around the big fireplace and got a big hog in his arms. It tore out of that fireplace and said "Wof, wof". He screamed and I thought of course it was a bear. It nearly ran over me. Next morning it lay around by the big rock chimney dead. I suppose it froze to death. It was cold enough.

The next day we went to Richfield and Elsinore. That was our destination. My sister lived there with her first baby. She and my brother in law lived there. We remained there about 10 days or two weeks. Don Hebeker had a little iron gray mare. He let me ride her every day. She was a beautiful thing.

I fell in with a boy by the name of Tom Gray. He had a sack of Bull Durham and rolled cigarettes and smoked (imagine) eight years old. I was determined to get him to quit smoking. When I was ready to leave he promised me he would quit smoking, but he did not.

I started home with Bro. Aaron Rappleye. About 2½ miles south of Joseph City we found a man stuck on a dugway; quite a little raise in the ground at that point. He had 4 good looking horses hitched to his loaded wagon. Either of his horses were larger than either of Bro. Rappleye's. They were considered to be the best little team in Kanosh. Neither of them would weigh more than nine hundred lbs. The bay he called Prince and the sorrel he called Sealam. The man, of course, wanted him to hitch on and help him. Bro. Rappleye told him to move all his horses out of the way and he would pull him out. The man said, "That little team can't budge that wagon, much less pull it out of the mud."

Uncle Aaron said, "I am not going to hitch on that wagon and have to pull it, also your team out of that mud". That man was mad, but he smiled as he moved all his horses. It was a real mud hole and up hill to go. Uncle unhitched his team, drove them up to the man's wagon, and said, "Step over that tongue, Sealam." They were finally hitched to the wagon. Those horses knew just as well as their master what they were up against. They would look at Uncle Aaron, then at each other. He finally picked up the lines standing back of them. They straightened up and tightened their tugs instantly. This man was standing there grinning. Uncle Aaron finally said, "Take care Sealam". They doped into a pull like a couple of wild cats. Their bellies were not a foot from the ground. They never let loose until they had pulled that wagon out of the mud hole and a full length of the wagon, when Uncle Aaron stopped them. He gave them their wind and told the man he would take it to the top of the hill. Again Sealam was told to take care, and less than a minute the wagon was on top of the hill. The man couldn't get done thanking Uncle Aaron, who said, "oh, it was nothing. Glad to give you a lift."

We camped at Cove Fort. Next morning we were off in good time. The roads were bad over the divide and through Dog Valley, and the last ten miles mud, mud, mud. About five miles from home, nearly 8 o'clock he had the lines wrapped around his hands trying to hold them down, when I heard him say very lovingly, "Oh, Prince and Sealam, you are trumps."

I was well acquainted with Prince and Sealam. I had worked for Uncle Aaron on his farm stripping cane, picking potatoes, tramping hay, and all kinds of things that kids can do on a farm. I have eaten at his table many times. In fact, I thought his wife Sophia was one of the best

cooks I ever knew.

In later years I fell in love with one of his daughters, as sweet and pure as they made them. She felt sorry for me, and I had to get that love business for her out of my system, especially for her. Her name was Laura.

Years later, after I was married, Uncle Aaron worked for me. He was always known as a very good man.

The next spring William Cummings wanted Mother and Ed Rappleye, her son-in-law, to go on his ranch and milk his cows and make butter. His ranch was 7 miles up Corncreek canyon. He had log cabins, a good cellar in the side of the hill close to the creek, and big corrals and calf pens. Right across the creek east Andrew Ross, Bro. Cumming's lifetime friend, had his ranch, about the same description as Cumming's. Bro. and Sister Manhard, mother's friends, were ranching for Ross. I think they has been ranching a week or so before I went to the ranch.

They had 20 cows or more and each cow had a name. I got over the calf pen gate and watched the calves turned out to their mothers. They were allowed to suck a short time, then driven back in the pen. I watched that performance two mornings and two evenings. It made no difference what calf the milkers called for, whether it was Old Fortune's Liney, Old Spot's or Luskys, it didn't matter; I would turn out the right calf. It seemed to be my job to look after the calves as well as help with the cows. I would drive our cows a short way each morning up Second Creed, also the Al Gay Hollow, then get my breakfast, and take the calves down the canyon. Just west of the yellow dugway there were a great many acres of flat country, and plenty of grass everywhere. I had these calves to round up before the cows came home in the evening. The work went on in that fashion until fall.

The butter mother made was put in barrels in brine, possibly 150 or 200 pounds in a barrel. I think it was labeled Mary Black Butter. It was shipped to Frisco Mining Camp, about 60 miles southwest from here. That camp was booming in those days.

The next two summers were spent at what was known as the Hakes Ranch, located six miles south in head of the Al Gay Hollow. Up near the big mountains. It was an ideal place for ranching. The conveniences were about the same. There was a big flat, possibly a hundred acres, no tall trees, sorvia

berry and chokecherry bushes and other shrubbery. This flat was bounded on the west by a mountain called the Big Mountain, which ran north and south. On the south there was even a bigger mountain running east and west, on the north low rolling hills and flats, and on the east part mountain and canyon with grass in abundance everywhere. I rode bareback. I don't remember of riding a saddle a day on that ranch. My little yellow mare really belonged to Uncle Tom David of Fillmore. She never went far from the house and was she glad to have me pull that bridle off in the evening after a long ride. Sometimes she would jerk away and take the bridle with her, and then I would have to follow her and get the bridle. One evening after taking the bridle off, I was holding her by the nose with my left hand and had my other arm around her neck. I guess I must have held her 15 or 20 minutes, my sister watching me. She finally asked what in the world I was trying to do. I told her I was just making her wait till her hurry was over.

A lot of funny things of course happened there; five or six I will mention. I saw an Indian kill a deer not far from our home. He loaded it on his horse. The horse became frightened began to run and buck. The saddle and deer turned under his belly and he was crazy with fright. Finally he got free from his burden and ran away.

I was hunting my mare late one morning after the cows had been turned out when I met one of our old white milk cows. She attacked me as if I were a dog. I ran for my life and she nearly overtook me when I ran around a big rock. It had broken in half, as luck would have it, and I crowded in that crack. She stuck her nose in that crack then went away and came again and did the same thing again. I remained hid for some time. Finally I crawled up on top of the rock and saw her feeding some distance away with the other cows. I slipped down and sneaked through the brush and went home. I milked her that night as though nothing had ever happened between us.

I got the fright of my life once. I guess it was because mother was so frightened. She and I took a walk up the little canyon back of our home, with the view of going up on Horse Flat, near the top of the highest peaks anywhere in these mountains. In this flat was a beautiful little grove of quaking ash in the form of a circle. Suddenly we heard a hideous noise like the roar of a lion.

We knew a cougar did not make that kind of noise, and still we knew one had been killed on that side of the hill. I had a time getting mother back home. We tried to imitate that noise, but could find no one who knew that kind of an animal we had heard.

Lots of cattle were everywhere, some of them wild. Among them was a long horn brindle steer. I was afraid of him even when I was riding my mare. This particular morning I was going up the road around the big mountain, my bridle in my hand, to find some of the men's saddle horses. I turned up a little ravine in the head of which was a big mother deer and two little fawns lying down with white spots all over them. I was within six or seven yards of them before the mother noticed me. She gave a quick cry, and they were gone instantly up through the timber. On top of the mountain, to my surprise and astonishment, about a hundred and fifty yards away stood that brindle steer with some other cattle, and immediately he came in my direction, the same as the old white cow only much faster. Fortunately for me again, there were 4 or 5 crooked growing quaking ash trees. He pawed up the earth much like I had seen bulls do. He looked very innocent and acted like he was playing and wanted me to join him. He left and went back to the cattle. They had gone down the hill a little further from me, which gave me my break.

The most exciting time for everybody happened one day when it was discovered my Sister Birdie, 4 years old, my sister Alice's boy, Eddie, 3 years old, were lost. We made some quick hunts. My sister Lillian and myself ran down the canyon and met them coming holding hands as unconcerned as though nothing had ever happened. Lillian said something about them being lost. My little sister replied, "He couldn't get lost. I had hold of his hand all the time." Mother and Alice were about ready to collapse. When we came in sight, they were overcome with gladness.

## Chapter XIV

My next job was herding cows for the citizens of Kanosh. I aimed to leave the public square about 7 a.m. The people would have their cows assembled at that time. I would drive them on foot to the Spring Glens a distance of about 4 miles north of Kanosh or about a mile north of the old Hickerson farm. The place was an open meadow country with grass in abundance. I would bring them home in the evening at a certain time, and people would meet me at the place where I started from. For this service I was allowed two cents per cow per day. I think I would travel about two miles each day on the meadows keeping them together, and four miles each way - about 10 miles every day I would walk. I scarcely ever saw any money, but the people would pay potatoes or anything they had that would help provide for our family's needs. Quite often we would get a peice of pork. How tired I would be at night, making that walk every day alone and no one to help me and no company.

On my way home one night, Charley Bennet overtook me about half way home. He was riding a nice bay mare and invited me to ride behind him, and he would help me with my cows. I asked him if his mare would ride double, and he said he didn't know, but thought we would have no trouble, so I got on behind him. I had no sooner got on when she began bucking out through the sagebrush. I had to hold to the saddle strings awhile, and finally lit in a sagebrush. I no sooner got straightened up when he went rolling hand over heels. As soon as the mare got rid of him she quit bucking and stood still. He acted as though he was just a little out of patience. He got back in the saddle, and believe me he querted her around through those sagebrush in good shape, then invited me to get on again. I said, "No thanks. I have had all the horseback riding I want for one day." Then he tried to have me get in the saddle and let him walk. I told him, "No I don't care to ride any more today." I am sure he really and truly felt sorry for me, he really looked it. He was a fine fellow, anyway, and I liked him. I liked to go to his little log cabin and eat dinner with him, which I did at different times. His table was a big cedar chest painted red. Nobody could get their feet under his table. He was scrupulously clean, had

lots of fine tools, and everything always in it's place. I think he was about 45 when he married Annie Prows. I was never so disappointed with all my disappointments as he disappointed me. He only lived a block from us. I was passing his corral going home one day where he had six or seven unbroken horses. He had a long whip and he was training a beautiful little filly to come up to him. She came right up to him and he would pat her on the neck. I thought if I owned her I would be the happiest boy on earth, and right out of the clear blue sky he said, "Would you trade me your sister Annie for this little mare?" I was excited, but I wanted to be sporty. I replied, "Would you trade that way?" He answered "Yes." I said, "It's a trade." I ran all the way home and broke the news to Annie. I told her what I had done. She said it would be all right. I grabbed my bed cord rope, ran all out of breath, and told him it was alright with Annie. I seemed I have always been doomed for disappointment, but this was the greatest I ever had when he told me I would have to bring Annie before I could have the pony. Somehow I knew it would humiliate her to have me lead her down to Charley Bennet like I would lead a dog or a pony. My heart seemed to sink within, and I knew the trade was off. I have thought of that great many times, and believe now if it had been reversed, I would have given the kid the pony. I never went to his place for dinner anymore and his horses were not interesting to me anymore.

## Chapter XV

Salley Kanosh, Chief Kanosh's wife, visited with my sister Alice more than with any other person in town. At this time Alice had two baby boys, Eddie, about 2½ years old, and Frank, 7 or 8 months who was just learning to crawl around. I found Salley there one morning. She had just removed the wet diaper and was preparing to replace it with a dry one, when she picked him up with her hands under his little legs, held him up, and said to me look at his teapot. I went out of that house life a shot, mortified more than I can describe. Believe me, I was on the way home when I heard Alice and Salley laughing. A few mornings later I went back and found Frank standing in his nightgown in a full tub of water a few feet from the kitchen door. He had rawled to that tub and fell in all over. His hair was stroked back. I grabbed him out and ran with him up in the lot. Nearly frightened, his mother to death, she thought he was dead.

Mother had cautioned me a great deal about tantalizing my little sister, telling me the next time it happened she would whip me. I had been tingled with a willow a great many times. I was getting to be a big boy now, but this thing happened again up in the same lot where I ran with the wet baby. Mother got the willow all trimmed up, and I didn't like the looks of it. She attempted to bring it down over my shoulders or back. I reached up, took the willow out of her hand very suddenly, and broke it in several places, and threw the pieces away, and at the same time laughed at her. She sure gave me a strange look. She knew she was relieved of slapping and tingling me around anymore. Then she began crying. I put my arm around her, kissed her, and told her I thought we would have no trouble getting along. Neither did we, and she never tried it again.

I shall never forget the sensation and thrill it gave me to meet and shake hands with President Brigham Young. He stood on the rock step in front of the old adobe meeting house after a meeting. As he held my hand he asked me whose boy I was. I replied, "George Black's". I thought he looked a little strange. I was not aware then how well he knew Father.

I wanted to get away from him, but he held my hand. His next question bothered me. He said, and looking straight at me, "Are you a good boy?" I hesitated and replied, "I don't know." I didn't dare to say yes sir, as I was afraid he would know better.

For a great many years the most important event for the kids in Kanosh was May Day. Some day in May each year a big program was prepared and all the people in town, men and women with their families in their wagon, would go up in the canyon to the place now called Adelaide Park, where that program would be carried out. In the last one I remember Clara Kimball, the Bishop's oldest girl, who was just a kid, was crowned queen and Tom Riddle was crowned King. They marched together. She had a speech to make. He was about a foot shorter than she, and reminded me of my case when I took her sister to the dance. We would play games of various kinds, and had some big swings, and best of all we had a fine dinner. We would spend the whole day celebrating. We looked forward to this with the fondest kind of anticipation. These were holidays never to be forgotten.

My attendance at a Mutual meeting was a high spot in my life. I had no business there, for I was too young, but I was there just the same. A part of the program was a song by Joseph Barney. I felt so sorry for the poor fellow he was singing about I almost cried. It was a fellow dying on a ship and did not want to be buried on the sea. I had never heard the song sung before, and don't remember hearing it since. I can sing that song today in the same mournful tune he sang it. I will write two of the verses

Oh bury me not in the deep, deep sea;  
Those words came low and mournfully.  
The grave of my Father my grave shall be;  
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

It mattereth not, I have oft been told  
Where the body is lain when the heart's grown cold,  
But grant, oh grant this boon unto me,  
Oh bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

The words of that song stuck in my little simple mind all the while I was growing up, and they are still there. The song was sung in the upstairs of the old brick tithing office, which still stands in the same old place.

The first job that took me away from home for any length of time was herding sheep for ten dollars a month, and the board was included. Every kid I have has heard this story when they were little and sat on my lap. I want their kids to read it. I think I better tell the last of the story before I begin the story.

I am sure I never suffered so much with any kind of trouble as I did with homesickness while on that job. I was never so overjoyed with anything in my life as I was when I reached home. I hugged my mother and kissed her, the same with my sisters. I then sat down and cried and cried. I bawled right out loud. My sisters were very much alarmed and tried to find out my trouble but mother knew my trouble, and it made her cry to see my grief or joy. To my sisters inquiry I told them I had no trouble. I have heard of people crying for joy. I was sure one of those people.

In the late spring and early summer, the sheep were herded on the low hills between Fish Creek and Shingle Creek, or in that vicinity. For some time their bed-ground was near and under a big ledge of rock in Fish Creek Springs. It was there where I did most of my herding. The country was level or flat a considerable distance around these springs. They were located about midway between the Sevier Mine and the Old Sawmill on Fish Creek. Possibly 4 or 5 miles each way. It was the summer I was ten years old. Not a great distance on the south was thick timber.

Ed Clark, a man about 60 who never married was my partner. He seemed to know nothing about boys. A number of times he went over to the sawmill and remained all night. At the same time he knew that the summer before a bear had come down from the timber, killed a sheep, and carried it off in the timber. Can you imagine my feelings, with only my dog and not even a gun? How I suffered with fear. When we first went into that camp, we counted our sheep. Two thousand, four hundred and forty six. Those figures are as plain in my mind today as they were the morning we counted them. As fall drew near water got scarce, and every other day we would take them down to Fish Creek to drink, and the herd separated one day. About half went up the canyon, and the balance down the canyon. I went with the latter bunch. I could not stop them. They went about 4 miles and stopped at

their old spring camp ground under the ledge. It was night when we arrived there, and rather cold. I got busy before it was entirely dark and gathered a lot of wood. My dog was awful anxious to help, but there was nothing he could do but keep me company, and that was a whole lot.

Darkness settled and I was awful hungry. I'd had nothing to eat since morning. We sat around the fire. I was so tired but I would just doze for a minute or two. Every time I would open my eyes my dog was looking at me. I didn't catch him closing his eyes. That night seemed a month long. Finally it began to get light in the east and daylight appeared. Just then a coyote on top of the ledge let out a hideous scream, and then he began to whoop it up. Rover would look at me, then at the coyote, all the time licking his chops. I finally said, "Go get him." Away he flew after that coyote. He took the coyote up on the side of the mountain. Then the coyote brought Rover back faster than they went up the hill. They came right down near the fire. I said, "Go get him," and back up the hill they went, making a repetition of the same thing about three times. The sheep were somewhat excited by this time, and we started up the canyon, reaching camp about one o'clock in the afternoon. Was I faint, tired, and hungry? Rover had done most of the driving. Clark did not seem to know what to do, whether to leave his sheep and go hunt me or wait. He was quite sure the thing would happen just as it did happen.

We got a very early snow that year which was at least a foot deep. I wore an old stogy pair of shoes that were half worn out. When I looked out of our tent and saw that snow, then looked at my shoes and saw the holes, that was really the toughest day I ever experienced and I have been in tight places and seen some hard times. That day the sheep scattered and we had a hard time to keep from losing them, so we wrestled with them all day. At night I was worn out and wet to my crotch. I was almost too tired to eat any supper. So we began making other arrangements to move down on the spring range. Ed Rappleye, Clark's partner, came up from town with supplies, and I think he brought someone to take my place. Mother thought I had better come home. I have forgotten who he brought. I have often wished I could forget the whole thing. The circumstances surrounding my part of that job have always been a nightmare. I had no companionship. The only companionship I had was my dog, but he was a good pal, but couldn't talk to me. He was the only thing I had to love. I hated the sheep. I have told what happened when I arrived home. Now the story of my sheep herding has been told. (Amen).

## Chapter VXL

The following summer I began working for James George. His home was down at the lower town, not Hatton, two and a half miles north of Kanosh. He was single and lived with his parents. He owned the Sink of Beaver Ranch which was twenty-two miles west of Kanosh. Except for Three Creek, it was probably the best stock ranch in southern Utah; 600 acres of meadow land where a lot of hay was mowed in the summer. In fact, when Kanosh was settled, the men would go to the Sink of Beaver for hay. The high waters from Mt. Baldy passed through Beaver City in the spring and found their way down past the Sink of Beaver and on to the Sevier Lake at the end of the Sevier River. Mr. George also had a ranch five miles south, near Coyote Spring. We lived there most of one winter.

At the Sink of Beaver Ranch he had log cabins, a well, windmill, good corrals and stables, and he usually kept two stallions. They were good horses, one was for raising draft horses and the other for saddle horses. He had more than a thousand head of cattle, including his fathers which he had on shares. He also had about 600 head of good horses. Frank Perrey, another boy from Kanosh who was older and larger than I also worked for him. He had good saddle horses that would sell today for \$150 and were worth \$40 then. A well-trained bay horse named Cap was my saddle horse and no one else rode him. Frank and I also rode a brown horse named Chip. He had one very bad habit. When you wanted to swing yourself into the saddle he would spin around on his hind feet like a top. You had to be an expert or you failed to get in the saddle. I could never figure out how he made that spin.

We rode winter and summer. Mr. George would choose some cold days and go over through the cricket hills toward the Sevier Lake and come back with three or four yearling calves not marked or branded. Their mothers were wild. Frank usually went with him on such trips. Cattle stayed away. Sometimes Frank and he would take their pack horse with bedding and supplies and be gone four or five days or a week, leaving me to take care of the ranch. They were lonesome days. There was a stray white mule that had been running around the ranch for sometime. To me, he looked rough and ugly and no one knew whether

he was broke or not. Our boss had everything all set for another camp out trip, and he said to me, "Round up that mule, put your saddle on him, and go with me on this trip." I looked at him in amazement, and replied, "I am not riding that mule." I was not afraid that I could not ride him, but I was not going to be tortured with that thing when we had a dozen good saddle horses. He made the second demand. I replied, "You heard what I said." He turned to Frank and said, "Saddle that mule. You can go with me. The little coward can stay home." I think Frank knew better than to disobey for fear of being discharged. That didn't bother me because I knew his cattle better than he knew them, and when strays came on the ranch I told him who they belonged to. Sometimes he knew and sometimes he didn't know. He used to make big sales and bought big calves in the fall from adjoining towns and owned cattle with a variety of brands. I have known men like Big John Murdock to come on the Sink of Beaver Ranch and buy a big bunch of cattle at a time. That was also true of saddle horses.

A special number of his cattle had been gone for some time and neither he nor Frank could find them. He asked me if I would go alone and hunt those cattle. I told him "Yes", so we packed an old trusty bay mare, and with my favorite saddle horse, Cap, we were off. When we came to the Sevier River 7 or 8 miles below Deseret, the old ford I had crossed so many times did not look natural. The water was high and something seemed to say "Don't try it", but I decided I would try it. About the middle of the stream my horse began to float downstream, the old mare following. I just gave him the rein, and he began to swim toward the west bank. It was high and the water lay against it deeper than in the middle of the stream. Cap kept swimming downstream, the water was deep, and the old mare still following. We finally came to an eddy. The water was whirling and the bank was about a foot high above the water. Cap made a lunge for it. Somehow he got both feet on the bank, then lost his hold and fell right over backwards, and I guess out of sight. I was underneath. I wondered if he was ever going to get turned over, and I was still holding on the saddle horn. I had prayed all my life and I knew the Lord could hear a guy under the water as well as on top. Finally Cap suddenly turned over and it seemed I had held my breath about a hour. I looked first to see where my pack animal was. She was still paddling around in the eddy, and by the look of her and the pack, she had played the same trick as Cap. I was now uneasy about those matches in a baking powder can in the center of the pack. Cap started swimming downstream and the mare following.

I reached around under Cap's jaw and picked up the reins. Up to this time I had trusted him implicitly, but but now I thought if he can't see the bank of the river on the east side is shallow, I am going to take over right now and we are going to swim for the east bank because we were getting nowhere swimming down that river. While these thoughts were going through my mind, Cap seemed to get the same thought, and suddenly turned halfway around and began swimming toward the east bank. We hadn't gone much further down the river when I discovered Cap was walking, going straight and not floating, and a joy leaped into my heart and was I thankful to the proper one to be thankful to. I looked around, and the old mare was still following. We were soon on dry ground among a lot of big dry willows.

This was in the summer time and the sun was two or three hours high. I pulled the saddle and bridle off from Cap. There was plenty of grass everywhere, but he paid no attention to the grass but layed down, and there he lay for a long time. I took the pack off the mare and turned her loose. She began to nibble the grass, so I began to wonder what made the difference. Her load had been the heaviest. I decided it was the difference in responsibility. Cap had to think, and both his mind and body was tired. The mare just followed and just sorta floated along. I opened my grub box and found my matches were dry. I hung my quilts around on the dry willows in the sun. Presently Cap got up and shook himself, then layed down and rolled, then got up and shook himself again. I went over and patted him and told him what a good pal he was and how much I thought of him. He walked off and began to help himself to the grass. I ate some dinner and made some fires where they would do no harm, but help dry my quilts. Night and darkness came on. I made my bed and staked the old mare on a nice plot of grass. I knew Cap would never leave me if we were alone, but she might lead him away.

I knew nothing until daylight, when I was awakened by a mass of coyotes screaming like they were in a terrible lot of trouble. Cap was close by and the mare seemed to have had all she wanted. After breakfast I took the mare to the river for a drink, put the pack on her, saddled Cap, and went to the same ford where we tried to cross the day before. It was really surprising how much the water had gone down. I knew we could ford it now. We got down to the edge of the water and Cap stopped. He was suspicious.

I patted him and laughed at him, but he was very reluctant, but carefully waded out in that river.

I went to Brother Hale's ranch, who had a pasture where I kept my pack mare and slept in his stock yard and hunted from this point. Cattle up the river on both sides all the way to Deseret, and the same down the river to Sevier Lake, or the end of the Sevier River. It seemed that all the mosquitos up and down the river came to Brother Hale's ranch to sleep the same as myself. The funny thing about it, they didn't sleep. Neither did they seem to care whether anyone else slept. They just seemed to want to be in close touch with strangers, just visiting. The girls said they did not bother them.

Brother Hale had two fine grown daughters. Of course, I was only a kid, but somehow I could tell they were fine girls. When I first saw them in the evening they were bringing the cows home singing a song, both held a cow's tail. That is one song I didn't catch, I guess it was because I was so interested in the girls. I was wondering if holding to the cow's tails helped them sing. To my notion they were both singing mighty pretty.

I am not sure whether it was two nights or three nights I remained there, but when I was ready to leave I had the cattle I was looking for. They drove slow. I stopped at Neil's Ranch on the U.P. railroad. The next night I was home, quite tired but glad for all the experience I had passed through.

I had a lot of experiences while on that ranch and while working for Mr. George. If I should tell them all I would never get my story finished. Mr. George let me come home quite often; in fact he always came with me. We rode horseback from the Sink of Beaver home and back several times. We never rode faster than a walk. Believe it or not.

He seemed to try to make something out of me, but I just could not look at things as he did. I remember we remained home two or three weeks. We both lived with his father and mother at lower town, now Hatton. He seemed to have the use of the Chesley ranch on the Spring Sews, just north of Hatton. He never could make me believe that \$12.50 was enough money to pay a guy like me per month. I had to be an expert before he would raise it to \$15.00. I threatened to quit before he paid me \$15.00. I was drawing that kind of dough when I quit.

At one of those trips home, one morning we took a trip out by Squeedyke Springs. This is not the spring's proper name, however. Wouldn't dare to write it. This spring is about 10 miles west of Meadow. This morning I was riding Cap and he was going to ride a beautiful-looking sorrel mare. When she laid off awhile she was inclined to be sulky. He lead her out of his father's barn and got on. She wouldn't take a step. He got off, got a long whip, and whipped her in a circle for some time. got on again, and again she sulked, and again she got a licking. He said to me "If she refused to go when I get on again I will go in the house, get the gun, and kill her in her tracks." He meant it. He got on and she walked off as though nothing had ever happened. We were riding side by side. I don't know what possessed me to put my hand over on her hips. She went at it right now, and of all the bad bucking I ever witnessed, she did it. But he rode her and cut the blood out of her every place he spurred her. She finally quit. He rode up by the side of me and said "What in hell did you do?" I told him. He replied, "Do it again." I did, but there was no more buck in her.

Presently we were at the spring. About a dozen head of wild cattle ran in every direction, among them three calves, two bulls and a heifer all nearly a year and a half old but sucking their mothers. He said to me, "You bring that heifer calf home." It was running south up in the cinders, it's mother following. The mother soon got lost from the calf. I was just following and it was going the way I wanted it to go. It finally came out in a clearing where the lower town road goes into the cedars. I was keeping out of its way until it tried to go back in the cinders or lava. Then I would throw the weight of Cap's body against it and knocked it down a time or two. It got up and was standing against Cap and right below us on the ridge was Mr. George with the other calves and one of the cows and she was fighting him. She made a fast dive at him. He kept out of her way and led her on for some distance toward the cedars. He finally lost her and came back to the calves. They stood there. My calf saw them and they saw my calf and they came together. We drove them without any trouble to the Spring Slew Ranch. We put them in a pen and fed and watered them with a bucket for about a week, then branded them and turned them into the pasture.

These wild cattle ranged in the sand hills west of Squeedyke Spring, sometimes close to the Sink of Beaver

Ranch. Most of the cattle on the Sink of Beaver range belonged to the George family, James George, my boss, owning more than all the others. The cattlemen as a rule tried to respect the rights of others, usually, of course all the time not forgetting what they thought was their own rights.

The Spring Slew pasture was two miles north of Hatton. The home of the George's in those days was then owned by George Chesley, a son-in-law of the old gentlemen George. It is now a lucern seed farm.

In general, James George was good to me. My only objection was that he underpaid me, but I want to say for his father and mother that they sure treated me swell. I would help his father with some odd jobs and for each he would usually give me a quarter of a dollar. I think Mr. George was in Salt Lake City at one time when a few funny things happened. One night we (Frank and I) were preparing to go to bed. We slept in one corner on some straw at the ranch and had a few quilts. We slept on the floor. Frank rolled in first right against the corner and put his hand on a big rattlesnake before it had time to rattle. Frank sprang out in the middle of the floor, taking the quilts with him. Never before had I heard such a hideous scream as he let out. You would have thought he was being killed. Some way we killed that snake. Frank was jumpy all night.

Mr. George would sometimes be gone for several days, leaving Frank and I at the ranch. At one of these times we were up near the rock corral canyon, about 6 miles south of the ranch. The entrance to this canyon was an opening about 12 feet wide, ledges of rock straight up and down on each side. The inside of the canyon was in the form of a corral, an opening at the back. This was a shorter route for wild horses going from the range to the Coyote Spring for water, the spring being about 3 miles east. The back part was closed up with timber and the front fixed with pole bars, and so it was used to corral wild horses. Several events happened near this place, one I will tell later in my story.

Near this place one day I saw a black stallion. I thought it was the most beautiful piece of horseflesh I had ever seen. He was so black he glistened in the sun and was wilder than a deer. Possibly few men ever saw him, for he seemed to have no desire to be on exhibition, and usually went to the watering place at night. Some of the things I

am telling may seem like fairy tales, but I am telling them just as I saw them. Almost in the same place I saw a red roan stallion. I was with three men. They thought he was the most beautiful horse they had ever seen. His mane and tail were exceptionally long and looked like they had been carefully marcelled, just as red as any redheaded girl you ever saw. I helped those fellows put that band of horses in the rock corral. You would have thought, I am sure as I did, from the actions of those men that it was understood who put his rope on that horse first owned him. It was not many seconds until that thing happened. The horse was tied down and a hackamore put on him. This thing was something like a halter. Only when the corral was not in use both sides were left open so when horses could pass through going to water. Not long after this, and almost in the same place I saw a dark blue 5 year old stallion wild in the extreme. Frank and I turned and went another direction for fear he would not get a good look at him. We sidled around feasting our eyes on him. He was perfectly proportioned and looked like the work of some great artist. I had never seen a horse before with ears like his. They were longer than ears of any other horse I had ever seen, and stood straight up from his head pointed and sharp at the ends. I said to Frank, "We will put that boy in the corral." He replied, "We will like hell." Frank had no sooner said that when he went like a shot and left his band of about 20 head. We were between them and their range. He went back toward the spring bearing to the south. I knew he intended circling to get back into the hills where he would be safe. His band was trying to follow him only trotting. You could hardly see him for the cloud of dust he was making. I told Frank I would bear off along the foothills and if he attempted to go to the hills he would have to pass me, and if he tried it I would put the tug on him, meaning of course, my rope. I told Frank to keep a long distance away from his band and give him a chance to go back to them. He began to circle a little faster and was coming toward me. I know the way he was traveling by the time he got to me he would have run about 3 miles and would be pretty well winded and I intended to pick him up quite easy. He saw me and stopped dead still and began whistling. I guess he was the boss of the range. I believe if you had been back in those hills you could have heard him. He looked every way. I was ready to dare him to come my way. I think he felt he was outgeneraled and I believe it took just a little of the starch out of him for the time being at least. He ran

back to his band, so I joined Frank, who was a safe distance away from the band. I had a much better horse than Frank. I told him I thought he better bear down on them a little. They were headed toward the ranch, which was 7 or 8 miles northeast, and I would keep along on the west side of them to keep him from breaking toward the hills. I made up my mind if he tried that he and I were going to lock horns, so to speak. They were traveling now toward the corral we intended to put them in. Our corral was built in a circle, long cedar posts ten foot long put side by side in a trench, then tamped so a chicken could not get through it. We had a fence running out from one side of the bars about a quarter of a mile so when corralling wild horses we would crowd them down against this fence and shoot them in the corral. They had no chance to go past the barn. We called this fence a wing. In the very center of the corral we had a snubbing post about 8 inches through and 5 feet high sawed off at the top. Whenever the corral was empty the 8 or 10 bars were always laid out to one side.

The band were all running, as I have observed. Our boss of the range could see no chance bolting for the hills, so he bolted and left the band going east, which country was only a desert. I know he was out of his territory and would not go far. Presently he stopped, and while the band was following him, he ran back to them. I crowded down behind them and Frank circled them toward the corral, which was not a half mile away. We were going in on the east side of the corral against the wing. I told Frank to take my place behind them and I would circle them. I was afraid he would bolt going and not swing in against the wing. He was leading the band. We were racing them just as fast as we could crowd them, screaming like wild Indians in order to confuse them, which we did and they were all in the corral before they knew anything about it, and the bars were up in a hurry. We unsaddled our horses. I left my saddle by the bars. I had a settlement to make with that guy in the corral. Keep in mind I was 12 years old.

We had dinner and rested awhile and went out and sat on top of the bars. You should have seen the performance of that horse. He tried to climb out of that corral. They were huddled against the fence opposite the barn. When my rope tightened around his neck he came at me like a mad bull. I ran past the snubbing post, at the same time throwing a loop around the post and on toward the bars. When he got to the post, he was snubbed. Frank wasn't long putting his

rope on his front feet, and then drew one of his hind feet up to his front feet and tied them. While he lay on his side, we put a hackamore on him with reins and then blind-folded him with a burlap sack. We removed the rope from his feet and let him get up. He staggered around awhile trying to get somewhere. All the while we were putting my saddle on him. He was now standing quiet headed toward the barn. I told Frank to take the bars all out, which he did, then came back and took hold of the hackamore at his jaws with his left hand and twisted his left ear with his right hand over his head and at the same time removed the blind. He went out of that corral like a shot and out in the meadow he began bucking. He bucked and bucked and bucked and bellowed. I was getting tired so I began to work on him a little rough. I cut the blood out of him from his shoulders to his flanks with my sharp spurs. He threw up his head in a hurry and lit out for Rock Canyon as fast as his legs would take him and he never stopped until he got there, notwithstanding I see-sawed on those reins all the way. He finally stopped and I began petting him on the neck and telling him he was a pretty nice fellow, not bad at all. So I began to try and teach him what those reins were for. I was about three hours getting him back to the ranch, with occasional spells of mighty funny actions.

At the ranch I threw the reins over his head, still holding to them, and dismounted, and turned him over to Frank to take care of. I had told Frank to not follow me for I wanted to have it out with him all alone.

That horse became one of the very finest saddle horses I had ever ridden. He became so gentle I would call him from the meadow and he would come to me because he knew he was going to get a handful of oats. His ears were so slim and sharp at the ends it looked as though they would prick your hand if you touched them, so we named him Prickear, but soon let the latter part of the name off.

This was surely a wild country, and the Sink of Beaver Ranch was in the center of a great range. On the west a range of mountains running north and south was the home of wild horses, unbranded and unclaimed. On the east a large body of prairie land was full of wild horses, 15 or 18 miles wide and 20 miles long with Twin Peak Spring in the south end and the Clear Lake on the north, Squeedyke Spring and the Cold Spring on the east. These were the watering

places. They are all gone now, I mean the horses. A few years ago the ranch was sold for the taxes. In those days quite a number of antelope inhabited that range. I remember being with my half-brother John near the Twin Peak Spring and not more than 75 years stood a mother antelope and a small fawn. I said, "I will catch that fawn." I got my rope ready in a hurry. I guess I chased them for a mile. Just about 20 yards behind, finally they began to leave me. My horse's wind was all gone. I was sure surprised, the tongue of the mother was out of her mouth 5 or 6 inches, but the fawn was in no trouble at all. They are all gone the same as the wild horses.

## Chapter XVII

My next job was working for Brother William Hunter who was a farmer and also kept a store. His wife was one of the finest women who ever lived. She was the embodiment of loveliness. I liked his 3 boys and 2 girls, William, Joseph, Dee, Betsy and Marie. Betsy is still living in Kanosh. His store joined his dwelling. When the store door opened a bell rang in the dining room. I think Sister Hunter took care of the store mostly. I helped him do all kinds of things on the farm harvesting, cutting, and hauling hay. His farm was less than a block from his home, known today as the Frank Christensen home, and his farm known today as the Andy Avery farm. On the 24th of July he would have to sing a funny song. One of his songs went something as follows:

There's a great commotion in the East about the Mormon Question,

Probably they meant to say the least to hard for their digestion.

They said they'd hang old Brigham Young and his companion.

That is, I mean, they would have done, but Oh, they could not catch them.

Brother Hunter was a good provider and kind to his family. I don't remember ever hearing him speak crossly to one of his children, Sister Hunter was even more kind and tender. She was a fine cook. They always set a good table. As well as being a merchant and a farmer he did various other kinds of things. He had a few cattle and always kept the teams. He used to go to Juab for freight 60 miles north, the nearest railroad terminus, get goods and supplies for his own store, also for the Kanosh CO-Op store, and took four and sometimes five days to make the trip.

It was Brother Hunter who supplied me with my first suit of clothes. I think they cost eleven dollars. The suit consisted of coat and pair of pants. The coat was nearly black, the pants dark gray. I liked the coat very well, but I was never very much taken up with the pants. I can see them today. The legs were each of them large enough to admit four lets like mine. I have never been able to understand why they made such looking pants. I was always ashamed of them whenever I wore them. I remember one time Charley Crane coming down to Bro. Hunter's to take some lessons on how to irrigate. Brother Hunter had the water scattered all over his lucern field. "You see Charley," said he, "I never let the water get off my farm. It now looks like a beautiful lake." I can just see now how earnest he seemed to be while he talked to Mr. Crane.

He used to furnish supplies to the mining camps, Milford and Frisco, 60 or 70 miles southwest from here. He would take me on those trips. We would each have a team and wagon loaded with flour, potatoes, butter and cheese, as well as fruit, etc. One of these trips I shall never forget. It was in the fall of the year, with cold nights. He was not well at all when we left Milford in the afternoon on our way home. We expected to camp at Antelope Spring, 18 miles north of Milford. The houses, barn and corrals were intact, but had been abandoned. He felt so miserable he didn't know what to do for his cold, so he bought a small flask of gin, and thought maybe a little of that would warm him and possibly help his cold. I was in lead and it was getting late and cold when we were about five or six miles from the spring. I would get some distance in ahead of him, then wait for him. I noticed the team walked slow, so I stayed and waited for him. I noticed the lines tied to the center piece on the end gate; so I thought it time for me to make an investigation. We both had bows and wagon covers. Well, he was lying in the bottom of the wagonbox and was he sick. I covered him up with some quilts, tied his team behind my wagon, and trotted from there to the Spring. He did not want to be moved. I unhitched our teams, took care of them for the night, Brother Hunter was a sick man, and about all I could do for him was give him a little something warm, make a bed for him using most of the quilts, and cover him up as well as I could. It was a cold night. I robbed the horses of their blankets - of course they were in the barn. I made my bed in the wagon after having a little

supper. I turned in and was not aware of anything until daylight when Brother Hunter called me. He was standing by my wagon. I was out of that bed and had my clothes on in about two minutes, to find him nearly frozen. He was so cold he was helpless. His hands were about stiff. I had a roaring fire in no time, made him some hot tea, and persuaded him to eat a little breakfast and finally got him thawed out. It is miles from Antelope Spring to Kanosh. He stood the trip home that day and was really better when we arrived, but was some what knocked out for about a week after that trip. The next trip we made to Milford he worked an old chestnut corral mare. She was balky. A balky horse is one who does not care to work, especially when you hitch them up some cold morning. Our first day out from home we camped between the Twin Peak Spring and the Antelope Springs. He pulled his wagon on top of a little raino, we might say a hill, and put his brake on to keep the wagon from rolling downhill. I wondered why he did this. I found out next morning when we were ready to start. He started first. When he spoke to his team the old mare hung back and held the other horse and the wagon. Brother Hunter tapped the other horse with his lines and told him to go on, so he dragged the old mare and the wagon for some little way down the hill. Finally the old mare gave a lunge and it looked as if she went in the air about ten feet, then went off on the run and both horses were on the gallop down the road. Somehow it was an amusing sight to me. I had seen balky saddle horses who refused to go when I first got on them, but I had never seen one balk in the harness before. Brother Hunter knew that mare and he was able to out-general her.

He had a fine way of treating his customers both in his store and also in peddling. He had an exceptionally pleasing personality. I seemed he had the power to make people believe they needed his goods or produce whether they did or not, whether he had one load or two loads, he had no trouble disposing of his produce or merchandise. One time a fellow wanted to buy quite a good sized bill of things at his store. The man had no money to pay for them and wasn't quite sure when he would have any money. Brother Hunter said. "By gum, you just as well ask me to loan you a batch of money. I have no money to lend. I have paid the cash for this bill of goods you have asked for without any money and time to get them on my shelves. Do you think that is right, or do you think that is good business." I felt like Brother Hunter was exactly right.

Both he and Sister Hunter were generous in their home and encouraged their children to bring their company home.

I remember when I was in my early teens we would go ther in crowds and play games. Sister Hunter would join us whenever she could fit in the game. I believe they had the first organ in town. A crowd of us kids were gathered around that organ and believe it or not I was the only one who could play two or three cords. That was some community singing, due to the fine performance on the organ, or course.

### Chapter XVIII

This year I am 13 years old. I have graduated from the school of the hard knocks of life, from the second grade working for Janes George on the Sink of Beaver Ranch and working for William Hunter from the first grade herding cows at the Spring Slew and herding sheep at the Quakinash Spring or helping train race horses for Uncle Dan Dorrity. I have charge now of quite a bunch of cattle. I am working for Chet Haskel, foreman of the railroad section at Burnt Corral, now known as the Goss Station, 4 miles north of Sink of Beaver Ranch. Charley Odd owns part of the cattle, he also works on the section. Two brother. Hans and Charley Fillmore. Payson is the home of all these men and their families. Hasket has two or three children. The other fellows have none, just their wives. Hasket and Odd have corrals and stables, 150 yards from their houses down on a flat by the banks of the Beaver River, and close by a surface well with an unlimited supply of water and troughs to water cattle in time of need. Water for culinary purposes was drawn from this well. There was a post by the side of the well, with a heavy pole about 15 feet long balanced across the top of the post with a bucket on the small end. When the bucket was filled with water, the large end of the pole would almost pull the bucket up. About a half a mile down the river was a high perpindicular clay wall. At the bottom of this wall was a hole a man could crowd in going straight back in the hill. From this hole on either side for some distance the ground was sloping gradually down toward the old river bed facing the south. This was a rattlesnake den, or the home of great numbers of rattlesnake families. How they survived no one seemed to know. You could pass there some day and see any number lying around sunning themselves. I was told that the section men turned out one day and killed more than a hundred. This was before I went there, but that story was easy for me to believe. I don't remember any snakes ever being up near the houses.

Mr. Hasket and Odd spent all their time on the railroad except Sundays and holidays. It was my job to take full

charge of the cattle and take care of them and see that they did not stray away and care for them in a general way, and for this important job I was pulling down fifteen dollars a month, and believe it or not I never even went home on a visit for five months, and during that five months I did not draw one dollar of my pay. My good friend William George who kept a store in Kanosh let my mother have what she needed out of his store.

People came to Burnt Corral quite often. Mother would send a pair os shoes, a shirt, or some underwear as I needed them. When I made that first trip home they gave me three twenty dollar gold pieces, a ten dollar gold piece and a five, which was exactly five months pay. I brought that money home and put every dollar of it in my mother's hand and told her it belonged to her. I did not know what her debts and obligations were. I was sure she knew how to handle that money better than I. I do not remember ever seeing any of that money again. I had a family to take care of, and that was sufficient for me to know. It was my business to keep busy.

Spring came and the little calves began to come so I had to ride constantly. The cattle ranged east in the sand hills and down the old river bed and in the sand hills for two miles on either side. Sometimes I would find where heifer had hid her calf and the coyotes had found it and killed it. That always made me feel bad. I had no way of gathering these heifers and keeping them until after their calves were born. We had no hay and neither could I keep them close around home. They would scatter in the night, sometimes going four or five miles. A lot of those heifers, it seemed nearly half died without being delivered. On some of those occasions I worked with all my strength, sometimes being successful and sometimes not. I could have cried sometimes if it could have done any good. Still, I was not the crying kind. I do not remember crying once from the time I was twelve years old until I was twenty. I will speak of this later.

We would have had so much of this trouble if I could have persuaded my bosses to get rid of a certain animal. So the foregoing was a part of the outine of my work.

All the while I was there, I had my own saddle horse. The little horse I had raised at home, Old Loosey's colt, the mare Uncle Jim brought from out west, the first horse I ever owned and the best was just a colt, but he would never leave me. I fed him grain regularly. I guess that helped to

keep him around. So here comes the second tragedy in my life. Losing my dog was the first..

George Croft and Wise Cropper lived in Deseret. I knew them well. Croft was my half-uncle. He was the uncle of my half brothers. I always called him Uncle. They had been some place in Arizona and came by Burnt Corral with a band of horses they had bought. They wanted my saddle pony, and they offered me a gray mare about the age of my horse, but much larger. She was a very nice little mare. I told them I did not care to trade my horse. Uncle George took up a labor with me telling the advantage of my having the mare. She would raise me a colt every year worth as much as my horse, and it would only be a little while until I would forget all about my horse, and I would think so much more of her, etc. The mare was not gentle. They threw a rope on her. She didn't act bad. They put a hackamore on her and gave me five dollars and took my horse. If they would have let me have my way I would not have traded my horse for two like the mare, but my uncle had taken him right away from me. I confess I had a hard time to keep from crying, but I thought a boy my age found crying was only a sissy, so I rubbed the mare and petted her and finally staked her on a patch of grass above the corral. She twisted the rope considerable in the night, and somehow it came off from her foot. Next morning she was gone. I never heard from her again. Haskel and Odd had two or three ponies, but I was handicapped for a saddle horse. I mourned, so to speak, over that horse more than anybody will ever know. He was not like the dog I lost- he had some value. He was well trained. I could go places with him and do things. I could have sold him at any time for a good price. I never intended part with him and now he was gone and I hadn't a thing to remember him by.

I had a severe accident at one time at Burnt Corral. There was a close line of heavy telegraph wire stretched between two heavy railroad ties placed deep in the gravel, used as a clothesline. About twenty yards between the posts I accidentally ran under this wire, my horse at a full gallop. The wire struck me across the stomach, took me off my horse, and threw me back about a rod on my back on the hard ground. I was laid up for some little time.

One day I was several miles east of Burnt Corral locating the eastern boundary of our cattle tracks.

I ran on to a strange horse all alone, a dark bay horse, every inch of his body as curly as any negro boy I ever saw in the South. He was a perfect picture. He was fat and looked as though he had not been handled for a long time. I know the owner of that horse would be pleased to see him. I had a very strong desire to own him. I drove him to the corral, caught him, and put my saddle on him and rode. He was an excellent saddle horse. It was not many days before some men came by and told me the horse belonged to Jim Dorrity of Marysville, no relation to the Dorrity's in Kanosh, and that the horse had been gone three or four years. I wrote the man a letter. I think I offered him \$75.00 for the horse- my boss wanted him. In four or five days Jim Dorrity was there. He was a man about 30 and single. He gave me ten dollars. I had my bed in the upstairs of the handcar house out by the railroad. He slept with me that night and left with his horse next morning. I sure hated to see that horse go. He came the nearest to filling the place of my yellow pony of any horse I have ever seen. I knew if my boss would buy him I would get him. I think it would have been almost impossible to have bought that horse.

Before going to sleep that night he sang a song. It was so out of the ordinary and so peculiar I am going to write some of the words. I can sing that song today exactly as he sang it, and I am sure some who read this story will think I am making it up. These are the words:

I was wrecked among the Indians on an island near Bombay.  
I was there six months and I could not understand a word they'd say.  
With their rickie tickie rack tack, folder diddle lido,  
What do you think of that?

And their caveltree of bingo, you gee giberos,  
And they all go a jew and a sungree, and a half a julie gee,  
Anad a half a julie jaw, such a funny thing I never heard before.

I have never heard those words before or since, but I can sing the words and tune today.

The people who worked in those sections would throw big parties quite often. Burnt Corral was a double section. Haskel, Odd and the Fillmore brothers worked south, Old Gentlemen Haylor, his son Sam and the two other worked north. Hiels station; twelve miles north, was a double section and nine miles south (Cruse) another section.

The miles south from Cruse was Blackrock Station. These people had their parties more often at Burnt Corral and Cruse, always on Saturday night, with a big feed. I don't think they ever missed having a ten-gallon keg of wine. They seemed to me to have a rule to dance until the sun came up. During Sunday they would return home the same as they came on the handcars. The men would have to pump those cars all the way home, except downhill, when the car would coast. It seemed to me the women of these section men were the best women I ever knew. They all treated me with the utmost courtesy and respect. Sister Haskel and Sister Odd were as good and kind to me as my own mother.

My bosses would cut my hair and the women would take care of my clothes and keep them patched and cleaned. I really enjoyed my life at Burnt Corral. It was such a contrast with my life at the Sink of Beaver and herding sheep. The two latter places were Hell, and my home at Burnt Corral was heaven, so to speak. I will say something further about it before I am through with my story that will show what I mean.

#### Chapter XIX

My next job was the worst I ever had before or since. It seems more likely a nightmare than anything that ever came into my life. I was carrying mail from Cove Fort to Beaver. I rode horseback, or I should have said mules, for that is exactly what I rode, the mules being old and lazy. It was quite impossible to spur one of them hard enough to make him gallop—a slow torturing trot was the limit. I made that trip every day, Sundays included. I was not allowed to leave Cove until the mail had arrived from Kanosh. It was never earlier than eleven o'clock, and most of the time twelve. It took me twelve hours to make the trip, arriving back to Cove at midnight most of the time, too tired to eat supper. I would just tumble into bed, where I would make that trip again in my dreams. Wake up in time to get something to eat, and then start all over again. I did that for two months. Imagine a kid riding on an old give out mule 52 miles every day at least a half day and nothing but a raw sore where they had been spurred at the end of two months. At the end of the two months, I told my boss Lon Hinckley, cousin to Apostle Lon Hinckley, if he would get me a easy riding one-horse cart, and if he was too poor to furnish a couple of decent horses, I would continue awhile longer on the job with the mules. Other-

wise I was through, he could get someone else to continue with the job. I would change mules every day at Beaver, riding two mules to make the trip. Each mule would travel 26 miles each day. I would travel 52 miles each day. I quit. Hinckley hired six boys, cousins and brothers who lived at Indian Creek, now Kenderfield, six but all quit before the first month was ended. This is almost another believe it or not story. I sometimes wonder if I was not just a little light in the upper story. Still, I was always conscious of the fact that I had a widowed mother and some sisters to take care of, and I was always ready to make most any kind of a sacrifice if it would prove a benefit or a blessing to them. Jobs were scarce and money was scarce. Fifty cents in a day those days meant a great deal toward a living for my mother. That was the wages I got for the work.

I mentioned William George as being so kind and considerate for my mother's family, and never refusing any of them any kind of an accomodation they asked for. I worked for him quite a lot, usually farm work.

I remember one time his wife was away on a visit and Mary Jane Bingham was keeping house for him. He and I were hauling hay. We were in the house waiting for dinner. Something had gone wrong, and she was very much out of patience about something. He exclaimed, "Mary Jane, I have never seen you that mad before." She retorted, "Did you ever see me that mad behind." I remember how embarrassed I was. I could hardly believe it. I couldn't figure out how he could laugh at a retort like that coming from a woman.

I always associated him among my best, if not my best friend. He came to me one day and said, "I notice you have a team." I had traded for a small pair of horses - got them from Andrew Woolsey, I called them Fox and Ranger. They were about like Brother Aaron rappleyes Prince and Selam. I told Brother George. "Yes, I had a team and harness." "Well," he said, "I am going to let you have a wagon, wagonbox and everything complete." It was a sample wagon and he was the agent. He said, "I'm going to let you have that outfit for \$75.00. Whenever you get the money you can pay for it, and if you never get the money I will never ask you for it. I don't want you to worry about the pay. Now if you don't come over to my house and get that wagon I will have one of my boys bring it to you." So now I had an outfit of my own.

Anthony Paxton, Jr. and myself took a load of provisions out to Milford. From there we took a load of freight for some old rancher out to Paranagat Valley-machinery of all kinds. We

fell in with Joe Barney, about Anthony's age, who lived over near Elsinore. He had a new wagon and 4 little horses. His lead team was a pair of colts he bought from Robert Ross.

The weather was bad and the roads muddy. There were freighters all along the road. Men stuck in mud often. I felt so bad for those colts of Joe Barney's at times. Their shoulders were raw sore. He would unhitch them from his wagon and scread at those colts, and they would fly into a pull and stick there until the wagon came out. Then we would go on.

When we arrived at Paranagat and unloaded our machinery and got our pay, it was a lot of money, I thought, and I had in my wagon a big coil of chain. The old rancher would not claim it nor would he let us unload it. I hauled it back to Milford. The agent would not claim it, neither would he let us unload it. I asked him what I should do with it. He replied, "Do as you darn please, so we unloaded it with some things we did not take on the road because we were not through freighting.

After one of our trips at Milford, Joe, Anthony, and myself were in the saloon. I think Joe had two or three drinks. I drank a glass of lemonade or something like it. There were quite a number of men in the saloon. Sitting not far from us on a bench were four men, tough-looking characters, all about Joe Barney's size and age. One wore a red flannel shirt, black cowboy hat, high top boots, and a green silk handkerchief around his neck. We were leaning with our backs against the bar and our elbows on the bar. These four fellows were having a lot of fun-it seemed laughing at us. Whenever Joe talked he drawled his words. He finally got the attention of the men and said, "I've got twenty five dollars to say I kin throw down any man in this here house." The fellow with the red shirt piped up and said, and he drawled his words purposely just like Joe, "I think you are a G.D. fool." Joe was over there in a second, before the guy had time to get up. He had a hold on the fellow's shirt at the neck with his left hand and he was rubbing his other fist in the fellow's face, the fellow's head back against the wall. I thought he would rub that guy's nose off his face. Joe finally let go of the fellow and stepped back a step or two and said, "Now get up on your feet, you damn sneaking redshirted son of a bitch, and walk out of this here house you lousy skunk." The redshirted fellow, as Joe called him, seemed to be in a daze and all he seemed to hear was the men in that saloon hooting him.

Joe Barney had a brother whose name was Dick equally as tough as Joe only better physically. He stood about six feet. I knew Dick real well. I had some business with him and he was honorable and honest in his dealings. He was in that same saloon one night, which was owned and operated by Jack Smithson, who was for some time sheriff and generally considered an all-around bad man. He weighed about 200 lbs. Dick was a little noisy. Smithson ordered him out of his house. Dick said he had done nothing out of the way and refused to go out. Smithson walked from behind the bar with a gun in his hand, pointing it at Dick, and told him to move. Dick kicked the gun out of Smithson's hand, knocked him down, walked all over him, and told the men in the saloon if Smithson had any friends in the house who would like to defend him it would be alright with him. He then invited all the men in the house to come up to the bar and have something on him. After he got them all served, Dick took his leave, while Smithson lay there breathing heavy.

There was no more very eventful things that happened with our freighting. When we were ready to go home, we took our chain. It seems to me we made three log chains, and it was good material. I did not quite pay Brother George in full for the wagon, but settled with him later.

On our last trip, I should mention one event. We were camped early one evening. Cris Lee and some other fellows from Elsinore passed us. Cris wanted to trade a pinto horse for my Fox horse. He said, "Think it over, If you would like to trade it will be O.K." Next morning we padded them before they were out of bed. I left Fox where the pinto horse stood and took the pinto. Cris sure laughed about that trade. Later I traded my horses and quit teaming for a long time.

## Chapter XX

I am going to write a chapter on a variety of events taking me back to school days and up until I am past 17. I often think how the Nadauld Store was built. Bishop Kimball was the chief mason, laying the adobes. I was his tender, carrying the mortar and adobes while he put them in place. One day the scaffold I was working on broke and I fell to the ground about 8 or 10 feet. I was laid up for some time before I felt able to go back on the job. Brother Kimball was a plain-spoken man. Sometimes he hurt the feelings of his best friends. He would even make them cry. My mother and sister Lillian were among the ones mentioned, still they loved him. He was credited with being a hard man to lick. One time he was working on the threshing machine up at Brother Al Gay's where James Paxton now lives. He was feeding the machine when a man by the name of Nate Hucklebee came looking for him. Rile Moss told Brother Kimball there was a guy around there looking for him and he said he is going to lick you. "You had better let me do the feeding and you go and tend to his case." Hucklebee was standing by a pigpen talking pretty loud to some of the men when Brother Kimball appeared on the scene. He tapped Hucklebee on the jaw and he went over in the pigpen on his back. Brother Kimball grabbed him by the heels and pulled him out and stood him on his feet, his legs a little wobbly and asked Hucklebee if he had gotten all he was looking for. He replied he thought he had and walked away. Brother Kimball went back to his feeding.

I remember when the Nadauld Store building was finished. C.F. Christenson's farewell missionary dance was given there. Brother Kimball was the manager. There was quite a lot of drinking going on and quite a number of men were dancing who had not paid for their tickets. After the dance, Bishop Kimball made a speech in which he said, "This is a benefit dance to raise money to help one of our boys in his missionary work. It is the duty of us all to contribute to this fund. Some are dancing without doing this or even paying for a ticket. I don't want this to happen again." A number of those men were on the floor then. He told the people furnishing the music to go ahead with their music. After that dance he called a halt on

the music and said, "All the men on the floor who have paid for their ticket please be seated with your partners. All those who have not paid for their tickets remain standing." Four or five couples remained standing. The Bishop took his coat off, folded it up, and laid it down on the floor. I can see him now in a white shirt - no suspenders. The Bishop made a dive for the man he thought was the toughest. They all left their partners instantly and reached for the door before the Bishop could overtake them, and of course their partners rushed to their seats. The Bishop had an important announcement to make. Said he, "I know who has paid for his ticket and who has not. The next man who goes on the floor who has not paid for his ticket I will take the pleasure of dragging him out of the hall." I felt sure he meant he would knock him down first. I think that most of them came back and bought their tickets, but soon after the Bishop had made the cleaning, Cris Christensen, in whose honor the dance had been given and who was only a boy of 18, was on the outside of the hall, when a certain man grabbed him around the neck trying to throw him down, trying to lick him. Jess Porney was looking on, also some of us kids. This guy about had his hands full, but he kept hold on Cris. One of the kids ran and told the Bishop and he was there in a minute. Jess Porney went down that sidewalk like a quarter horse. The other fellow went end over and down the sidewalk also.

Some of those fellows were not so tough and dances were not so wild when Brother Kimball was around. I remember one night at a dance in the old meeting house some of the boys were lit up. George Charlesworth was standing on the old rock step swinging his hands and screaming, I am wild and wooley and full of fleas and was never curried above the knees." I thought, "Old fellow, if Brother Kimball was here you would get your neck curried."

I was telling my boy, Mark, today, who is now the Bishop, some of the things his grandfather had to pass through. One day before a celebration he heard of some murmurings and mutterings, and he sent a messenger with a letter to Three Creek 18 miles to the old gentleman Dorrity to send his boys Sam and Marion down to town that evening, he might need them. The boys reported that night, they were on hand. Sam told me many years ago that Bishop Kimball was one of the finest men in the church, and he told the Bishop anything he asked him to do he would do his best at it. I remember one holiday

down by the Co-op Store Marion Dorrity had been complaining with a pain in his side and he was practically sick. Four or five of Charley Watt's friends were making fun of Marion. Charley was laughing about it also and Sam Dorrity came in the crowd. Marion told him what the score was. Believe me, there were some knockdowns and general trimmings took place right now. The whole bunch was cleaned up in no time. Old Brother Watts got his ears slapped, which I think was a disgrace.

Kanosh sure put on big times I remember. Fillmore and Kanosh played a matched ball game. It seemed as though the whole county were present. A fellow from Fillmore, Don McKay, would knock a homer every time he would get to the bat. He would go around that diamond like wildfire and as he would come over the homeplate he would screamd, "Tally McKay." That was a byword ever after as long as I played ball. If we only ran from third base we would call "Tally McKay."

The Kanosh boys held the championship for years and went to Deseret and different places in the county. All the men in those matched games were married men with the exception of George Rogers. Sam Dorrity and Charley Watts said to me one day, "You kids can't play ball." I replied, "We can beat you fellows for a dance and supper." How they did throw up their hands and laughed. I picked out nine fellows and waited on them and got them all together. I sure had a hard time getting them to try it. I said, "It's no disgrace if we do get beat. They are all seasoned ball players and hold the championship." But I told them I knew we could beat them and do it easy. They got a big laugh out of it, and finally promised to play. The whole town was out to see that game. I placed all our men. Jack Carlsworth, catcher, George Rogers, pitcher; Joe Daily on first, etc. I played in the diamond on each side of the pitcher - they call it shortstop. I did the coaching. If a fly went out in the field I called the man to catch it. I caught a lot of swift flies and almost every time I put out three men - the man at the bat and the man who should not have left first base, also the second. With those kind of plays we whitewashed these guys three times in succession. Both sides got quite a few tallies. We beat them nearly 3 to 1. Sam Dorrity was their manager and Charley Watts the coach. Lewis Barney and I went home and told my sister Lillian all about it and she composed a song. She was an invalid. Lewis

and I were going to sing this song of three or four verses. I will write the first verse and the chorus.

The stiffs and the limbers have played their matched game,

The limbers beat two to one, but the stiffs were not to blame.

With Sam as their captain, and Charley to blow, 'Twas shocking to see them, how dreadfully slow.

(Chorus)

Hurrah, Hurray, and a whitewash you bet,

And if ever they beat us it will make them all sweat. Lewis and I practiced and practiced that song. We told some of the boys at the dance when the dance was about half through we were going to sing the song. It leaked out and when the time came Sam was managing the dance. He absolutely refused to let us sing. Otherwise they were sporty and gave us a good supper and a good time. Everybody seemed satisfied.

#### My first experience at real peddling


We had a lot of peaches and so did everybody else. They were practically worthless. Uncle Henry Barney, Lewis's father, gave me an old sorrel swayback strighted horse. He was a good traveler and good to pull. I borrowed another and hit out for Milford all alone with a load of peaches. I camped at Antelope Spring the first night. About one o'clock the following afternoon I was at Milford to find that a bunch of Dixie men had been there and flooded the market and I could not sell a peach. I camped at Milford and next day about noon I was in Frisco, 15 miles west of Milford to find that the same thing had happened there. I met Byrum Prows from Kanosh. He had just unloaded. I think he had his peaches contracted or the most of them. We had dinner and he helped me and we sold just a few bushels, so I drove out of Frisco starting for home with about three-fourths of my load. By this time they were real ripe. We drove down to the Beaver Bottoms and camped with an old gentleman George Hardy, a fine fellow but he was well supplied, so I dumped my load off there.

Mr. Hardy offered me two yearling calves for Old Yense, the horse Brother Barney gave me. I told him I would trade if I had any way of getting my wagon home, also the calves.

Byrum Prows suggested I hitch my extra horse by the side of his team and make a 3 horse team and put the calves in my wagon and trail it behind his and go on home, all of which we did. I sold those calves for eighteen dollars the next day. Visited the Bishop. I found Bishop Kimball up at his corral, told him I was looking for him, and he looked at me a little surprised and asked what he could do for me. I told him I would have to tell him a short story before I could answer that question. I proceeded by telling him I had just returned from Frisco where I had taken a load of peaches. I took good care not to tell him about my failure with the peaches for fear I would not get what I wanted from him. I told him I had a conversation with the engineer who operates that big hoist. He told me he wanted a milch cow. He wanted a Holstein, one about five years old, not too hard to milk, and one that was good and gentle. I proceeded. "That cow standing over in the corner I think would fill the bill, don't you?" He replied, "From the description you have made I think she would fill the bill alright." I took good care I did not tell what I was getting for the cow. My bargain with the man at Frisco was seventy-five dollars for the cow. I asked for the cow and if he would trust me until I could make the trip to Frisco. He looked at me real funny. I believe he admired my nerve, if my judgement was all out of joint. He said, "I want thirty-five dollars for that cow, but how do you expect to get her to Frisco." "Drive her, of course," I said. "Drive her how?" he said. "Horseback of course," said I. He had been acting for some time like he wanted to laugh, and now he laughed and I couldn't see a solitary thing to laugh about. He looked at me just a little funny and said, "The cow is yours." I sure thanked him and told him to feed her good and I would get her and be on my way early in the morning. I had a little bay horse I got from Ed Rappley. He had a very bad habit. If you would ride him a little extra hard he would give out, and he was not worth five dollars. He had been idle for some time and looked pretty good. I was sure I could make it with him. Next morning early I was on my way with some lunch, a blanket and quite a little dab of oats in a sack.

We arrived at the Twin Peak Spring that night. The cow was so tired she laid down at once. There was quite a little grass on each side of the little stream coming from the spring. After she rested awhile she browsed that grass. I gave her a good feed of oats on my saddle blanket and gave the pony a

little, and hobbled him for the night. I milked the cow night and morning. Long before daylight we were on our way arriving at Antelope Spring about noon. There was a little pasture there. We stopped there until next morning, arriving at old Brother Hardy's ranch before noon. I got plenty of good food for my cow there. Next day before noon we were in Frisco. The cow was in good shape and suited the man to a T. I fed my horse and had dinner, was treated fine by the family, got my seventy-five dollars, and was back to Brother Hardy's ranch in the middle of the afternoon. I guess I was a little over-zealous. My pony had not galloped or even trotted a step since I left home. I galloped him about half-way from Frisco, and he petered out before we got to the ranch. I could hardly lead him the last mile or two. I had to keep stopping and letting him rest, and once I thought I would have to take my saddle off and carry it and leave him, I finally got him to the ranch.

Towards evening a young fellow a little older than myself rode up on a sorrel blazed face horse about two hundred pound heavier than my horse. I was currying my horse, and he was busy eating. I was wondering what I was going to do with him. I knew he would never carry me home. I had a stretch of forty-five or fifty miles of desert ahead of me. This guy kept looking at my horse. Finally he said, "Do you ever trade horses?" I replied, "Oh, occasionally, whenever I think I can accomodate a guy." He said, "What about trading your horse for mine?" I said, "That's up to you." "Well," said he we are changing horses," so we changed. I told him I had given my horse quite a hard deal over a big stretch of desert and he was pretty well pitched out. I advised him to not give him too big a day's ride tomorrow. I told Brother Hardy I would be on my way early and thanked him for his kindness, which was all he expected, and about 4 o'clock next day I was home and had settled with Brother Kimball, and after answering a few of his questions my job was over, and I had a rattling good horse. While working for Haskel and Odd, Odd told me a story about Bishop Callister of Fillmore giving him a beautiful gray colt. Odd lived in Payson. I think the colt gave out while Brother Callister was going to Salt Lake to Conference. A year later I think Odd was going to work at the Silver Reef Mine at Dixie, the colt following along with the team, and he camped a night at Hatton, then Petersburg. Next morning his colt was not to be found. He laid over a day looking for it, but no one had seen it. Odd's brand  was on its left thigh. Three years later some man from Kanosh

told Odd he saw his horse in the sand hills between Squidike and Neils Station, the wildest stallion on the range. It was about 4 or 5 years later when Odd told me this story. He said he was sure the story was true. He said he would give me twenty-five dollars if I would get that horse. While I worked for him I went out of my way often in hopes of seeing that horse. I made up my mind if I ever saw him I would invent some strategy to get him. Some time after I quit working for Haskel and Odd I learned that my old packmare I had with me when we floated down the Sevier belonged to a man in Monroe. I wrote a letter and told him where his mare was and that she had a beautiful colt past a year old. He sent word if I would get the mare and bring her to Kanosh and send him word he would give me the colt and come and get the mare. Alfred Whatcott and myself went in search of that mare. The colt was worth more than fifty dollars.

Almost in the identical place where I saw the beautiful black stallion, the red roan stallion, and the blue sharp-eared stallion, stood a herd of wild horses. A gray stallion that weighed about 12 hundred was in charge. When he saw us he began to whistle, his head high in the air. He pulled a stunt that was perfectly novel to me. He ran toward us just as fast as he could run as though he expected to make a meal of us. Within about a hundred yards of us he stopped, whistled awhile, then curled his proud tail over his back and ran back to the band. As he turned to run I saw  $\odot$  on his left thigh. I remarked, "That is Charley Odd's long-lost horse." The brand on his thigh looked as though it had been painted by an artist. We immediately went in another direction as though we were leaving them. We had to work fast to out-general them, to get between them and the hills. Once they got in the hills the game would be over. We could no more get them out of the hills than we could get that many deer out of those hills. It all seemed strange to us. It seemed to me I had ridden every inch of those hills as well as the sand hills on the east during the time I had worked for Mr. George and I never saw that horse before. During the time I worked for Haskel and Odd I was hunting for him all the time, made all sorts of inquiries, nobody ever saw him, and there he stood with that wild band of horses.

We finally succeeded in getting between them and the hills. The way he went leaving the band and running as if

he never intended to stop. He was playing the same game that the blue horse played, almost identical. But I had the best trumps and beat him to the game. From there to the corral he acted a good deal like the blue horse, only one of his stunts were a little stiffer with a little more pep and determination to get away. He was older and stronger, and had succeeded in keeping hid for years. I was riding a good horse and was determined to land that guy if I had to rope him, and I knew if I roped him I would have a fight with him. With all his capers trying to get away, he was in the same corral where we corraled the blue horse, and he played the same trick. As soon as the rope went over his head he fought and we had one time with him. Of course, we snubbed him, but had to choke him down before we could get him on his side, notwithstanding we had a rope on his front feet. We put a hackamore on him and let him up. He stood trembling in a lather of sweat. I tightened the rope and he came right up to me. I patted him on the jaw and neck and led him out of the corral and around and into the stable and tied him up and turned his band out and let them go. You must remember when he was a colt he was gentle and the children could lead him and ride him. To say the least, I felt sorry for him, tied in a stable and the door closed and his family running across that meadow and back to the range. He was sure making a fuss over it. He little realized he would never see any of them again. His wild life had come to an end.

Next morning, I think it was Sunday, we led him down to Burnt Corral and near Odd's dooryard. He came out, and how his eyes feasted on that horse. I sat on my horse and held to the rope. He wondered where we got that horse and how much money we would take for him. There was nothing interesting him but that horse. He walked around the horse and saw his brand and exclaimed, "He's my horse." He took the rope out of my hand and patted the horse and talked to him. I thought he was going to cry, and it didn't seem to me he could have been lost that many years, so we told him in brief how we found and got him. He said to me, "You told me you would someday get that horse." I replied, "I have kept my word." Then he talked about the pay and wanted to know if he sent twenty-five dollars payday if that would be enough. We told him that would be plenty. I got down from my horse and saw all my old friends for a short time.

I think about a week after this his house caught fire and burned everything he had. I wrote him a letter expressing my sorrow and sympathy and told him if it ever came handy to

send me ten dollars, but no more. It was only a little while that he sent the ten dollars and told me a few things about the horse. He was everything he expected him to be.

Alf and I were camped at the Sink of Beaver. I think it was the next day we found the mare and her colt, and the following day we came home and sent word to the man in Monroe, and he came right over and got the mare. He had not seen her in so many years he was almost as pleased as Odd. Alf kept the colt, and it was a good one, and gave me something.

Going back a little way, I would like to emphasize the kindness of Uncle William and Joseph Block during my young boyhood days. When I went to visit my uncles, aunts, and cousins in Deseret there were a group of boys and girls, about a dozen or more older than myself. There was about such a group my age, then groups younger. There are six girls of the first group still alive as I have observed already in my story, all past 80. Jane Rappleye the oldest, I think, about 90. The oldest group of boys are all gone. I am the only one left of my group. Quite a group a little younger than myself, both boys and girls still living, all belong to the Church and as near as I can learn the most of them are active. I will say more about them later in my story.

I always enjoyed my visits at Deseret. Fishing in the old river that ran through the town was one of our child pastimes. In the butments of the old bridge that spawned the river deep under the water between the legs we would find fish ten inches to a foot long. We would catch them with our hands. They were fine eating and it seemed I never had quite all I wanted. It seemed to me the greatest town for ball playing and dancing. I was too young to dance, but Sid and myself were always there. At one of those dances it was my privilege to see the first twins I had ever seen, Noley and Poley Maxfield. They dressed just alike. They had no trouble fooling the boys and having the boys dance with them twice in succession when the boy thought he was changing partners. It was claimed their own father could not tell one from the other. They were small girls, and to me they were beautiful. Their every action seemed to be just alike.

Speaking of Sid, he was just my age, the fifth child of Aunt Cynthia, Uncle Joseph's first wife. Just before Sid was born Uncle Joseph had to go on the railroad job. He was the contractor. He told Aunt Cynthia if the baby was a boy he wanted him named Nephi Albert. When Uncle Joseph returned he found the boy had been blessed and named Sidney Josephus. Uncle Joseph blessed him again and called him Nephi Albert, so he carried the four names all his life. Sid was always wild and wooley so to speak. I liked him, and made up my mind to reform him. Uncle gave Sid and I a good many tasks to perform. I think it was the confidence in me that he gave us some of these tasks.

He sent us to Scipio late in the fall for a load of potatoes. I think he gave me the money to pay for them. It seems he knew what they were worth. We had one wagon and four horses. We worked Uncle's buggy team on the lead. I think we called them Buck and Star. I didn't like the way we started. Sid, up to his old tricks got a quart bottle of wine. He took that along over my protest. He kept skipping it and monkeying with it all the way across the desert until we came to the top of Scipio Hill. There we should have taken our leaders off, but he would not stand for it. Neither would he let me drive. We hadn't gone far down that hill when he began to shake the lines and scream. It seemed to me we were down on the level two and a half miles from the top of the hill. I was never in the habit of getting frightened, but I thought it was a fool-hardy trick. Anything might have happened.

We had plenty of sacks. We sacked the potatoes in a big pit, cellar, and instead of leaving them there until morning, the man we bought them from helped us load them. We had between forty and fifty hundred. We camped with the guy and paid him for the potatoes. It froze hard that night and was hot the next day, and when we got to Deseret water was running through our wagon box. Was Uncle out of patience, not at us, but the man in Scipio.

From Cove Fort about three miles south and a little to the east can be found, I presume, the largest sulphur deposit in the United States. It is a big flat covering a great many acres lying on the western slope of the Pine Creek Mountain. Sixty-one years ago they had mills, a large smelter, and a refinery, a boarding house and a nice little village of people.

Most of the time since, I think the camp has been in operation. It was then operated by Germans, by the name of Ferdinand Dickard, Supt., and him as manager, with Mr. Semler foreman, the latter an old batch and a watchman over the property more than 20 years before it was put in operation.

A man by the name of Finn, who was employed hauling ore with his team and wagon to the smelter, moved his family to Kanosh in the fall 61 years ago, and hired me to go out, and take his place. He lived about a half a mile east of the town and the smelter, in a little cabin about ten by ten feet square, dirt roof, dirt floor, fireplace stove in one corner, homemade bunk in another corner, a shed for his team, a good little team, a dark blue horse and a light yellow horse with flax mane and tail. It was my business to be in the mine with my team at seven o'clock in the morning. We worked ten hours, miners and all, except the smelter men. They worked twelve hours a day, double shift night and day. I camped alone and batched it. I was never a minute late once all winter. When seven o'clock arrived I was in that mine with my team, and when spring came my team was fat and sleek.

Awhile after holidays the snow was deep and the weather cold. One day a little man came in camp. He was a German and a blacksmith looking for a job. Dickard told him he could have work, but there was no place for him to stay. He told Dickard he had a wife and two little babies over in Clear Creek Canyon, and no home for them. Dickard told him a kid lived in that cabin up next to the mountain, and said, "You better go see him." The man, Harry Burlin, came and told me his story. I said, "How can you get your wife and babies here?" He said his brother-in-law, Joe Lott, who lived in the Canyon would bring them. I told him to send for them. In about a week Mrs. Burlin and her babies arrived, a boy a year and a half old and a little girl two months. We made another bunk, both bunks on the south side of our cabin about 3 feet high with board bottom, plenty of straw and a good tick full of straw. Pretty small. Burlin, his wife and kids were in one bed and me in the other. Sometimes he would sleep with me.

Things went along smooth like a happy family. I loved kids and I tended that baby a great deal. Things went along very smooth when one day Adolph Luker came to our happy home.

He was Mrs. Burlin's brother-in-law. His wife was over the Canyon with two little babies and no home, and Dickard had told him he could have a job as a miner. He asked me what I could do for him. I told him it was alright with me, he could send for his family if it was alright with Mrs. Burlin, so Luker began living with us, and he and I slept together. In about a week his family arrived the same way that Burlin's family arrived. Joe Lott said to me, "Dickard says I can stay on with my team. Can you tell me how it can be done?" "Sure", I said. "I have to move out of this cabin anyway. I am going to make me some kind of a shack to sleep in out by my horses with this old tarpaulin and stuff. You may as well share it with me if you like." Both he and Luker seemed to be tickled beyond their power to express, so the women kept the house and did the cooking, and we had our three meals a day and spent the evening in that cabin. There were four kids, two women and four men living in a ten by ten cabin, not even a bathroom. I will have to let the reader guess where we took our baths. As for Burlin, a finer, more agreeable man I never knew. His wife was equally as fine. They both thought a lot of me, and I was fond of them and their babies. Luker's wife felt the same toward me as Burlin's wife. This Luker knew and was jealous and ugly. One day he and his wife quarreled over me. He accused her of thinking more of me than him. Burlin was present when this happened. He told Luker what a low-down creature he was. He cited what I had done for them. He told Luker he could not find a finer kid if he traveled the world over. "It is true he likes our wives the same as he likes his sisters. He knew them and practically lived with them years before we ever met them (and that was true). The kid knows how you feel and if it was not for your wife and babies he would order you from these premises and that is exactly what he should do. Burlin told me all about this affair. Luker was a pretty good dog after that."

Joe Lott was much like Luker. After he got a payday or two he got quite cocky. It was a mystery to me the little appreciation some people have. I couldn't think more of my own than I did of Burlin's family. As spring began to open up I sent word to Mr. Finn to take over his team at a certain day, that the company wanted me to work for them. Finn paid me a dollar a day and board. I had a charge account at the company Commissary. The carpenters began to work and build homes for these people.

My first job with the company was driving a company mule on a big car hauling ore to the smelter from the mine. Two dollars a day was the stone quarry man's pay as well as miner's pay. Smelter men who worked 12 hours a day got \$2.25. We all paid fifty cents a day for our board. John Barrett kept the boarding house. He was sure a good friend of mine. He and Dickard had several talks about me. He told Dickard I was the best man he had, even if I was only a kid. Barrett told me and said Dickard agreed with him. I was under Semler's care, both myself and the mule. She had to be cared for in a certain special way. Somehow he tried to be nice to me, and it was hard for me to like him. He was rather offensive. He had a big red wart about the size of a hen's egg on his head, and was always trying to make love to the girls. He made visits to Kanosh and Fillmore occasionally. Tom Turner who worked at the mine had a sister at Fillmore. She unsuspectingly accepted some presents from Semler. She finally told him not to come to their home any more. He came back to the camp in a hurry, and discharged Tom, making quite a demonstration. The Company never had a better man. It was almost like a funeral, we all thought so much of Tom. It was after working hours. Quite a group of us were telling him goodbye. He had the last say, it was, "Well, boys, we met up on level, we part up on the square." He went away crying. I think some of the boys cried. Some of the boys were taking him as far as Cove Fort.

Two sisters, Mary and Martha Smith, girls from Beaver, were doing the cooking, also waiting on the table at the boarding house. After supper I would be in the kitchen washing dishes, laughing and talking with the girls. I know it was just about to kill the old man Semler. He was one of the boarders. So one day he called me to one side. He was mad, and said, "If ever I catch you in that kitchen again you can consider yourself discharged, do you understand?" I said, "Yes, I understand." Next day right after dinner I was in the kitchen laughing and talking with the girls, and when I went out to the little barn to hitch old Beckey on the car Semler popped in and jerked the bridle out of my hand and said, "You are discharged." Get your things and leave this camp." I looked at him for just a second, and jerked the bridle out of his hand and said, "If you ever attempt to jerk a bridle out of my hand again, I will use it and knock that wart off your crazy old pate." He was sure surprised, and said, "We'll see, We'll see," and he went on the run up to Dickard's office about 200 yards

away. I hitched on the car. The tract went close by the office. They were standing out in front, Semler's hands swinging in the air, talking German as fast as he could talk, Dickard standing there with his big pipe in his hand making bows to everything Semler said. Dickard saw me laughing, and I think he wanted to laugh. Semler quit the boarding house and went back to his hut to batch. I knew Dickard wouldn't let me leave the camp if he could help it, and he had all the say.

It was some time before Semler spoke to me again, and he finally came around and was just as nice as a basket of chips. In fact, he showed me more consideration than ever before, but that girl business sure griped him. The girls and I would go visiting evenings. None of the boys seemed to pay much attention to girls and of course I couldn't afford to let them get lonesome and homesick. My boarding house boss rather encouraged it. We had to quit going to Hedingers. Charley Wisebeck, a brother-in-law, and who lived with Hedinger indulged in wisecracks neither the girls or I approved of.

Lots of fine families lived there. Another girl was Sincy Peterson, a fine girl. She came to the boarding house some evenings and spent the evening. I would suggest to the girls that we take her home. She finally quit coming. She married Tom Greener of this place. I saw her picture and the account of her death in the paper the other day, and cord of her life.

John Black of Kanosh took over the boarding house, and the Smith girls went home. I came down with typhoid fever. Sister Black was one of the finest nurses and doctor that could be found anywhere. She had me taken to her home not far from the boarding house, and it seemed she never left me for three weeks and finally brought me through. It seems strange how close that brought us together. All the years after no matter where I met her I would take her in my arms and kiss her, and she seemed to expect it. I will tell more about her later.

After my recovery Mr. Dickard asked me if I would like to work in the stone quarry for awhile. Two Germans, Mr. Stinely and Mr. Haines, were the quarrymen, also masons. They built the cottages. So I helped them in the quarry. One day Mr. Stinely said he had lost his milk cow - been gone two days - said he had hunted everyplace for her. I told him I thought I could find her. After supper I borrowed a horse and just before dark I found her on the north end of the

Pine Creek meadows. I knew his cow. I was quite late getting home. He gave me a piece of money. I thanked him and put the money in my pocket. Next morning I found in my pocket a ten dollar gold piece. In the quarry that morning I asked him how much money that he thought he gave me last night. He said a quarter of a dollar. I handed him the gold piece and said, "That is what you gave me." He emptied what money he had in a buckskin sack out in his hand in an effort to find his mistake. Among the silver pieces he had about four or five ten dollar gold pieces. He fished out a quarter and gave it to me, then handed me a silver dollar. I asked what the dollar was for. He replied "For being honest." It sure seemed funny to me, a guy being paid for being honest.

Stinely had several children. Haines had none. Stinely whipped his wife occasionally. I wondered if that was the custom in Germany. He had a fine girl almost my age. She wanted to see the city of Kanosh, so John Black, who came to Kanosh often for supplies, and a part of whose family lived there, brought her along. The seat they had to ride on was a board across the wagon box with a folded quilt on it. Brother Black told me about this trip and he had a hard time getting done laughing about it. He said when they arrived at his home in the west part of town she climbed over the front wheel, stepped on the hub, then jumped down on the ground. He did the same thing. She looked at him and remarked, "Oh my, my ass is so tired." He was astonished and said, "Your what?" "My ass, of course, what do you call it?" The girl was alright, she was in the habit of calling things by their proper name. If she had called it her butt end, he would have laughed all the same.

Some of the men who worked there proved to be my lifetime friends. Some of them I greatly admired and some I loved. Nels Beauregard, Andy Rogers, Fred Lott, Harry Burlin, Anthony Whatcott, and more than a score of others, and as I look back I don't know of one that is still alive, unless it is Tom Greener. I tried so hard to keep Anthony Whatcott from smoking cigarettes, but he smoked them until he died. A week before he died he told me he would be going shortly, and cigarettes would be the cause of his early death, and how he regretted he did not take my advise.

At the end of thirteen long months I had hauled the ore with a team, with the mule and car, I had worked in the rock quarry, in the mill, in the mine and the refining factory, and felt as though I had inhaled and eaten all the sulphur I

wanted, and after careful consideration I told Mr. Dickard my feelings and asked for my time. Dickard acted as though he felt hurt, and Semler was more moved than Dickard. They both thanked me and said whenever I was ready to come back I could pick my job.

While working at the sulphur mines I had my photo taken for the first time. Somehow the photographer was only going to stay in camp an hour or so. I got quite excited, walked off the job, and got myself fixed up and had my picture taken. It was sure a beautiful thing. I looked like an ex-convict, and one of the most simple kind. I have one of those pictures somewhere among my things. Soon after leaving the sulphur mine I had my photo taken again by a Mr. Hill. I had my hat on and believe me I was dressed up. I looked like a real gentleman. I was looking at that picture the other day. At the time my first picture was taken Mr. Dickard acted as though he was somewhat out of patience with me and asked me why I did not get permission from him. I explained briefly that the man was leaving and I hadn't time to see him (Dickard), and it was the first opportunity I had ever had to have my picture taken and felt as though it was of more importance than my job. I can see him now, walking away from me so plumb disgusted. I had known men to be discharged from those works for less than half as great an offense.

I mentioned going to Salt Lake to see my sick sister. I would like to explain a little more in detail about that trip. Brother Henry Barney loaned me a horse to ride to Juab where I would take the train. I was a day and a half making the trip. I put my horse in Mr. Taylor's pasture. I remained in Salt Lake three or four days. Mother and my sister lived in one part of the hospital. I lived with them. Dr. Richards, who was looking after my sister, told mother he would give anything in the world if he could only help her. She was there ten months, and no better when she came home than when she went to the hospital.

On my way home between Juab and Scipio, I was off fixing my saddle and went around from one side of my horse to the other when my foot caught in the bridle rein, and the horse raised his head quick and I fell on my left hip on the frozen ground. It hurt me so bad it made me sick. I went back to the sulphur mine to work. I never mentioned the circumstance to anybody for a long time. It pained me and I hardly could sleep at night for a long time. I suffered in my mind something dreadful because that was exactly the way my sister was

hurt. She was riding a race up the main street of this town with a young man, when the mare she was riding ran over on the sidewalk and under a shade tree, dragging her off under the limbs of the tree. I presume for forty years I never laid on my left side a minute and had a constant aching in my left hip joint. I finally began consulting doctors about my troubles. They had various opinions about it. I was in the cast selling horses for five months at one time and went to some of the best doctors. Some said I would finally die with a hip disease, etc. Years later, just before Dr. Middleton died, I went to him at the clinic. He and some other doctors had me x-rayed as I lay on my back, on my stomach, and on my side. I saw those pictures and ball and socket of my hip looked perfect. They charged me sixteen dollars, and Dr. Middleton patted me on the back and told, me to go home and not worry anymore. I was better from that time on, and the last few years I have been able to lie and sleep on my left side occasionally, but that hip hurts right now as I sit here and write. I often think about the Apostle Paul. I suppose the Lord had to put a thorn in both his and my sides to keep us from going astray.

## Chapter XXII

I am now back home. I feel as if about one half of my system is sulphur. I have made up my mind positively and definitely that I want no more work at the sulphur beds. I have taken a job with James Dorrity for twenty-five dollars a month and board, general farm work, riding the range etc. Brother Dorrity, poorly in health, can do no kind of work. He has a wife, two grown girls, a boy Larill and two smaller girls. He is the largest property owner in town with one hundred and ten shares of water right, the same number of acres of land in the field, about three or four hundred head of cattle, and a bunch of good horses. He owns 8 city lots, the most of Three Creek Valley, and the best ranch in the mountains.

I have quite a lot of spare time to spend in a social way. The town is noted for its sports and generosity. People from other towns like to join us in our parties, horse racing and dancing being the chief sports, with an occasional ball game, boxing and wrestling thrown in for good measure. I remember well a fellow who came up from Dixie who had some new wine, not the least bit intoxicating. In as much as it

was perfectly harmless I had two or three snortz of it, and the first thing I knew I had the idea I could throw any man in town in a wrestle. I began to express that idea pretty loudly. However, no one seemed to care about accepting the challenge. Possibly they just felt sorry for me. One of the boys said, "The Bishop was watching you." Sure enough I met Bishop Hopkinson on the sidewalk next day. He was laughing and began going through the same motions I had gone through the day before, and worst of all began repeating the things I had said. I had no way of getting away from him, so I just had to stand and take it. Was I mortified! It was a great lesson to me for a long time. Whenever I saw a guy take a drink of wine I looked around to see if there was some Bishop in sight.

I sort of fell in love with one of Brother Dorrity's nieces, Irene Gay, lovely sweet girl. She came to see her aunt occasionally and the first thing she knew I was taking her to the dances. She had a pal who lived a block and a half from the Gay home. Her name was Lillian Gardner. Lillie lived with her mother and older brother. They had not been long from England, so Irene and I always went for her when there was a dance or other entertainments, and of course we always took her home. One afternoon I persuaded Reed Hall to go and tell Lillie he would be pleased to call and take her to the dance that night and ask her if it would be alright. So he did, and she replied, "I guess so." When Irene and I arrived it was then late. Reed was there dancing to beat the band. I asked him what about Lillie. He only laughed.

She waited until about eleven o'clock. When she came in the dance the three of us were standing together talking. She came over and asked him what kind of a guy he was and why he did not come for her as he had promised. He replied, "You said you guessed so. I thought I would wait until I was sure you had made up your mind." Then he laughed. Was her English up! She called him a sap and a few other names. For his smartness he never got another chance, not even to dance with her. She was a lovely girl, smart and good looking. Well, Irene and I had her on our hands again. Of course we didn't mind it, but we thought she was entitled to the companionship of the very best boy in town. So one night when the dance was about half through I spoke to Tony Christensen, a good friend of mine, and a dandy boy. I said, "Why don't you talk to that Gardner girl and take her home tonight." Said he, "Nothing doing. I know better than try a trick of

that kind. She would throw me higher than Gabriel flew his kite." I told him I thought he was wrong, so I danced with her the next dance and told her that Christensen guy was smitten on her and was going to ask the pleasure of taking her home tonight. She replied, "Not on your life. If he thinks he would like to take me places he can come to the proper place and at the proper time and make those arrangements." I said, "You know he is one of the bashful kind, and he has got a little desperate tonight, and you can't find a finer guy and he is my best friend and if you're going to act up like this and refuse, I am going to put him next. I don't want him killed with humiliation." "Oh," she said, "If that's the way you feel about it I wouldn't refuse him. I will go home with him." So I told him I had the thing all sewed up and she was perfectly willing to go home with him if he really wanted to take her. I had a quite a time making him believe that, but I finally put it over. I told him to go ahead and dance with her all he wanted to, but not to mention it until we were ready to go home. I told him if he lost his nip and did not come across and put that thing over he had lost his chance. He would never get another chance because that girl, said I, likes boys with nerve. So remember you are facing a proposition tonight where you have to swim or drown. So they went home together and kept going home together, and finally bought a home and raised their family in that home together.

A funny thing happened a short time after that eventful night. I was passing the Gardner home where Lon Turner now lives. It was in the evening. I had my shovel on my shoulder and was going up to turn the water in Brother Dorrity's field just east of Grant Staple's stock yards. Lillie ran out of the house and asked if she could go with me, and so we went together. We spent some time in the field, and on our way back just south of Mattie Paxton's home we sat down on a pile of new lumber. I guess we forgot ourselves because it was about eleven o'clock before we left that pile of lumber. When we came around the corner in front of the Gardner home we could see Tony Christensen talking to Sister Gardner. He had come to see her just after we left. Sister Gardner did not know where Lillie had gone except she had gone with me, so he and Sister Gardner had a good visit. I saw Lillie next day to find out what happened. She said he was very much out of patience with her and really acted silly. After she took him over the coals a

little while he cooled off he was a pretty good poodle.

When spring opened and our spring planting was over we began to move to Three Creek to ranch for the summer. In those days ranching meant milking usually from thirty to forty cows. I think this summer Dorrity's limit was thirty-two. The usual way was the calf was turned out of a pen and sucked his mother until the milk was well down, then taken away, and the cow was milked except in cases where the calf was young. These were given more milk. Five gallon cans or containers similar set on a shelf beside the corral, and the milkers in every case were men or women or boys or girls. The milk was strained in pans and set on shelves in a cool cellar, cream skimmed and made into butter and the skimmed milk fed to the pigs. Some ranches had a press and made cheese. The cows were kept in the corral all night and the calves turned in the pasture. Daytime cows were turned back in the hills. Believe me, I was busy on that ranch. My job was rounding up the calves in the morning, getting them in the pen, and then help milk. In the evening I would gather the cows. About three days out of the week I would take the team around on trail mountain just south of Three Creek and chop and bring a load of fencing cedar posts and stakes, always about a cord. I also rode the range looking after his cattle and horses.

He had some splendid horses. I broke two to the saddle that summer. They were large fine horses about five years old, one a dark chestnut sorrel, we called him Cloud, and the other a cream color with light mane and tail. We named him White Cloud. They were both a great deal of bother to break. Horses should be broken in gentle when they are not more than three years old.

Coming from town one day on Cloud about half my way between Kanosh and Three Creek, going past a dugway and going down a little flat, he became frightened at something and down went his head, and believe me he went to work. That is one time I had to pull leather and keep pulling. It seemed to me he bucked for fifteen minutes. I had never ridden a horse before and I am sure I have never ridden one since that bucked so hard. He seemed determined to dislodge his rider. When he quit I was tired and I could hardly get off from his back. I was really sick. I lay on the ground and rested for a long time. That was one time I had no desire to use my spurs as I did when I rode the blue stallion. I was only a boy then,

twelve years old. I was now a man nineteen years old. I sure watched that horse for the next 9 miles until I was at the ranch, but it was days before I was myself again. I was sore, lame, and stiff for some time.

I made trips to town occasionally to look after the farm. Mrs. Dorrity had lots of company that summer on the ranch. Men hunting cattle would come and eat at her table as freely as if they were home and not one out of ten ever paid for a meal. Among her company was her two brothers, Reed and Ed Hall. Some time they would, one or both of them, be there for days and days. Brother Dorrity cut some wild hay, and they would help with it, and another fellow who was quite a visitor and boarder was Erastus Gibson, a fellow my age, who had worked for Brother Dorrity off and on a great deal. I remember Gibson was there quite a spell at one time during the summer, and he slept with me out in the stock yard on top of a straw shed. One morning I missed my purse with a dollar and a half in it. He said he knew nothing about it. I had no right to accuse him over having it, neither did I accuse him of having it, but down deep in my heart I thought he had it. Late in the fall before moving to town one day I found that purse and money under the shed. I felt so guilty I almost felt like asking his forgiveness. I at least told him I found it, and I knew he felt better.

Occasionally Brother Dorrity would give my mother, at my request, a few dollars, and I kept track of it. He was usually short on money and wanted me to take stock for my pay, and it looked like that was about what I would have to do. He was considered a very honest and honorable man, but to say the least he was a clever trader. For instance, one day I agreed to take a red cow and calf for a certain price. She was a good cow. We called her "High Horn". After we had traded I told him if he had given me the money I could have bought a cow that suited me much better than High Horn, and I would have had quite a lot of money left. He assured me I had made a good trade. I took two two-year-old steers from him the same way. I tried to console myself with the thought that a lot of good men are slow about parting with their money. I decided it was better to work for a company where you got a payday every month, and know just how much money you were going to get, and could do as you pleased with it.

Back in my story I mentioned Three Creek as being one of the best mountain ranches in this part of the country. I don't believe there is one that equals it today in a fifty mile radius. I believe I will bound this little valley, which is worth probably fifty thousand dollars. The country I am going to describe I have ridden over time and time again.

Three Creek is bounded on the south by Trail Mountain and Mud Spring, sloping to the south toward Clear Creek Canyon. On the west by Birch Creek, Bear Valley and Cinnamon Valley; a bear was seen in the two valleys just mentioned, hence the name. A little to the north, Bull Valley, where bulls assembled to fight. On the north, Granddaddy's Peak, and John's ranch, a little to the north Big Oaks, the head of Second Creek. On the east, East Mountain, Grass Creek, Pole Canyon, and Skunk Creek. A little to the north Mary's Nipple. This is a big round mountain with a peak on top that resembles a woman's breast. At the foot of this mountain by the side of the road is a beautiful cold spring. A number of years before my time, my half-brother, George Black, was the foreman of the Fillmore Coop Cattle Company. In the summer time he made Three Creek his headquarters.

A number of families ranched there. I presume there were a dozen young ladies. Often after the cows were milked at night they would ride horseback to Kanosh and dance until near morning and ride back and milk their cows. Among those girls was my sister Alice, the King girls, the Carter girls, and others. Mary Riddle being one of them. My brother George named the mountain just mentioned Mary's Nipple in honor of Mary Riddle. I think she recently died in Beaver.

All these girls thought a lot of George. One night his five saddle horses left him. Two were hobbled with a rope on their front foot. He tracked them and found them at the Cold Spring at the foot of Mary's Nipple. When he got back to the ranch a bunch of girls ran out to meet him to inquire where he found his horses. Mary Riddle was among the bunch. He said he found them down below Mary's Nipple where the water comes out. They all went back in the house about as fast as they came out. I don't know who the joke was on, the girls or my brother.

Remember it is 18 miles from Kanosh to Three Creek. It was 36 miles the girls rode to attend a dance. They rode Men's saddles, with their right leg around a saddle horn.

I am through working for James Dorrity. Summer is over. I am now ready to accept the invitation of my half-brother, George, to come to his home in Coyote, Garfield Co., and go with him and Brother Will and their families on a two year journey to Arizona. Lehi, a little town two and a half miles north from Mesa City, is where his mother, Brother Nephi and Sister Melissa lived. Their object in going was to see their folks, see the country, and engage in team work, freighting, building corrals, etc. I had a black and white pinto horse who was the worst kind of outlaw before his capture from a Nevada desert. When the men who set out to capture him, while in the chase, he jumped a high barbed wire fence and cut a hole in his jaw below his eye, about three inches long and more than half an inch wide. He always breathed through this hole as well as his nostrils, and he never seemed to tire no matter how far I galloped him. There seemed to be no end to his endurance. I became attached to him at first sight and was not satisfied until I had traded for him. I always liked good women and good men, good boys and good girls, but somehow I fell in love with outlaw horses. I wanted to tame them. I wanted somehow to match wits with them, or in other words I wanted to conquer them. I really wanted them to know I was fond of them and was their friend. I rode Pinto to Coyote one day and got there early. I don't think I traveled on a road fifteen miles, the longest stretch was seven miles on Corn Creek Canyon. I went through the mountains to Joseph City, over the hill to Marysville and straight through the high Monroe Mountains to Coyote. I have no idea estimating the distance. Around the road I figure it was one hundred and one miles. Pinto acted like if he had a good feed of oats he could make the trip back. After three or four days in Coyote we were on our way to Arizona. George and his wife, Clarinda, George K., Bertha, Loran and Henry; Will and his wife Matilda, Roy and Elsie, their children, and a man by the name of Strong, a friend of Wills. He had two or three ponies. The one he rode had a tail four inches long. George and Will had two good teams each, or four horses each. One of George's teams, Bob and Bealem, were considered the best team in Grass Valley. There were not very many places of interest to me between Coyote and Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River, except Houserock, where we camped, and I think laid over for one day. There was a nice spring where wild horses came to water. This place interested me. I learned something of its history. Some folks went ahead of us. A wild band of horses came to that spring to water. Among them was a fine work horse with a pair of chain hobbles on. The men captured the horse and led him behind one of the wagons. He kept

about  
John 1928

jumping for three days, so the story goes, before he learned his hobbles had been removed. The people found the owner of the horse. He had been lost three years.

I forgot to mention I left Pinto at Coyote in care of Volney King, a brother-in-law to George and Will. Volney was my age. At Lee's Ferry we were taken across in a big boat and camped for the night. I think we were three days reaching the little Colorado River. We forded it, and if we had had poor teams we would never have made it. My brothers were both extra good teamsters. We passed through the Kiabab Forest and the San Francisco Mountains. There were wild deer everywhere, strange-looking birds, and something to attract our interest until we arrived at Flagstaff, a city high up in the mountains, and from here it seemed we traveled downhill from Flagstaff all the way to Phoenix. I do not remember, but it seemed we were about a month making that trip.

The Salt River Valley was a beautiful Valley, and the vast alfalfa fields around that city were most beautiful. Coming near the city I noticed men bailing hay I inquired about the owner of the bailer. A man that weighed about two hundred was pointed out. He was a husky about forty. I asked him if he needed any more help. He asked me if I had ever bailed hay. I told him I hadn't done a great deal of any other kind of work. He laughed, I suppose because I had evaded his question. He told me I was hired if I wanted to work for two dollars a day and board. That was more money than I ever had been paid before. I got two dollars at the sulphur mine, but paid fifty cents for board. It was eighteen miles up the river to Lehi. The next morning the folks went on. My job was feeding the bailer. Two men pitched the hay to me, or laid it in forkfulls on a table by the mouth of the bailer. I would gather a forkfull, stuff it in the bailer, then step on it to press it down. This operation was tiresome and dangerous. If I left my foot there until the plunger came back I might be minus a foot. That kind of work was a great strain on me. Ten hours a day and no change. Pitching the hay was not one half so bad. All the jobs drew the same pay. I knew the boss knew I should have been changed off by the other boys, and they dare not offer to change because the boss knew and they knew I would put much more hay through that bailer than any other man. If pitching that hay was worth two dollars, feeding that bailer was worth three. I knew I could quit, but I needed money, and I fed that biler for two months.

I played with a Mormon boy from Mesa City about my age and about my size. About every other night, sometimes the third night we would go uptown and drop in the saloons. At that time Phoenix was considered a wide-open town. Seems like there were no restrictions. For instance, one night a boy looked to be about 13, sat down to a faro table, kept the cases to himself, and won eleven hundred dollars and cashed in, took his money, and walked out of the saloon. The more I looked at those games, Faro Bank, and the Roulette Wheel, the more interesting they became. I finally found myself studying them with the view of finding a means of beating them. To me, they were fascinating in the extreme. I don't know why I should have felt that way. I had always prayed and had made a somewhat study of right and wrong, and when I came face to face with problems I would try to weigh them by these two standards. I decided each of these games was a science. Again I wondered where the science was to beat them. I wondered if adopting a certain system and staying with it would not beat the game, and if so, where was the system? So I found myself playing at both these games, winning a little money all the time. A quarter of a dollar was about my limit. I was conscious I was being watched all the time by a very important figure. So my pal and I became frequent visitors and spent all our time in town in the Palace saloon. It was the largest and most fashionable, with three or four Faro tables and the same of Roulette tables a' various other games. To a great many the Dutch Hazard was the most fascinating. My pal had no luck, as he called it. He lost his money. When I played at the Roulette table, sometimes a dozen men and women would be playing at the same time. A waiter or bartender would bring a big silver tray with small glasses of whiskey. The tray always went back with my glass untouched. Nobody seemed to know who ordered those drinks. These drinks came frequently to that table. This was where the bigshots played for big money. In the box by the side of the dealer or the man who operated the game was racks of 20 dollars, all for anybody who could win it. At the head of the table close to the dealer a little elevated, was a large arm chair with expensive upholstery, and in it sat a woman watching the game apparently to see that things were kept straight, that no bets were overlooked, etc. I had never seen a woman look anything like her before or since. She had a beautiful form and her hair looked to be as white as the driven snow, and

the one who took care of her makeup was not only an artist of the rarest kind, but was a perfect genius. She looked like she might be between 20 or 25. I imagined the dress she wore cost no less than a thousand dollars.

I was playing at Faro one night and every time the dealer pulled two cards out of the tin box, he would pay those who won, and take the money from the table of those who lost. I don't know what prompted me to act as I did, but each time he pulled those two cards I said "Pay me, I had won a quarter." He looked at me and said, "Are you afraid I am not going to pay you?" I said "No," and continued, "It was just plain and silly on my part. I beg your pardon." and the game went on. I won 21 straight bets a quarter each time, five dollars and a quarter. There was a little man who seemed to be of some importance around that saloon. I imagine he was about forty. His hair was white. He was very pleasant and always seemed to speak to my pal and myself. Quite a lot of the time I suspected he was watching us but he looked perfectly harmless. A number of times I caught that woman looking at me. When that happened I had a different feeling. She reminded me of one who would grab a man when he least suspected and take him for a real cleaning, so to speak. I got so I didn't dare look at her for fear she would be looking at me. When I won the 20 straight bets, the man with the white hair stood by my side, but I never saw him make a bet.

One night a China man came in the saloon with four or five of his countrymen with him. He was more than six feet tall. His pants and jacket looked like some kind of silk with some kind of a flower in it. The material of which they were made looked like a quilted affair with a filling in it. A cloak, a costly looking thing, was tied around his neck and hung down over his shoulders nearly to the floor. He had no hat, a big long braid of hair hung down his back, and he spoke good English. Somebody got up from the Faro table who had been keeping cases. This China guy sat down and bought a lot of expensive chips and began to play. The betting limit was rather high. It was not long until he had broken the bank. He had won every dollar in sight. Here is where our little friend with the white hair took a part in the game. He spoke to the Chink and said, "You can't play any more at any of the games in this house. You are welcome in the saloon, but do not attempt to play at any of the games,

do you understand?" The Chink nodded his head and left. So my curiosity was aroused. I wondered if that fellow had the solution to the science to break the faro game.

Time went on. My pal and I kept visiting the Palace Saloon. One night I had made a few bets on the Roulette when our friend with the white hair approached us and spoke to me and said in a pleasant way, "What are you doing for a living?" I replied, "Bailing hay." Then I explained I was working for the Shafer Brothers just north of the city. He said, "Do you like your job?" I replied, "I should say not. The work is altogether too hard even if I got twice that much money." He said, "What do they pay you?" I replied, "Two dollars a day and board." He said, "I wonder how you would like to work for me. I would pay you several times what you are getting. You could live in the best hotel in town. I would pay your hotel bill and laundry. I want you to run that wheel and look after that table, and while it is true some of these games run all night, I will be willing to make a bargain with you. When one o'clock arrives, no matter how much you are winning or how much you are losing, you can close that game up and go home." I looked at him in amazement for a moment and said, "You are Charley Birch, the internationally-known gambler. You own all the games in this house." I introduced myself, also my pal. I said, "Mr. Birch, I am astonished at your approaching me in such a manner. I am only a kid and a perfect stranger to you. You know nothing about me or my past record, and still you seem to want to trust me with those vast sums of money and care of that game. I confess I know nothing about the gambling game nor the people who play at these games. Your actions are a perfect mystery to me. If you have some way to reconcile your action with reason I would like very much to hear it." He listened patiently until I was through talking, then he said, "I know you are a great deal better than you are aware of. I have been watching you for more than a month. I have taken lessons from you and I have been giving you lessons." To me he seemed to be getting into deeper mystery. He went on, "When you played at my games I sent whiskey to the players several different times in order to catch you drinking. Somehow I did not believe I would be successful, notwithstanding all men and women who play at those games drink when it is given to them. Your glass went back to the bar untouched. A number of times you were invited up to the bar to drink with your friends. Each time you went to the bar and chatted with your friends,

but not once did you take a drink. In fact, no one could persuade you to drink. I don't know of another man just like that. I have some men working for me and I believe they are just as honest as yourself. I have implicit confidence in them when they are attending to business. Some of them, after working a month, ask for a couple of days layoff. Those couple of days run into a couple of weeks during which they have been drunk and messing around with drunk women, so you see how my business suffers. When they come back to work it's a week before they are at themselves. So if you will work for me we will cooperate together. You leave it to me and there will be no trouble about your wages."

It was all such a surprise it seemed more like a dream than a reality. I told him I would think it over and let him know tomorrow night. On our way home that night my pal said, "I hope you are not thinking of turning that deal down. You surely can't pass up a proposition of that kind. That man will pay you five hundred dollars a month." I replied, "I am not taking the job even if he should offer me five thousand dollars a month." He was so affected, he said, "You are a fool: you are crazy." He continued, "I know what you are thinking about, but for hell sake try it a month." I answered, "That is the Devil's territory." I am not taking any chances going on his ground, no telling what might happen, no telling what sort of trap I might run into. I prefer sticking to the teaching of my mother. I have asked the Lord many times to shield me from all evil, and then for me knowingly to go ahead into one of the greatest evils of the day, it is the next door to the fast house. Now would you like to work in a place of that kind? And so I lectured him as we walked together back to our bedroom under the open sky. I told him the devil had been laying for me a long time and I was keeping as far away from him as I knew how.

The next night we met Mr. Birch near the Roulette table. He acted a little sober as he came close to me. I believe he knew my decision before I gave it. I told him I was sorry but I could not work for him. He asked my reason. I noticed the woman watching me. I am sure he had told her about the things we had been talking about. I had learned by this time that this woman was Birch's mistress. The whole thing looked terrible to me. It actually looked spooky to me. Think of me belonging to Birch's family, being invited out to their way of life, in company with girls like herself. The thoughts of these things as they went through my mind that

night I was to make my decision seemed like a terrible nightmare. The words of the Savior came to my mind. "If you gain the whole world and lose your own soul, what would you give in exchange for your soul?" What about my loved ones and my friends who really had confidence in me. Would I take such a job? No. A million times No!

My answer to Mr. Birch was very brief. I said, "I have a widow mother. I am her only boy. She has taught me this kind of life is neither right nor honorable. I have some sisters at home who think more of me than anyone else in the world. If they knew their brother had turned out to be this sort of a gambler I am sure it would nearly kill them, and I am not quite sure but what it would kill my mother. So I am not quite ready to be responsible for that sort of a tragedy. So that is my answer." The woman was looking at us. Mr. Birch put his arm around me and cried and said, "Kid, you are right. You have the right hand of things. Stay with it and you will some day come out D.K. The men of my type are all headed for hell. I would not let you work for me now under any circumstances," and he wished me good luck through life. I don't think I have ever bet a quarter on a Roulette table or a Faro game since.

We kept making our regular trips to the Palace Saloon to see the fellows we called our friends. Charley Birch was one of them. He treated us with the utmost kindness and courtesy. The woman even bowed to us when we were not introduced to her. Neither did we want to be. Birch knew she was not our type. She was what some men would call beautiful. To me she was anything but beautiful. I would sooner have rubbed a rattlesnake's tail than to have touched her hand. She was an instrument in Lucifer's hands to destroy the souls of men. The more I thought of my case with Birch, the more I could see the propriety of my action. The very minute I entered his employ I would have been disgraced for life. I had already made the acquaintance and friendship of a number of Mesa boys, some of them drank and smoked, and bet on the green as I had been doing. Someone of those boys might have taken that job and very little be thought of it. But not me. Everybody in Lehi and Mesa City would have known about it. At that time all the people in both towns were mormons, with possibly a very rare exception. I would not have been able to even go to either town and face the people, as it was the young folks as well as the older who became my best friends and that friendship has lasted through

life, which of itself is worth more than all the gold Charley Birch ever saw.

One night on our way home my pal was lit up the same as usual with two or three drinks or more, and about middle of the block on the west side of the red light district we met two French girls. They were nothing more or less than painted harlots, and I mean painted. They took hold of our hands, laughing, and obstructing traffic. We stopped. I said, "What does this mean, girls?" They replied, "We have a story to tell you." I said, "Tell it quick." They had a new piano and some new songs and they were the best singers in town and wanted us to come in and listen to their songs. They were standing in front of their place of business. I answered them there was nothing in their place that was of any interest to me whatsoever, and personally I was not going in. My pal butted in saying "For hell sake let's go in and listen to them sing awhile." They had their arms around him right now. I was simply powerless to do anything for him. I tried to take him away from them, and then clinging on to him, and giving me to understand he was able to take care of himself. I was through. I knew he was gone. I told him I would wait for him at the corner saloon. I couldn't think of any way to rescue him. I was afraid if I made a personal attempt and went into their dive I might be waylaid by a caper with a billie club. A caper is a man hired by such women to assist them in relieving men of their money when they visit those vile places of wickedness.

I waited for him nearly an hour. I began to be alarmed when finally I saw him through the window walking with his head down. He was now sober. I knew he was gone. I met him and we walked together. I said, "Well, you done it." and he began to cry and said, "If I had this whole world to give I would gladly give it, if I had not done what I have done tonight. If my mother knew what I have done tonight I know it would kill her." Then his crying increased and I cried. I told him he could sleep alone from now on, that he would have a trip to the hospital in a few days. Nine days went by before he took that trip. That trouble and a life of sorrow would never have happened if it had not been for whiskey. He told me all about the procedure of his trouble.

## Chapter XXIV

I am now ready to go to Lehi to see my Aunt Susan, as I always called her, my Father's first wife. Brother Nephi had been to Pheonix to see me, but the rest of the folks I had not seen since coming to Arizona. I thought a great deal of my experience in Phoenix.

I am now reminded of a Stake Conference a few years ago. Among other things I said whiskey and tobacco are two greatest evils that Satan is using today to destroy the souls of the children of men. When the meeting was over one of the general authorities of the church, a man who has spent the last forty years as an educator, shook my hand and said, "You never told a greater truth." It was Levi Edgar Young.

I started my hike one late afternoon for Lehi. Tempee is a railroad junction halfway to Lehi a town, mostly of Mexicans. I arrived in Tempee late in the evening. I heard a lot of fuss and a strange noise. I went to investigate. It was a Mexican dance. The music was strange to me, as well as the dancing. There were about 25 couples of young folks about like myself, and no old folks except one or two in the orchestra. Boys were dressed cowboy style, and most of the girls seemed to have red dresses with blue ribbons. Some had white dresses and red ribbons. I watched them for some time. Their hoedowns beat anything you ever saw in the movie. Of course, their eyeopeners were a little more prevalent than what you would see in the movies. In the boy's back pocket a bottle was plain to be seen. The dance began to develop into the wild and wooly stage, so I thought I had better pull my freight. I roamed around awhile. I could see no place that I cared to lay my head, so I finally clambered up into a boxcar standing on the railroad track, it was pretty dark. I struck two or three matches. I wanted to be sure I had no bed fellow. I had a little money, and I was dog tired. I had no desire to wake up in the morning to find I had been relieved of my money. When I was sure I was alone I curled up in one corner and did not know a thing until long after sunrise. I jumped up startled, and wondered if I was in Tuscon or someplace in Mexico. But sure enough the car was still standing there. This was in the winter, but the days and nights were warm. I was rested and on my way to Lehi, arriving at Aunt Susan's at dinner time. George and Wills family, Aunt Susan, and Sister Melissa were

there. I think the men were working on the High Land Canal. Was I pleased to see these folks, especially the kids. I always loved children, and never tired playing with them, and especially my own.

Lehi was named for the man who led the people from Jerusalem to this country six hundred years before the birth of the Saviour. Settled by a company of people sent by Pres. Young under the leadership of Dan Jones, twelve years before my visit there. I met most of those pioneers and their families. Dan Jones had a vision. His company would cross a river, meet a man on a white horse, and that would be the place for them to settle. After crossing the Salt River they met that man on a white horse and on that spot of land they built their church, and their homes around the church and a tract of land for each man or widow with boys, as the case might be. Strange as it may seem, a canal was already built to irrigate that land. All those people had to do was to clean the canal out and turn the water from the Salt River into it. I have made a personal investigation of that canal. It was six or eight feet deep in places, and had every appearance of being built with teams and scrapers, as we built them when I was there. I talked to some of the oldest Indians who said their father's fathers knew nothing about who built that canal.

There was a little village of Penoe Indians, also some Papago Indians. All the years Aunt Susan lived there she taught school, and her pupils were only Indian boys and girls. She looked up on it as her life's mission. At the Stake Conference in Mesa, Aunt Susan's choir of Indian boys and girls beat anything in the Territory. Her youngest son, Nephi, married a quarter-breed Indian girl, a lovely, beautiful girl. I knew her well.

On my arrival in Arizona I was much disappointed to find my brother John, my age, who I loved so well before they went to Arizona, was not at home, and Aunt Susan had not heard from him for more than a year, and still did not know of his whereabouts. Neither did we learn of him the two years I was there. He left a sweetheart, Josephine Chrisman, who grieved a great deal about him or at least that was the opinion of most of the people of Lehi. She had been married a year when he returned.

The Highland Canal was in the course of construction when I arrived at Lehi. It was a big job, twenty-four feet wide on the bottom. I think it was more than four feet deep, with sloping walls. Something more than two hundred men and a lot of teams worked on it.

I was not entirely a stranger in Lehi or Mesa City. I had met boys from both towns in Phoenix. One boy from Lehi, Mile Shill, I was quite fond of. I soon secured a job on the Canal. One night a big party or dance and supper was staged. Of course, I had now made my home with Aunt Susan. Will, Nephi, Melissa and myself went. It was a bow party. The girls sat on one side of the hall with a bow pinned on their shoulder or breast. The boys sat on the opposite side. A basket was passed full of envelopes. We all took one and in it we found a bow, and the girl wearing the one corresponding was your partner for the evening. Mine was a big red bow. Straight across the hall I saw it's mate. Will was setting by me. He said, "The girl is Alace Simkins." I had never met her but I knew she was my friend Mill Shill's best girl. I knew her brothers. Somehow I felt funny about it and hesitated to go with Will to meet her. He laughed at me quite a bit, but I went with him. We went on the floor together. She was rather slender, blue eyes and brown hair, and she looked very beautiful to me. Notwithstanding she acted as if she had always known me, she seemed strange to me.

I knew it would be no trouble for me to fall in love with her. After our waltz I took her to her seat and told Will what I thought of her. He said, "There is none finer." I was introduced to Katie Jones, the Bishop's daughter. She was equally as fine as Alice and seemed to exert every effort to make the evening pleasant. I danced with those two girls most of the time. I made acquaintance with some other fine girls.

The McDonald girls, Maggie and Bessie, lived just across the road from Aunt Susan. There couldn't be any finer girls. I also made the acquaintance of Katy's two sisters, Jane and Holly, one older and one younger, and so I wondered if there were any other pioneers who had ever produced girls more beautiful. I went with Alice to her home with two or three other couples to a fine supper, and met her people. I already knew her brothers, Charley and Wyle. We all returned to the dance. I congratulated Mile on his choice of girls.

I then joked him by saying, "You are apt to lose her." He replied (a little warm in the collar) I thought "Take her if you want her," he said. I told her what we both said. She smiled and said, "You wouldn't dare." I replied, "Do you mean that?" She replied, "I will see you through if you are sporty." I told him I believed I would take his girl home for a change. He said it was O.K. with him if I thought I could. I think she told him what was going to happen. When the dance was out I helped her on with her coat and walked right past him, she holding my arm. We, she and I, laughed and joked about it. Guess we thought it was funny. I apologized to him, and told him to go take care of his girl. He said she was not his girl. She was my girl. Some weeks went by and he never took her. I went to see her a number of times. I got to feeling bad about it. I told her one night I felt like a robber. She laughed and said, "It is all in the love game." Said Milo was one of the finest fellows she ever knew, but, said she, "I like you better, and if you are willing to stay, I will never turn you down. I knew if I ever was to ask her again I was stuck, and she would want to get married. I told her I was never coming to her home again, neither did I. Some more time went by. He did not take her to the dances, but he danced with her as though nothing was wrong. I began to take Katie Jones. I almost got on my knees to Milo once telling him what was his duty, that he would love no other girl and that she felt the same about him. He grabbed my hand and said, "I will take your advice." It was not a great while until they were married. I wanted him to know she was one of the very finest.

My job on the canal was a hard one. A number of places along the survey was cement. A steel plow made to order with six big mules hitched to it was used. It seemed there was only one other man besides myself who could hold the plow, a fellow by the name of Bruce. Four men would ride the beam. When the plow would strike a rock and jump out of the ground Bruce dropped the handles and some men got hurt, so I was the only one who would hold the plow. I talked to the boss about it. I told him there were others on the job who could hold the plow but they had too much sense. I told him I could hold the plow through the job but my wages would have to be doubled, otherwise I was through. There was no more plowing with that plow.

Another big dance was staged. Big crowd from Mesa City came, some boys I knew and some I did not know. Chuck Rogers, who had been the bully of that part of the century a long time. I knew Joe and George, his brothers, who lived in Lehi. George

was one of my best pals. Chuck was the black sheep of the family. This night I wore my brother George's black hat. I went home before the dance was out. Next morning George told me I had traded hats with somebody. This was a much better hat than his. I let some of the boys see the hat and they laughed and told me Chuck Rogers had already sworn with an oath he would lick the man who stole that hat. He would listen to no apologies or excuses. That was the fourth hat he had lost coming to Lehi to dance. The guy who got that hat would be taught a lesson that would serve notice on all the rest what they could expect if they pulled something of that kind again. I took the hat to Brother Rogers who lived in Lehi, told him how I got it. I did not know where Chuck lived and maybe he could get it to him. George's hat was left in the hall. I think Nephi went and got it. A few days later Chuck was blowing off in a crowd and when he was through Brother George said, Mr. Rogers, "it was my brother who got your hat," then briefly explained how, "and so far as you licking him is concerned, you can't lick one side of him." A few days later Chuck came on the job to work. I went to him and announced my name and apologized for getting his hat and causing him so much trouble. He said he guessed it was his business to apologize. We shook hands and laughed about it.

A few nights after, a big wrestle was staged between Chuck and Ike Dana, both of Mesa. Ike was a good friend of mine, and I looked upon him as the best man physically on the job. He was a year or two older than I, possibly 10 pounds heavier. The wrestle was to be two best out of three falls.

This was the big event. The whole sporting crowd on the job was there. They tussled around quite awhile before Chuck threw him. Then they rested awhile again, and Chuck threw Ike easily the second fall. Some of my friends told Chuck at once that I could throw him the first fall for the money, catch as catch can. That meant we would stand about eight feet apart and when the referee said, "Go" we would meet each other and the one who could secure the best hold might have the best chance in winning the fall. Chuck grabbed this challenge up in a hurry and the money was put up. What little trouble he had had with Ike just loosened up his muscles. Before we were ready to go there was quite a lot of excitement going on. My friends were ready to back me to the limit, so to speak, and when we were standing ready to go everything was deathly still, and when the referee said "Go" I had that guy in my arms and threw him in

less than five seconds right on the spot where he stood when he was told to go. He got up off the ground after the referee declared the fall. He made complaints of me going before I was told. The referee said I was perfectly in keeping with the rules. I had won the fall fair. My friends threw the same challenge in his face again. He very reluctantly accepted the challenge and bet what little money he had. He had no backers this time. The referee got us in our places again and in about the same length of time as before he was on his back and my knees in his stomach. I had him by both wrists and his arms stretched out flat on the ground. Then I jumped up. The starch was all taken out of him. His bully days were over. He was now a good dog, notwithstanding the tussle he had with Ike Dana. There was no one afraid of him anymore. He had gone and played his last game, so to speak, I felt as though I had done the community a kindly service, and I tried to do it fair and clean, and if I should have had to play the game the rougher way I would have tried to do it in the same manner, I mean fair. Because the boys thought he would want to fight.

There was a man on the job by the name of Henry Tacket. He was the cook. All the boys were perfectly satisfied with his cooking. He had a fine personality and all the boys liked him. He was a stranger, a man about 30. I was friendly with him, and had quite a long talk with him and asked him to give me a sketch of his life. He said his home was in the Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma, and had two brothers and a sister there. His father had been dead for years. His mother and his young wife both died and he left home and had not written his brothers or sister for a long time. He went to a boxing school in Los Angeles and became a very clever man with the gloves. It seemed whenever he went anywhere somebody knew his record. In Flagstaff one holiday, a bully half-drunk followed him from one saloon to the other daring him to fight. He repeatedly told the fellow he wouldn't fight him. He was standing with his back to the bar and the fellow struck him a blow in the face. He knocked the fellow down flat on his back, and the fellow came up with a gun in his hand. He shot the man, and spent a lot of money fighting that case in the courts. The court sentenced him to Yuma Jail for 25 years.

In that jail his cellmate was Uncle George Wilson from Mesa, who was serving time for having more than one wife. Tacket served more than four years and received a letter from a new judge at Flagstaff to say he had examined his record

and found he was perfectly innocent. His case was purely self-defense and he had asked the governor to pardon him. Uncle George Wilson converted him in jail and baptised him in the Mormon church and brought him home to Mesa. While I knew him on the Canal he used no bad language, did not drink nor smoke nor used tea or coffee. He seemed to be a gentleman. He took me to the home of Uncle George a time or two.

One day he had some business to attend to with Warren Sarine, a man who kept a saloon. I went with him, We stood with our elbows on the bar talking about their business. Over in the corner were four men playing cards. The Bags Brothers, big land owners and bad men. I told Tacket I would go on the outside and wait for him. Soon as I closed the door I heard a scuffle. I rushed back in, in time to see Tacket hit one of those fellows, turn him about two summersaults. The brother sparred around until his back was near a big plate glass window. Tacket tapped him on the jaw and he went through that window and out on the sidewalk on his head and shoulders. They were both knocked out for sometime. When they finally got straightened up he told them to pay for that glass and all expenses. They told him they would meet him there at 9 o'clock in the morning and see who would settle for things. Tacket agreed to it. They got in their light spring wagon and drove off. Tacket told Sarine not to worry but to board up his window some way and promised he would see that those guys paid for everything if he had to go to their home to do it. I asked Sarine what all the trouble was about. He said, "As soon as you walked out of my house, one of those fellows said to the other, "We better watch that son of a bitch, he may steal our team." Tacket told them you were his friend and you were not in the habit of stealing, neither were you a son of a bitch, and if either of them was one millionth part as good as a man as you they would be pretty decent fellows. Then they came at Tacket like wild cats. He had to do just what he did.

They were on time the next morning. They had with them a big, burly, pugalist-looking sort of a fellow. No one seemed to know where he came from. Tacket said, "Well, gentlemen, how do you want to settle." One of them replied, "You say." Sarine had told some of the boys about it. Quite a crowd had gathered. Tacket said, "Well, I see you have brought a little help, which of course, is all

right with me. I don't want to be guilty of fighting this man alone. He will need your help. So I suggest we make a big ring and you three fellows stand on one side of the ring and I will stand on the other side. We will have Mr. Sarine referee. He will tell us to go and if I don't lick all three of you I will pay all the costs and if I do lick you, you pay all the costs. If you can think of anything fairer, let's hear what it is." This big fellow spoke up and said, "Mr. I want to apologize to you to think I would allow any man to lead me into such a mess as this for any amount of money," and he came forward and shook hands with Tacket. The Bags Brothers told Warren Sarine to make out the bill and it would be paid.

I am still in the canal job, but have been promoted, but no better pay. My last job was holding a plow. My present job is holding my hands, I have three teams and three men grading and leveling the bottom of the canal making it perfectly smooth. It seems I have to watch every move the boys make. The bottom of the Canal had to be level. Saturday afternoon I would play baseball. I seemed to have the most to say about the ball game, especially when they were matched. Sunday morning found us in Sunday School. One Sunday afternoon we were running a few foot races on the playground close to the meeting-house. Somehow I had my shoes off. Some boys had their pants off when Bishop Jones came by. He called me to one side and said, "I hope and pray that every time you run a foot race on Sunday that you lose." He walked on. I went and put my shoes on. It was a very fine lesson, and I tried to profit by it. One Sunday right after Sunday School Brother Ed Jones quite excitedly told a bunch of us boys that someone had stolen out of his pasture during the night, his two work teams and his saddlemare. He had been hunting their tracks all morning, and it seemed they went southeast across the desert. He said, "I will give either of you boys your pick of those horses if you will bring the other four back to me." None of the boys replied or seemed to be excited. I was and replied, "I will find those horses." I went home and saddled my little mule and was off. Bro. Jones's saddle mare was worth about \$60.00 and either of his work horses was worth about \$150.00 each. I knew his horses. I looked over those tracks going east and found they were old tracks. I was sure they had gone up the river, but for what reason was a puzzle. It finally dawned on me that he had traded for that mare two years before and she was leading his work horses back to her home, wherever that

was. There were quite a lot of horse tracks in the road Soldiers coming up and down going to Phoenix and back to Camp McDowell. I made sure I was on their tracks. I was riding on the gallop most of the time. I passed by Superstitious Mountain you have all read so much about, and began to climb the Macoyone Mountains a little after sundown, going almost due east all the time.. A beautiful valley lay below me in the distance. I could make better time going downhill, but dark was coming on. About the time darkness overtook me I saw a light in the distance and it was not long before I had my mule tied to a post in front of a ranch house. I told the man of the house the nature of my errand. He said, "I have your horses in my pasture, and he sent one of the boys out to unsaddle my mule and turn it in the pasture. For all the courtesy that family extended to me they would not take a cent. I felt as though I would like to know those girls better. I really hated to leave. I thanked them all, and about the middle of the afternoon I was home, having been gone about 27 hours. I don't think I ever saw a more pleased family than the Jones family. Brother Jones asked me which one of the animals I wanted. I said, "Give me ten dollars and that will settle the account." I thought the whole family was going to hug me. That saddle mare was ready to have the saddle pulled from her back. Brother Jones lived less than a block from Aunt Susan. I was sure if I could find those horses it was far more important than my services on the Canal, and I knew I could go back there anytime. Brother Jones was simply wrecked without his horses.

I am sure it would be hard to find another community of people finer than the folks who lived in Lehi, and if they had not been of the very finest type they would never have made that perilous journey. It was like going into a wilderness. As I before observed, the most outstanding attraction for the young folks, and the most pleasant pastime was the dance. They tried to keep the dances clean. I remember Kimball Pomeroy from Mesa, a good friend of mine, being barred from dancing in Lehi for two months for showing signs of being under the influence of liquor. He would come to our dances and just sit and look on. I would entertain him as much as I could. I had to sing in the dances quite often. I guess I was quite an entertainer. Most any of the girls could accompany me at the organ. No matter what song

I sang I would have to sing the song "Call Me Back Again" before quitting. Very touching indeed. Think I better write two of the verses.

I had a dandy friend. His name was James Arrowsmith. We all called him Jim. He was generally lit up a little bit, but not enough to bar him from the dance, it seemed. When I was all set to sing, he would speak up and say, "Quiet, quiet, please, Edward is going to sing a hymn."

### The Song

I dreamt last night a pretty little starling,  
Came tapping softly on my window blind.  
And in its bill a message from you, darling  
To say that you would recall those unkind words.

### Chorus:

Call me back again, call me back again,  
Oh, when your love has conquered pride and anger,  
I know that you will call me back again

But, in my heart love ne'er can be a stranger  
Such dreary thoughts have ceased to give me pain,  
Oh, when your love has conquered pride and anger,  
I know that you will call me back again.

### Chorus:

Some of the most pleasant moments of my life were spent in Lehi with the people in general and especially with the young folks. When I went to spend the evening at Bishop Jones' home, Katie and I would walk up to the flume where streams were divided, a quarter-mile east of their home. A long plank spanned that flume just right to sit on. Then one suitable to rest your feet on. One moonlight night we were sitting about the middle way of the plank and I called her attention to a huge mother skunk coming towards us, seven little ones tagging behind. I told her to be quiet and they would walk over our feet along that plank. She drew up her feet instantly and clung on to me for dear life. As that old lady walked over my feet Katie's whole body quivered. Then the little fellows trailed along. She was actually so frightened she was unable to speak for some time. All I could do

was just hold her in my arms. I sure did not know girls were like that, notwithstanding I had had just such an experience a few nights before, only different.

Mary Steel was a girl I hardly knew. I saw her at the dances. She and her widowed mother lived together. Sister Steel was a good friend of Aunt Susans. Mary said to me late one afternoon, "We were wondering if you would go with us to the theater at Mesa tonight?" I thought for a moment, and said yes. She said they would call for me at such a time. I knew they had a light spring wagon and splendid little team. Well, I felt pretty good about it. I would take those two old ladies Aunt Susan and Sister Steel to the show. Mary was alone when she came. She said her mother was not very well and decided not to go. I said, "What about Aunt Susan?" She replied, "Aunt Susan would not go without mother." It seemed I was stuck. She and I sat up on a high spring seat. Coming back home down a long slope into Lehi, a crowd of boys standing up in a wagon, who also had been to the show attempted to pass me. My team was on a big swinging trot. When they got alongside of us they whistled and screamed and our team was gone right now. They had been raced before. I whistled and spat on the hips with the lines. I thought I heard Mary scream. She had both arms around me and her head down under my arm some way. When I stopped the team she was stiff. I thought she was dead. Imagine my feelings. I rubbed her hands and worked with her for some time before I could get much life in her. I held on to her and drove slow, and as we passed the church house it was a moonlight night and we passed Katie going home from some kind of a practice. She recognized us at once. I never felt so funny in my life. I felt like a regular sneak. It began to dawn on me that I was a perfect sap and was not worth the confidence of anybody, much less a beautiful girl like Katie. Mary and I drove on a slow walk to Aunt Susan's, and stopped the team and I asked her if she thought she could drive home about a mile. She said yes, I think she had all she wanted of me. She knew how I felt. I handed her the lines and jumped out of the wagon and said, "Thanks" and fairly ran to the house. There was never a time in my life that I hated myself as I did that night.

Next night I went over to Bishop Jones'. Katie met me at the gate. She didn't even smile. I said, "Would you mind taking a little walk with me?" I was in hopes she would refuse and the whole thing would be settled, but she took hold of my arm and we walked up to the headgate and sat down. I told her in brief my silly story, and before she could reply I continued and said, "I will tell you what your answer should be. You go straight to hell." But she forgave me in the most loving way, which was most characteristic with her. I presume I was the first fellow who ever took Mary Steel anywhere. the next time she came to a dance I danced with her two or three times. This pleased Katie. She had always been kind to Mary. To my great surprise I never heard my incident with Mary mentioned.

A young man, Thomas Condie, did more for the spiritual development and refinement of the young folks of Lehi than anyone else. This winter was his fourth year of teaching school there. He was one of the finest young men I ever knew. He was a year or two older than myself. He organized a club or a dramatic society and put on numbers of good plays. Katie usually took the leading parts. Frank Jones, a young married man, was their star player. There were three Jones families, not related to each other. This man had told Katie she could get married and not change her name. He became repulsive to her. One night she and I were going to the dance-hall, and a bunch of boys were standing in front of the hall. I had my arm around Katie, which was common in those days. Frank Jones said to me, in an ugly mean way, "You better hold her tight. You may lose her." We went in and I seated Katie and told her not to be uneasy for I had a settlement to make with that dirty hound. When I got out of the house, Jones was about half-way to the gate and believe me he was traveling. I never spoke to him again. I went right back and sat down by Katie. She was deathly pale and trembling. She expected me to half kill that guy. Some time after that a beautiful girl, sister to one of my best friends, Pard Webb, whose husband was on a mission and had been gone more than two years, had a baby by this fellow Jones, for which crime he was cut off the church. The missionary came right home determined to have nothing to do with his wife. The Church authority told him to take his family and treat them with the same kindness and affection as before he went on

his mission, that it was not her fault, she had been forced or raped. The missionary did as he was told.

I met a lot of queer people in Arizona that I will not be able to mention in my story. An old man by the name of Kater, past 85 carried water to the men on the job. He took quite a notion to me and told me strange stories of early days. He and I were talking at the lunch hour one day when a real old Indian with a cane came toward us. Kater said to me, "There is a fellow I haven't seen for more than 40 years." Kater began talking quite rapidly in the Indian language. Finally Kater pointed to a blue mountain to the north and the Indian hugged Kater and tears came in his eyes. One eye was gone entirely, and so they visited. I asked Kater later what it was about. He said, "When a boy I lived with a Papage tribe for twenty years, often fighting other tribes." He lived most of that time with that old Indian and his squaw, having two squaws of his own, sisters. At this point he remarked, "My God, kid, I was a darlin' them days." I asked him what about blue mountain. They fought another tribe there, killing most of them, and he and this Indian chased a prominent Indian of the other tribe in a crevasse in the rocks. Neither themselves or the Indian had any more arrows, so they called another Indian who came and killed the Indian. I asked if he had no children. Said he had a bunch of boys by both wives. They went with their wives. He knew nothing of them. Neither did this old Indian know anything about them.

## Chapter XXV

One more incident on the Highland Canal. A tall fellow from Canada came on the job. He was about my age and the most knowing fellow we ever met. He knew everything and the price of it. In fact, all the boys on the job were so slow they could hardly keep out of his way or got run over. I spoke to him one evening after work and asked if they had snipes in Canada. He asked what I meant. I told him I was speaking about a bird we had in our country that would fly like a streak and run on the ground faster than a horse and would never fly after dark. I told him about their peculiarities and we hunted them at night. We take a burlap sack, put a crossed stick in the mouth of the sack, and have a fellow stand in the bottom of a hollow with a lantern, because they always run to the closest hollow and then down the hollow straight to a light always. A big rooster leads the flock. Sometimes we catch a sackfull and sometimes just a rooster, we will take you out tonight. We never go very early." He grabbed it lock, stock and barrel. I had five others go with us. About half a mile south of camp and in the bottom of a hollow we gave him instructions how to jerk that stick out of the sack after the rooster was in. He was excited and nervous, but sporty. I told him three of us would go out on one side of the hollow, three on the other side, and go up to the country to a given point and drive down. He was sure pretty skittish, but he stuck. We slipped away from him and back to camp. By this time the whole camp knew about it. Nobody ever found out when he came home. I took goodcare he did not know where I slept for fear he might take snap judgement on me. It took all the starch out of him. I think he spoke to no man the next day. The foreman told me it was the meanest darn trick ever played on a man, and he had a darn good notion to discharge me, but I knew he had a better notion.

About this time I had become friendly with Henry Tacket. He suggested we go up to the Jerome Mining Camp more than a hundred miles north of Lehi. He said Uncle George Wilson would take us in his wagon and it would not cost scarcely anything. We finally decided to go. I think we were three days making the trip. We camped on top of the hill outside of Jerome the third night. We had visitors who camped with us the last night. It was a creole girl who had hired a fellow to take her to Jerome where she was going to set up a red light business. I guess we met at least 30 men tramping with their turkey on their back leaving Jerome, telling us there

were 40 idle men there and they had all been refused work. Jerome was on the side of a high exceedingly steep mountain. Big six-mule teams hauled the coke to run the smelter. There were about 200 men employed. Prescott, the nearest town, was 30 miles away, due west. Camp Verdle was 30 miles to the southeast.

Next morning we went down the long dugway, passing big teams, some broken down, until we came to the big smelter, hoisting works, etc. A young man about my age was checking some big loads of coke. I left Uncle George and Henry as I always called Mr. Tacket. I approached this young man, asked his name, and told him mine. He was Walter Murphy. I asked him if he could tell me where I could find the main boss. He said, pointing to two men down on another level about a hundred yards from us, "The man with the white shirt is Mr. Thompson, superintendent. The man he is talking to is Joe Jerue, foreman. He is the boss." I thanked him. I spoke to Mr. Thompson and said, "You are Mr. Thompson, the superintendent, I understand. I am wondering if you would kindly tell me who I should see who would be kind enough to see that I secured a job." Mr. Thompson said, "This is your man," then introduced me to Mr. Jerue. I had already made myself known to Mr. Thompson. Mr. Jerue asked me what I could do. I told him I could do what anybody else could do that did not require any science or skill. This last statement provoked a laugh on their part. Jerue said, "Do you see those streams of smoke coming up from behind that hill?" I answered, "Yes, Sir". "Well, you go around there. A man, Charley Swans, is the foreman. If he can find something for you to do it will be alright with me." I followed the little railroad track to the burning pits where they were burning the sulphur out of the ore, I asked a man who was giving orders if he was the foreman and what the chance was for a job. He replied, "Not a chance in a million." I said, "That seems strange. Mr. Jerue, who I look upon as my very best friend, said you would put me to work." "Well, if he said that, grab that wheelbarrow and shovel and go to it." He showed me what to do and then started around to where I had left Thompson and Jerue. I wondered what would be coming next. I did not care. I knew I could not work in that smoke. I was not long in finding. I looked up and saw Jerue coming. I knew he could only discharge me, maybe cuss me a little. I saw he was

smiling. He said, "Drop that shovel and come with me." I said "Thanks" and was on my way. I asked him where we were going. We are going to see if we can't find you a better job. My job was to tend the cage, or a big elevator that went up and down the shaft 300 feet. Two heavy doors formed the platform over the shaft and were operated by pulling two ropes that were over a pulley. The doors would fly back and the shaft would be opened; the cage or elevator would come up with a car of ore. The engineer would hold that cage about 4 feet above those trap doors until I let them down, then the cage would rest on the doors until I pulled the car out on some rails. Then I would send the cage back down. Then I would take the car on an elevated railroad around to the smelter a distance of a hundred yards and drop it down a chute and return to my cage. Jim Blackman, the engineer, was my partner. All this was accomplished in less than two hours.

During the noon hour we drove down to town, and rented a lumber room on the hill across the road, west from the stores, saloons, big boarding house, etc., had our lunch, and Uncle George Wilson was ready to go back home. Tacket went on the job at the sulphur smoke pits that I had secured for him, and I went back to my job. Tacket lasted less than an hour. We had just piled our things in our room. When my shift was over, we began to set our house in order, and to our great surprise the creole girls had rented a place about like ours four or five rods south of us. I thought I had seen some rough stuff in Pheonix, but the night I saw that evening beat anything of its kind I had ever seen before. I stood down by the store and saw 8 men standing by that creole woman's door taking their turn visiting her. I don't know how many had gone through before. Each fellow would go in and stay fifteen or twenty minutes, go out at the back door and over a little ravine and back down to town, and this was carried on until all had had their visit.

Henry knocked around several days. The cook at the big boarding house wanted to go East on a vacation. Henry took his job. The man who owned the boarding house was an old friend of Henry's. That boarding house was changed into one of the finest up-to-date boarding houses you would care to see. The cook sent word back that he was not returning. I was in a new wicked world.

Only one woman in Jerome, who was not a prostitute was Mrs. Jerue. I wondered how she lived. The mine was owned by Senator William A. Clark of Montana. Mr. Jerue had operated the Senator's mines in Montana and he had to come to Jerome to take care of the Senator's new purchase and Mrs. Jerue would not be separated from her husband.

Jerome had the name of being the refuge of every crook and cut-throat in the country trying to evade the laws. It was a very common thing for men to carry a gun. I was told by a number of fellows that there were few men in that camp who at sometime in their lives had not killed a man. I was surprised when my companion began to carry a gun, and his explanation about it did not satisfy me, but I soon learned that a lot of men in that camp knew him, and the strange thing about it, they were all afraid of him. He was the most tender-hearted man I ever knew. He would have made any sacrifice in the world to relieve any woman or child in distress. I felt as safe in his company as in the company of my mother. I was conscious of the love he had for me. I trusted him. The boarding house man wanted him and I to take the boarding house over and run it, have all we could make out of it, only keep it up and pay the taxes. The man was just tired and had more money than he knew what to do with. Henry gave me no reasonable excuse for not taking over, only I was unable to get him to do it. I could see more money in that project than a dozen men could make working for wages. He had been a businessman. I met men who told me they knew him to be worth fifty thousand dollars two or three different times, and then he would lose it. I inquired how. They said in the courts. It was then I learned he had killed eight men and one woman in his life, and the courts had declared that in each and every case it was purely self-defense. I told him I had found out, and he told me the circumstances under which those troubles had happened. I asked him why he had not informed me of this condition. He said he thought too much of me, and really could see no need of it.

I began to work night shifts, and our home was not by any means a good place to sleep in the daytime. Henry had a good friend who kept a saloon close to the boarding house. They spent a lot of time together. He had a fine bedroom in the basement of his saloon. He asked me to use it where I could get my rest. The town was perfectly quiet in the daytime. No

families, no children in town. So that was my bedroom. Several times after I had my sleep I found Henry in that saloon talking with his friend and sometimes taking a beer. This made me uneasy. I told him if he was going to begin drinking I was going back to Lehi. He pledged his word and honor he would not drink. This bedroom was reached by going down some steps on the outside.

There was a certain woman in town, Myra Bell, rather young, beautiful form, and she had been good-looking. She was exceptionally bright, a trained nurse, and a pretty good doctor in giving aid. Anyone who got hurt, she was usually the first one on the scene, and always willing to divide her money. Everybody spoke to her as they would to a sister. I was no exception to the rule. She was exceptionally refined in her manner when she was not drunk. She was supposed to be living with Dan McGlean, who owned and operated a big saloon. I met her on the sidewalk one day and she stopped and gave me a shot. She said, "Kid, I want you to understand I am privately kept, but publicity slept with." She laughed like she had said something funny. I could see nothing funny about it and walked on without making a reply. One day about 10 o'clock in the morning when I was still working nights. I woke up with a start and Myra Bell was sitting on the foot of my bed. I was mad and asked her what she meant by it. She said she had been talking to my partner and his friend up in the saloon and she told my partner she was going down in the basement and share the bed with the kid, and he told me my visit would be futile, and I made him a pretty good-sized wager I could put it over. I replied, "You have lost your money." She looked at me and said, "Would money be any inducement?" I replied, "Not if you had a million." She broke down and cried like her heart would break. I really felt sorry for her and told her to go ahead and tell her story and to not tell me a lie. She said her father was a wealthy merchant in Los Angeles. A mother, two brothers, doctors, a young sister she had at home. She had been given every chance for an education. A teacher in the home when she was very small. When 16 she was desperately in love with a young man who felt the same towards her. She said she never knew a better boy. But in an unguarded moment they did the wrong thing. A little time went on, and one day she sat on the arm of the rocker while her mother was knitting. She said "Mother, I am going to become a mother." Her mother dropped her knitting like she had been

struck with lightening for a moment, and then began to cry. All she could do, so she said, was sit with her arm around her mother and cry. The first word her mother said was "Go to your father's office and tell him." She obeyed. Her father was alone. She told him, and then remarked, "Kid, if you ever saw a crazy man, a real lunatic, it was my father." "I finally persuaded him to let me make a statement. I told him I probably was more to blame than the boy, that he was a good boy and I loved him and he loves me, and the only thing to be done is let us get married." The father took another fit then and swore he would kill that boy before the sun went down. She ran from his office and told the boy the story. He told her not to worry. He would leave the country and her father would never see him again. She said, "My father ran that boy out of my life." I was desperate. Next day the father tried to apologize. I said, "Father, it is too late. Let me tell you, when my baby is born I will give it to mother and I will go on the town and if I have my way I will see none of my family again. Neither have I," said she. "Neither have I ever seen or heard tell of that boy." She said "I refused to listen to their persuasions." She said, "No tongue can ever tell how I have suffered for that rash act." When I think of me selling my young body to some old dirty stinking miner for a ten dollar bill, I know if it was not for whiskey I would go crazy." She finally said, "Kid, I have bought a gun three different times to end it all. Then I would debate the question and wonder if the crime I was contemplating was not greater than the one I was living, and I threw each gun away. I expect to meet my maker someday and let him be the judge." I met her on the sidewalk one day going to post a letter to her sister. She had written this while drunk. She was using the whole sidewalk to travel in. The letter and the language was too horrible to write. The threats she made if her sister ever attempted to follow her foot tracks, she meant the same life. I read the letter through. My heart ached for her loved ones at home.

## Chapter XXVI

The strangeness of my new life. The way I had been raised was the extreme reverse, and just having come from a community where women were sweet and clean and girls were lovely and pure, whose love was without hypocrisy or guile, now I am in an environment where it seems to be nothing but wickedness and shame, where there are no morals and no regard for life. Where men are shot and killed for a trifle, sometimes a slight misunderstanding and sometimes for no provocation whatsoever. And still I stayed and worked trying to make something out of my companion several years my senior.

One evening, Bill Harper, a pretended friend of Henry's, a big sloppy sort of a guy, asked me for five dollars to sit in a poker game. He was going to pay me back next day and pay me well for the use of my money. He had not sat in the game long until my money was gone, and he and Walter Murphy had some words and Walter slapped his ears down and boxed him around pretty rough, and Harper left the saloon. A little later Walter and I were talking in front of the saloon and saw Harper coming down the road toward us. Walter wondered if he wanted his ears cuffed again. I advised him not to speak to Harper. When Harper was within a rod of us Walter made a step toward him. Harper said, "Stop", and at the same time fired a shot. The bullet passed through Walter's body and Harper beat it. Walter turned to me and said, "I am killed. I am a dead man." I took him by the arm and we walked in the saloon. I asked some men to lift him on a long table and we proceeded to remove some of his clothes. The bullet had passed through his intestines. His Brother Henry dispatched a rider to Prescott, 30 miles away, for a doctor. The doctor was there by 10 the next morning. Walter had suffered something terrible. After the doctor made the examination he, Henry and myself walked out on the porch. Henry felt so bad he could not speak. I asked the doctor what about Walter's chance to live. The doctor said, "He will be dead in thirty minutes." He lasted about that time. I gave him his last drop of water and waited on him for the last time. He told me what he wanted. I took care of him while Myra Bell sat by and smiled. She had already done all she could for him. A few minutes later he was gone. So my best friend, except my partner, in that camp was gone, and the cleanest and finest fellow in the camp.

Harper was overtaken next day and arrested by the sheriff and was bound over to await the action of the court and was in jail in Prescott two months before his case was called to trial. My testimony saved him from the gallows. He was sent up for fifteen years. Of course, I was summoned on that case, but went back to work. I was extremely uneasy about my companion. He seemed to think there was no harm in drinking a little beer. I got lovely letters from my mother all the time, as well as from Katie and from my sisters and sister-in-laws. Those letters were a source of comfort to me and a great stay to my life in helping me to combat the many difficulties that came my way. I shall never forget how shocked Katie was when she learned I had condescended to speak to a prostitute. I had told her about camping with the creole girls. She knew I could not help that. But for me to deliberately talk to a fast woman was more than she could understand. So I had quite a lot of explaining to do, but she trusted me implicitly. What she was afraid of was that I would be drugged or forced in some manner into some of the vices that were so prevalent in those wicked mining towns.

One night, still working on the night shift, after wheeling my car around to the smelter, the body of the car worked on a pivot, I had to unfasten a catch and whirl the body of the car half-way around before dumping it. This night it got off balance and came back on me and knocked me off the platform. I was able to catch myself and go feet first. But I fell about ten feet straight down and lit with the ball of my right foot on a little round rock and broke my foot in two across the instep. I never suffered so much before or since. The company sent for a doctor. Myra Bell gave me first aid. She rubbed and squeezed those bones in place some way, then bandaged and splinted the foot. The doctor, when he came, made an examination and said the job had been done as good or better than he could have done it, and left instructions how she was to take care of my foot. So every once in awhile I would have my foot taken care of. I would always sit on the sidewalk in front of her place of business when it was being taken care of. One time I sat just inside of her place with my foot in some kind of a crock soaking it. There was absolutely nothing funny about her anymore so far as I was concerned. She looked upon me as a brother, and possibly would have given her life if necessary to protect me from going wrong. She reminded me very much of Charley Birch When he found I

would not work for him. She had a large reception room or a parlor separated by a colonade from a large bedroom. I could see most everything in the bedroom. The bedstead was metal, high bedposts, painted or covered with what looked like leaf gold, and all the other fixtures in the bedroom seemed to correspond with the bedstead. She was watching me while my foot was soaking. I guess to determine the effect that her furnishings had on me. It seemed she couldn't hold herself any longer, and finally asked how I liked her bed. I replied, "It's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw." She remarked laughingly, "You may sleep on it whenever you like." I answered, "If I ever did I would want to be dead sure you were in Prescott." It was only a joke on her part, and so I sat with my foot in that crock and I began to question her about what certain things I had never seen before were used for. I shall never forget how that woman laughed and said, "You poor simple kid. You are as innocent as a baby". I told her to never mind about the wisecracks but answer my question, which she did to my astonishment. Then I hobbled out on the sidewalk and had my foot bandaged and taken care of. I never looked inside her home again. I was on crutches nearly two months.

Before I got off my crutches I had another trouble come to me. I had told my companion I was afraid of a certain man. I was afraid for him more than myself. I told him this man knew we came into town the same morning the creole girl did and we lived close together, and this guy, Bill Woody, was in love with her and thinks we might be having something to do with her. How he did laugh. He said, "You know that man will never face me in anything." I said, "That's just what I am talking about. If you don't come home when your evenings work is done, and keep away from those dirty saloons, we are going to have trouble. That guy will shoot you in the back." I was making preparations to go back to the Valley. Things were getting too hot. He was taking a drink occasionally. A few nights later I had just gone to bed. A knock came on our door, and the fellow who spoke was a friend. I told him to come in. I was sure uneasy. He said, "Your partner is shot." I said, "Who did it?" "Woody shot him in the back." I said, "Is he shot bad?" He said he did not know. I got my clothes on and my crutches and we went down in the saloon. He lay on his stomach, unconscious, Myra Bell giving first aid. I got a fellow on a horse and wrote a note to the post doctor in Camp Verda, thirty miles away. The doctor arrived about nine o'clock next morning.

There Henry lay on a bed in a room near where he was shot, still unconscious. The bullet had gone diagonally through his body passing through both lungs and a half inch of his heart. The 45 calibre bullet had lodged against the flesh on his right breast. It took two strong men to hold him on the bed while the doctor worked on him. He first split the flesh and flipped out the bullet. I think he passed some kind of a silk cloth through the wound. It was only a few minutes after his wound was dressed until he gained consciousness. The doctor went out on the porch. I followed him and asked what about his patient. He replied, "He's all right." I said, "Doctor, that man is my partner. I am the fellow who sent for you and I am the fellow who is going to pay you." He apologized and explained he had one chance in a thousand and gave me the reasons. He told me the kind of care he would have to have and if he took one drink of whiskey within the next month it would kill him. I had already assured the doctor I would nurse the patient back to life. After quite a lot of instructions the doctor and I made them all known to Henry so we could cooperate together. In less than three weeks he was getting around better than myself. I was still going on a crutch and a cane.

One night he took it in his head, very much over my protest, to walk down to the first saloon, which was about fifty or 20 yards from our house. He said he would come back in a few minutes. The thought never occurred to me he would take a drink, after what the doctor had said. But he did. When I went for him the saloon was full of drunks, as I opened the door and went in a fellow friend of mine ran against me and knocked me flat on the floor. Henry saw it. He grabbed that man by the throat with his left hand and fairly lifted him from the floor. He was just playing hob with that man's face. I demanded two or three men to over-power him, which they did. I cussed him awhile and told him to follow me home. I have seen a lot of men suffer, but I never saw one suffer half as much as that man did all that night. I did everything for him I knew how. He would bite chunks of wood out of the side of those lumber walls. It set him back awhile.

Woody was arrested and put in jail at Prescott and the time set for trial. We had a clear case. That man should have gone to the gallows. Before our case was called I had no use for crutches. My lame foot was just as good as the other, if not better, thanks to Myra Bell. Our case was

postponed two weeks after reaching Prescott on account of an aggravated case that had been in the court a long time - a dispute over a range question. Five Tacksberry brothers and father, sheep men, and two Graham brothers and father, cattle men. All the sheepmen except the father had been killed. One Graham brother and father. The case finally was thrown out of court. I can't tell in this story how it was, but I slept with that Graham brother one night in Prescott. He told me the story, and how he killed the last Tacksberry.

While in Prescott I met Henry's old school teacher, Harry Maynard, for a long time middle weight champion of the world. In the Sazerack Saloon one night Maynard staged a big boxing bout. The proprietor was a great friend of Maynards. The object was to bring custom and money to the saloon. Maynard had it all fixed up with me, and how he set that business upon the floor was a mystery to me. He fixed me all up in one of the poker rooms, and when I stepped in that ring you should have heard the yells, and the same happened when he stepped in. He introduced me as the Utah Slugger. We met in the middle of the ring and the referee talked to us, and then we went to our corner, where we received some more instructions. Maynard had been clever about the whole thing. He had a lot of friends. The time keeper rang the bell for the first round and we made that pretty fast. He made it look like he had a little more than he could handle. From all appearances I knocked him down in the second round. The crowd nearly took the roof off. I never saw a more excited crowd. After we had gone a little while in the third round we clinched and I threw him on the floor in spite of himself, and the referee had to pull me off. That created more excitement than when I knocked him down. He sure laughed about that later. Said he never saw that happen in the ring. Sometimes I would crowd him close to the ropes, then he would have to put it on me a little harder, and when he got my head to bobbing back I had to ease up on my crowding. I don't remember the rounds we went, but the actual time spent in the ring, including the time spent in our corners, was thirty-five minutes. I don't know whenever I saw so much excitement. There were about twenty soldiers in the room. One big fellow drinking said he would like to put the gloves on with the fighting son of a B. He would clean him up quicker than the kid did. Maynard handed him the gloves I had been wearing. A captain interfered, and Maynard said, "Captain, you are making a mistake. You better let him put

the gloves on and I promise I will let him down light." I refereed that fight. They sparred around a few moments and the soldier made a wicked pass. Maynard just stepped aside and tapped him on the jaw. He went down in a heap. The captain was in that ring right now with his protest. Maynard said, "Captain, I am handling this case. If you make any disturbance you will get some of the same medicine." Notwithstanding the captain had his guns, he stepped out of that ring. I never saw such a look on a man's face as Maynard had. The man on the floor was groaning, his eyes turned back in his head, his body all doubled up. Everything was quiet. Maynard took hold of the man by his clothes at the back of his neck and started to run with him like he was dragging a dead cat. He drug him in one of the poker rooms, closed the door and locked it, and came back to the ring. It then occurred to me I had not yet announced the winner. It seemed that everybody understood what was going to happen next. So I said in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, he never touched him." From then on in Prescott that was a byword when anything out of the ordinary happened. They were all still wondering about the defeated soldier. They were at the bar drinking and in groups talking. The soldiers were all together, when Maynard went to the room, unlocked the door, and left it half opened. Maynard had already taken him his hat and coat. The guy pulled his hat down over his eyes, walked past the groups, and out at the door. Then came the laugh. I forgot to tell I got the decision over Maynard.

I passed men on the street and heard them say, "That's the young fellow that licked Maynard." It made me feel funny and I wondered if I had not done wrong. The bout was a deception. While I don't believe there was any money lost because no one believed there was one in Prescott could whip Maynard, and they really thought it happened.

One afternoon I was sitting in what was known as the corner saloon thinking about our coming trial and our trouble. Two men walked in and up to the bar, one a great pugilist-looking fellow. I was quite a distance from them, but I could hear every word they said. This big stranger asked who I was. The reply was, "That's the young fellow who licked Maynard." The fellow said, "Let's take another drink and I will go over and put my hand under his chin and lift him to his feet and box his ears." That was the only time I ever remember of planning to hurt somebody.

I intended if he attempted that I would break one of his legs just below the knee. The man said to the pugilist, "If you attempt that you will have me to deal with. That boy is a stranger in our town and I think he is a darn fine fellow. Neither you or anybody else can pull that kind of a trick on him without dealing with me." They walked out of that saloon together, not friends anymore. Oh, how I wanted to speak to that fellow and thank him for his kindness to me. I never met him again.

It was a very short time before this I was talking to a man who was friendly with me and seemed to think a lot of me. He handed me a gun to look at. It was a wicked-looking little devil, how it did glisten and shine. I noticed on the barrel three file notches. I said, "Is this your work?" He said, "Yes, and every time I look at it it makes me sick. It belongs to you now. You may need it someday." I did not sense or realize what that meant, and gingerly dropped it in my coat pocket. I tell you I got rid of that thing in a hurry, after that episode in the corner saloon. The file notches indicated he had killed three men with that gun. I sometimes wonder how the Lord kept up with me trying to keep me out of trouble. A day or night never passed over my head but what I prayed to the Lord, always thanking him for the blessings he had given me, and always asking him to shield and protect me from the evils of this wicked world and from the hands of both wicked men and women.

Next day or so I met five boys. They were talking on the street. It was toward evening. I knew those boys down in the valley, good Mormon boys all, husky fellows about like myself. One of them asked if I had ever been in a fast house. I told them no, and I never had any desire to know how they carried on in those houses, and besides, the Lord has said we should shun the very appearance of evil, and I was quite sure it would be hard to find a place more evil. So one of the boys said he thought we ought to know first hand about those places for our own benefit and be able to warn our children some day, and he suggested we go, but agree to allow nothing to separate one of us from the rest, and etc. They had heard of this place down in the south part of town. The landlady was small looking, about forty, and one of the girls was her daughter, a favorite among the men on account of her beauty, and they all wanted to see her. They had quite a history of the place so we all decided to go. It was a swell place alright. We were invited into a large beautiful parlor where we were entertained by five girls who sang at the piano. One

accompanied them. The others told stories. They seemed to think they were funny. I could see nothing funny about them. I had an idea they would have looked better if they had had more clothes on above their waist. Presently the landlady came in. I didn't like the looks on her because she stared at me. The boys bought and paid for five bottles of beer and actually drank with the girls. I would not have done it for a thousand dollars. It might have been doped. Every time I looked at the landlady she was looking at me and acted like she was mad. She finally said, "What did you come here for?" I replied, "That's a great question. I came to see your girls of course." She said, "This is no place for you." I replied, "You know nothing about me. I am a perfect stranger to you." She said she knew all about me. I asked her to give me some evidence. She said, "You live in a little town called Kanosh. Your mother's name is Mary. Your oldest sister is Alice. Your second sister is Annie, your third sister is Lillian. I have held you on my lap and have kissed you dozens and dozens of times. I want you to leave this place and never come into another place like this as long as you live." Believe me, I felt kind of creepy and thanked her and said, "Come on boys, let's get out of here." All the boys seemed to be startled and we were gone right now. I told the boys it was all a perfect mystery to me, and it was a mystery until I got back home and told mother the whole story. She said it was Mary Young. When a child and girl she lived in Mona just beyond Nephi. She married Walt Phelps, had a baby girl, left him, went to California, and the last mother heard of her she had gone bad. But it seems none of those fellows wanted to see me go bad. As soon as they found out my real attitude of life they respected me, upheld and sustained me in my efforts to be a real man, and a lot of them looked to me for counsel and advice on certain matters and problems. No one ever tried to force me to do wrong. A number of times I was coaxed and persuaded, but never forced.

Henry's case was set for trial one afternoon. We had been notified. Now came the greatest disappointment and greatest surprise that ever came into my life. Henry notified me he was not going to appear in court against Woody. I almost believed I could see Indian blood standing out in beads on his deep seated and revengeful face. I was thoroughly and completely disgusted with him. I made up my mind definitely and positively that our partnership and friendship had come to an end. I knew he had it in his mind to kill Woody as soon as he was turned loose and that would be just that afternoon. So you can possibly imagine my feelings. I appeared in court and when the court was called to order and the case

announced, maybe you can imagine my humiliation and shame in telling the court Henry Tacket would not appear in court. The witnesses, much less the District Attorney, knew nothing about it. I rushed from the courtroom and went to the west gate of the courtroom block and across the street. There he sat in a saloon watching the men come from the courthouse. He looked like a sullen, sulky mule that was not worth a dime. I figured he was worth less than that.

From the courthouse Woody went with the crowd toward the Saxerack Saloon opposite the north gate. I was puzzled. I did not know what to do. I had no report to make to Henry. I started north passing the Palace Saloon and on down to the Corner Saloon. I sat down quite away back in the building. Woody and a gang came in. He invited everybody to drink with me." I got up and went to the bar and said, "You dirty stinker. You have your nerve to ask me to drink with you." I walked out and saw Henry coming. He was past the Palace Saloon, and if I ever looked upon a demon it was him. I walked fast and passed right by him. He turned and said, "Kid, is that son of a B in that Corner Saloon?" He saw me come out of the saloon. I said, "No". That was one time I lied knowingly. He said, "I believe you are lying." I said, "If that is the confidence you have in me you can go straight to hell," and I walked on. He overtook me in a hurry and stopped me, and of all the apologizing he went through it. He said, "You know I did not mean that. You know I would die for you." I said, "Yes, you would die for me, but you won't live and be a man for me. See the disgrace you have brought upon us, when we both had a townful of friends, and right now you are trying to run your crazy neck in a noose on the gallows and bring further shame and disgrace on me. He jumped up from his chair and said, "I want no court settling cases like that for me. I prefer settling them myself," and away he went. Of course, I told him a lot of things I am not writing, partly in order for Woody to get away. In a few minutes I followed him. I knew the bartender at the Corner Saloon. I asked him what happened. He said he told Tacket Woody had just been there and left, and said he was going down to the fast house in the north east part of town. At the fast house he met two officers, husky men, one of them Tacket's friend. Like a flash this man relieved Henry of his gun. He knew where he carried it. Henry was insulted and offered a protest. The other officer said, "One move out of you and you are finished." His friend said, "I am disappointed in you. You have been such a fine fellow I hate to do this, but if you think we are going to permit such actions as you are carrying on, you're mistaken."

They put him in a cell in the jail. Next morning the officer who had been his friend gave him his gun, empty, of course, and told him he could go wherever he pleased. Woody was a long way from Prescott. He said to me, "When are you going back to work?" I replied, "We are not going back to work. Do you think", said I "the people in Prescott want us here? In your broken condition do you think we could make a start someplace else?" I said, "Here is your ticket to your home town in Oklahoma. There is a train leaving today. Take it." He was a whipped, disappointed, and a broken man. All he seemed to want to do was cry. He didn't take the train, but got the money for his ticket and went down in the Valley. I went back to Jerome for a very short time. My friends seemed pleased to see me, but the town, people, everything seemed as strange as when I first went there. It seemed to me like I had been through hell. I looked upon the whole thing in all it's horror. It really seemed like a strange and frightful nightmare. I was not many days getting away.

When I arrived at Aunt Susan's and met my folks and the kids I felt very much like I did when I returned home from the shepherd as a child. I had a time to keep from crying. I felt if I could sneak away and cry for half an hour I would be happy. I had been in hell for sometime. I was now in heaven. Katie heard of my arrival. She was not long in getting to Aunt Susan's. They were all as sweet and lovely as they could be, and when I got by myself how I thanked the Lord for standing by me and bringing me through all that mess I had been living in. How my dying father's last words rang in my ears during my stay in those towns. He said, "My boy, I want you to lead a clean life and always honor God." So I always prayed to God. His name has always been sacred to me. It has always seemed strange to me how men of understanding could profane His sacred name. Up until this present moment of time, I have never once profaned the name of God, and up until this moment I have never defiled myself. I expect to meet my earthly father, George Black, someday and say, "Father, I have kept your counsel."

A big change seemed to have taken place. My brothers were out at Bisby Hines working, freighting. The Highland canal was finished, and the men all gone. Had it not been for the ones I knew and loved I really don't know what I would have done. I had been under such a tremendous strain so long I was not myself. Such strange

things had been happening so fast it seemed I could not honorably get away from them. I had tried to be a friend to everybody and I believe I made a pretty good job of it. I was conscious to some extent the danger I was in all the time. Some men have no regard for life. They were somewhat afraid of the law, but a week or so at home made a lot of difference.

Talma Pomeroy wanted me to work on his farm at Mesa. He was a young man, filled a mission, got married, and they had a baby about eight months old. They owned and operated a hotel in the center of town. He and his wife were both young. One day she caught me feeding the baby some orange. She almost took a fit. She thought her baby was killed. I said, "You can't make me believe anything a baby likes as that baby does that orange, that it will hurt the baby." I said, "If it was my baby I would give it all the orange juice it wanted." It sure cried when the mother took it, but I was warned never to do that trick again. It seemed I thought as much of it as if it were my own. Talma had a big farm and had been trying for two or three years to get some alfalfa started. I told him to let me try it. I prepared 20 acres of ground, got it in good shape, and broadcast the seed and harrowed it, and it looked like every good seed grew. Was he a pleased man.

I seemed to be restless. I went back to Phoenix to help the Shafer Bros. haul hay. They paid a little better money. I was with them only a short time when Maggie McDonald sent for me to come at once. She had a sweetheart in Mexico on a mission. She had told me all about their plans. They were going to Utah to be married in the Temple as soon as he was released and arrived home. He was now released, took typhoid fever, and died. The law in Mexico provided in such cases the bodies must be buried one year before they could be moved out of Mexico. When I arrived in Lehi, Maggie was in bed, and it was some time before she knew me. I don't know how it was, but it seemed no one was of much comfort to her but me, and I did everything I could think of, I thought would help her. She was as lovely as any girl I ever knew, sweet and clean and wholesome, smart and beautiful. She had managed the co-op store since her sweetheart, Vest Collett, had been on his mission, and some time before. That shock pretty near killed her, that poor girl. She used to go with Katie and I quite often. They were good friends. She lived just across the road from Aunt Susan's. I spent quite a lot of time in their home, just the mother and two girls, Bessie, about 18, and I think she was the best looking girl in town. No trouble for a guy to fall in love with her. Maggie had good sense and

very good judgement. After awhile she began to snap out of it. The mother, Sister Mark, as I always called her, looked more like my own mother than any woman I had ever seen or ever have seen, and so she tried to take a mother's part by me. She never had a boy, only these two girls, and her husband had been dead for years, and so it pleased her for me to claim her as mother, especially when I would put my arm around her and kiss her.

About this time a terribly sad thing came into our family. George's little Loran took sick. George had to come home. Some kind of fever. In a week or ten days he died. He was about five or six years old. In about a week, Johnny, the baby, about a year old, had the same trouble, and about the same length of time he died. No one can possibly know what sorrow that kind of thing brings, nor how to sympathize with the people in that kind of sorrow until they have passed through it. They had another little fellow left, Henry, about three. He and I were pals. I made a lot of him. He was a very affectionate little fellow. Only a short time after Johnny left, I was trying to play with Henry when his mother asked me not to bother him. She was sure he did not feel well. I don't know what ever possessed me to answer in such a manner, but I replied, "No, he is not well. He will be dead in a week." I don't believe I ever did as crazy a trick in my life. She began to cry hysterically. I put my arm around her and apologized and tried to comfort her, telling her it was only a crazy remark and had no meaning, but I could not pacify her. I could tell she looked upon that remark as a prophecy. In just one week to the day he died.

Very few times since I was twelve years old had I cried, but this time I was heartbroken. I almost felt that I was the cause of his death. I could not have thought more of the child if he belonged to me, and sorrow in the extreme it surely brought to me. The last three days and nights he lived I never closed my eyes. I ran errands and walked the floor and prayed. I did not know whether I should ask the Lord to forgive me or not for making that prediction. I don't know why it was, but George buried his children in the Mesa Cemetery. Bro. Calemo Hakes and Lyman Levett lived in Mesa, lifetime friends of George in Utah. I think it was in one of their lots. I remember driving a team in the precession. Katie sat by my side. I hardly knew what I was doing, driving to the place where that child was to be

buried. I cannot describe how I suffered in my feelings, I do not remember a thing that was said at the funeral, nor can I really remember how we got home from that funeral. I am sure Katie knew more about my feeling then anyone else, and she gave me her love and sympathy.

I worked on the threshing machine. It was owned by a company. They had a crew of six or eight men. I fired the engine, the worst job on account of the heat. We threshed for a big Mexican farmer. He fed the threshers. We were at his home two or three days. He had a very fine-looking daughter. She had had every advantage of an education and it was seen in all her actions. She seemed to be a perfect lady. The old gentlemen had some steady hands on his farm. One among them, a big fine-looking fellow, seemed to be well educated and was very much in love with the girl from all appearances, and what we could learn. In fact, they were keeping company. She waited on the table, and it was noticed she stopped by me and joked, and of course I joked back, thinking nothing of it. Some of the boys told me her sweetheart was offended at me. After that I tried to avoid speaking to her and she noticed it. That made her more determined to talk to me. Some of the Mexican boys suggested to our guys a wrestle between this guy and myself. I am sure this guy put them up to it; he was a wrestler. He had two fine belts and they were used for that purpose. He was a little heavier than myself. I weighed 180. We were about the same age. He and some of his pals were present when our boys asked me if I would wrestle him. I told them no, I did not care to wrestle. He called me a coward and said, "You would not dare to wrestle me." That nettled me, but I tried not to show it. I asked him how he wanted to wrestle. He showed me two belts at least two inches wide. We would stand up together and each take hold of the other fellow's belt with our hands equally divided and when the referee said go we were to begin wrestling, and if either one of us let go the belt with either hand, he lost the fall. The one or the other had to be thrown on their back. It was a novel thing to me, and looked mighty skittish, but he had called me a coward. I was not used to taking that. I told our boys to put up their money, and it was only a few moments until we were ready to go. He looked daggers at me. When the referee said go I don't know how he did it but it seemed to me he threw me right over his head, but I lit on my feet instead of my back, so I am sure he expected. He worked fast and jerked me around mighty rough for a while, I was catching on, and it was not long before

I slammed him on his back so hard he laid there some little time. Of course, I was awarded the fall. It was quite a show to the whole family, which consisted of the old man, his wife, and daughter and the men who worked there. I thought the treating her sweet had received from me would settle matters between the girl and me, but to my surprise it was the reverse. She smiled and seemed to want to shake my hand or at least that is the way I felt. We expected to leave for Mesa that afternoon, and if we had not been leaving I would have found a way to leave, not that I yet felt I was a coward, but I wanted no such experience as my companion had in Jerome. This guy and his pals had been off to one side sometime, and when they all streamed back one of them said, referring to me, "He can't do it again." Our boys looked at me. I spoke up and said, "Put up all the money you have." The wrestle was matched again. I threw him in almost less time than it takes to tell it. Out of common courtesy I had to let that girl talk to me. That was one girl I really believed I could have captured.

A few days after our arrival back to Mesa I came down with typhoid fever. Seemed like trouble followed me. I lay for weeks in Aunt Susan's home, Dr. Farral from Mesa waiting on me. I think I lost 38 pounds in eight days. I had the best of care. The whole community seemed anxious about me and offered their services to help in any way. Katie seemed a great source of comfort. She was naturally just that way.

I began to think it was about time for me to find my way back home in Utah. I thought this over for days, finally decided definitely to go home. I hardly knew how to break the news to Katie. I imagined how she would feel. Finally I told her my plans. She said I would have to take her along. She couldn't stay there if I was gone. I asked her how it could be done. She informed me she had plenty of money. I said, "What will we do when we get there, me not able to work, no telling when." At any rate, I told her we would have to be reasonable, we were both young and no hurry about young folks like us wanting to settle down, and besides after I had been home some time she might not want to come to Utah. I noticed that line of talk was giving her a great deal of pain. I knew she wanted to get married. I knew there was no other girl I thought more of, but I was wondering if there was

not one somewhere. I would not have been willing for her to go home with me even if we had plenty of money to get home on, and enough left to buy us a good modern home. Of course, she did not know my feelings, so I told her I would go and within a year if we were both of the same opinion I would send for her or come and get her, to which she very reluctantly agreed. Then she broke down and had what I called a good cry.

I shall never forget the parting. I spent the last evening part of the time at Bishop Jones' and part at the headgate. Next morning Katie was at Aunt Susan's. I kissed Aunt Susan and then thanked her from the bottom of my heart for all she had done for me, the same with my sister-in-law. I then put my arms around my sister, Melissa, who was about 16, and one of the coming young ladies in town. I held on to Katie for some time, and then left. I had a chance to go to Jerome one hundred miles on my way home. I was feeling extra good. My intention was to try and find some easy job at Jerome and make a little money and get a little strength before proceeding further. I knew I had a few trusted and tried friends in Jerome, Mr. Jerue, the foreman and the engineer on the big hoist. He had a family someplace. Henry Murphy, my dead friend Walter's brother, the boarding house men, some of the businessmen, and some of the men at the smelter. After a few days rest I walked up to the smelter. I had not seen the foreman yet. The men at the smelter had quite a lot of spare time during their twelve hour shift, after tapping the retorts and running the hot copper in molds and cleaning the hot slag out of the retorts, while the next batch of ore was being smelted. I met the foreman talking to one of the smelter hands, a good friend of mine. When he turned and saw me he seemed startled and said, "My God, where have you been and what have you been doing?" I told him I had been down in the valley and had been sick, but I was now well and wanted a job. He said, "What in the world do you think you could do?" I told him I could do anything that didn't require work. My friend, the smelter man, spoke up and told the foreman where he could put his partner, "And I will," said he, "Take the kid as my partner and he can sit in that cushion chair over by that post and draw his pay and I will do all the work until he is well and able to help me." I came to that chair every morning and sat the day out for four days; every day I could tell I was getting worse. The fifth day I took the stage for Prescott to see one of my old friends, the best doctor in the state, and was considered as such, but it was a hard job to ever find him sober. He

was nearly always drunk. He was not in town, so I went to Dr. Johnson and was under his care about four days when I heard my old friend had returned. If he had remained away from town another week I would not have needed a doctor. I could feel myself slipping fast. I can see the old doctor, now after going to his office. I went in search of him, a man about 80, long white hair, a white heavy beard about a foot long, and two little stains of tobacco juice about four inches long on his beard. I met him on the sidewalk. He was taking nearly all the sidewalk in which to travel. He would have passed right by me, but I caught hold of him and began talking to him. It was some little time before he recognized me. He made practically the same remark that the foreman at Jerome made, and I made practically the same reply, only this time I was looking for a doctor instead of a job. After a few preliminaries he said, "Who is doctoring you?" I told him. He said, "After you are through with him, if he hasn't killed you, come to me," and he started on. I stopped him, and told him I was through with Dr. Johnson and had now come to him and explained I had come to the city expressly to see him. He took me by the arm and we walked to his office. He asked me to be seated and he sat down at his desk and wrote on two or three blanks and told me to go to a certain drug store and have those prescriptions filled out and take them exactly as labeled and come to his office each morning for a few mornings. Then he would tell me exactly what to do. He told me I would be better after the first dose. Every day I was better, and at last I had the final talk with him. He asked me what Dr. Johnson told me and about what he did for me. "He told me I would be as sound as a dollar in two or three weeks." So the old Dr. said, "He knew nothing about your case, and as for you being cured is concerned and be able to go to work, it will be a year before you are able to do any kind of work. You better stay a few more days, then you can start for your home in Utah." Before I got away I received a lot of instructions and advice, and when I finally was ready to leave I asked, "What is my bill?" He laughed and said nothing, then continued, "Some day you may have good luck and make some money, and if that day ever happens and you have more money than you know what to do with, it will be alright to send a few dollars", saying he had plenty of money and would have no need for any money much longer. He gave me a long course of medicine, cautioned me to go easy and use the medicine as the directions indicated, and told me to forget the money, I was now on my way to Flagstaff and homeward bound.

## Chapter XXVII

I am now back at Coyote, now called Antimony, the home of my brothers George and Will, the place we started from in route to Arizona. I have had a remarkable experience for more than two years in Arizona. I have witnessed the two extremes of life; a life of sorrows, degradation and crime, wickedness in all its ramifications, where men had no regard for life and where virtue was not known. I think I met hundreds of men who I am sure did not know the meaning of virtue. I met a lot of men who had been gone from their homes from five to twenty years, who had never written a line home, who did not know whether father or mother were dead or alive. I worked with one man, an Irishman, like myself, who had not heard from home for fourteen years. He met with an accident, lost one eye and one hand in a blast, then he went home. I was working on a vineyard near Marycopa Junction. I went to the station for some things for the camp and met five boys like myself, also a kid not more than 10 with them. A freight train started moving. A red-headed boy tried to ride the brakes and lost his hold some way. An alarm was given, the engineer stopped the train. The boy's head was in one place, a leg in another, and an arm in another place. The train men gathered up the remains and put them in some sacks and took them on to Tuscon for burial. Not one of his pals knew his name. They called him Red. The father and mother probably looked and mourned for him until they died.

On the other hand I had been associated with individuals and groups of people whose refinement could not be excelled, whose goodness could not be surpassed, boys who would rather sacrifice an arm than wrong a girl or try to rob her of her virtue. I knew girls who were lovely, sweet, clean and wholesome as virtuous as any girls who ever lived. I am sure they thought no evil. I am sure all these contacts and experiences gave me a broader vision of life and a greater appreciation of my life and thanksgiving to my father in heaven for my parents, who were honest upright, and virtuous, true to each other and their God, and the covenants they had made with him in Holy and sacred places. My mind went rapidly back to the different places I had been the past two years. I wanted to forget all, except the beautiful memories of Mesa City, and Lehi and especially the latter place. The love that was given me there by more than one, not to mention my own. But such as Maggie McDonald, her mother and Bessie, her sister, and Katie, who seemed to be my

own, and now that I was gone I wondered just what they thought about me. I knew I would soon be forgotten in Jerome, Prescott and Phoenix, but the friendships formed in Mesa and Lehi would last through life and extend into eternities.

Everything in Coyote was about the same as I left it so far as I could observe. I knew most of the families there, besides the Kings and the Blacks. I knew the Riddles, the Wilcox's, the Warners the Dannel Ross Family, Charley Rowen's family and others. I left my pinto horse in charge of Volney King, about my age. He turned the horse on the mountain east of town and had never had hold of him since. As soon as he was put on the range he turned outlaw again. He found a companion to go with, a hay white face horse, and it seemed the men could never put them in a corral, so Volney suggested he and I go up to his ranch. He had five good saddle horses in a pasture. We took a pack horse, bedding and supplies to last us three or four days.

I told Volney I would not be much use to him. He said he would get the Blackburn boys to help. They had a ranch five miles from Volney's, about nine o'clock next morning we jumped the outlaws, Pinto and his mate. Volney's idea was to run him down and rope him on the range. So he stationed me and said he would chase him a few miles and bring him back to me, then take my horse, and repeat the same thing, over which he did, then left my horse and took his for another chase. We spent that day, and when we quit Pinto and his mate, who was a confirmed outlaw, seemed to be about as fresh as when we started them in the morning. The next morning we started about the same time, I think. We took another three horses, had one extra; we jumped them again about the same time and about noon five of the Blackburn brothers joined us in the chase. The white face horse fagged out completely. The boys ran along by the side of him and whipped him over the head. Pinto seemed to out-general the boys on their stations.

Between four and five o'clock one of the Blackburn boys brought him across a long stretch of country headed for the corral. Pinto was about twenty rods in head. Blackburn had his rope ready to throw it, but could not get close enough to throw it. Pinto passed me. He was white with laughter but going strong. Two or three boys on good horses ready to shoot him right into the corral. I rode right along with

Blackburn behind Pinto and when he reached the corral instead of going in he went right over a high pole fence and into a pasture. A pair of bars were let down hurriedly and one of the Blackburn boys went after him. I told him if Pinto jumped the fence at the other side of the pasture to kill him. This guy had his pistol. Blackburn circled him and it looked as if he was coming back to the crowd but he turned and came to the fence, about two hundred yards south of the corral and a boy from the crowd started to meet him. I said, "If he comes over that fence and you miss with your rope shoot him." He came over the fence alright and the fellow did not have a chance to miss with his rope. Pinto was out of his reach. That man was riding old Brownny, the best horse on the ranch, so they said. One of the Blackburn boys said, "Don't worry. Old Brownny will capture him and bring him back." Bear in mind old Brownny had not been on the chase and was perfectly fresh.

We all waited about two hours and a half when we saw old Brownny coming with his head down and his rider urging him along. I said, "Did you leave him somewhere in the woods?" He replied, "Yes, I left him and the last time I saw him the son of a B, he was running." I said, "Will you boys promise me the next time any of you run across him you will shoot him?" Old Brownny's rider spoke up and said, "None of us will ever shoot him. A horse with the nerve that fellow has, is entitled to is liberty." The next day Volney and I went back to Coyote.

I rested a few days, then started for Kanosh, stopping the first night with my old friend and his family, Harry Burling, at their home at the south of the Clear Creek Canyon. The next night I was home. It was sure a welcome homecoming. Mother and my three sisters, seemed to be pleased to see me as I was to see them. My two older sister, Alice and Annie, had families of their own.

My poor sister Lillian, one of the sweetest souls that ever graced the earth, had not been free from pain one hour in those past two years. I had been gone that long and made my stake, which consisted of one 50 cent peice and that was all I had to my name. I had sent mother and the girls, Lillian and Birdie, quite a lot of money from Arizona, but so much trouble gathered around me the last few months I had a hard time getting home.

I followed my old doctor's orders, and it sure was surprising how I improved and did light work as I could find and finally went to prospecting on Gold Mountain as well as working. I first worked for Dug Tomkinson sinking a deep shaft on the claim he called Tip Top on top of the mountain above the Sevier Mine. One day I was working down in the shaft about forty-five feet deep and Charley Jukes was winlassing the dirt to the top of the shaft. After the bucket was landed he would put the dirt in a wheel barrow then hook the heavy oak iron-bound bucket to the end of the rope and sent the bucket back down to me. One time he failed to fasten the bucket to the rope. As soon as the bucket started down he began to scream, "Look out below, look out below." I instantly stood up in one of the corners of the shaft and took my chance. The bucket was there falling just behind me. He shouted, "Are you hurt?" I made no reply. He came down that ladder almost frightened to death. I told him he was a fine specimen for a man to trust his life in his hands. I climbed out of that shaft and refused to work with him longer. From the bottom of my heart again, as well as other times, I thanked the Lord for sparing my life. The very thing I prayed for everyday.

Billie Johnston helped me some at the Tip Top. We were together and worked together. He was a young fellow who came out from Chicago. During all this time I got letters frequently from Katie. They were lovely letters full of news telling me all the changes taking place among the young especially. Her letters were a source of comfort to me, and still I could feel all the time there was something lacking. I would shake it off and write her as fine a love letter as I knew how, at the same time keeping her posted on what I was doing and trying to do. To make me feel good I suppose, she would sometimes conclude her letters with words something as follows. Much love from your affectionate wife to be. Instead of that making me feel good it made me feel creepy. There was no one I thought as much of, and still the thought of her being my wife seemed a mighty big order. I was determined, however, to be game and sporty and tried to write her as fine letters as she wrote me, and they were sure swell. Still I began to worry and wondered why she clung onto me with such tenacity when some of the swellest boys in the country were wild about her. Her school teacher, only four or five years older, loved her with a passion. No better boy in the Church then him.

Dug Tompkinson took a contract to drive a tunnel in the mountain about 300 feet. He took Billy Johnston and I in with him. This tunnel was just below the Sevier Mine. There was a nice warm cabin by the mouth of the tunnel. We got ready our winter supplies, powder caps and fuse, coal to sharpen our drills, and we moved in for the winter.

Before telling about our winter's job I got a letter from Volney King to say he had caught Pinto, my outlaw pony. He said after the first big snow Pinto came out of the mountains and Volney found him with a big band of horses in the valley in the north fork of the Sevier River. Pinto saw him and began traveling up the valley in about two feet of snow. The band were following him. Volney stayed close to the band. He finally saw that Pinto was tiring breaking the trail, so Volney got his rope all ready and at last charged through the band and before Pinto realized what had happened he had a lariat around his other end of the lariat had the rope snubbed to the horn of the saddle. He said Pinto went hog wild when that rope tightened on his neck. He bucked and balled and bellowed, bit the rope and fought like a tiger. Volney choked him some and tangled him up and threw him, tied his legs and put a hackemore on him, then let him get up. He was licked; the fight was all over. He stood there as calm as Volney's saddle horse. Volney put the saddle and bridle on Pinto, turned his horse loose, and started him toward home. Volney said it really seemed a pleasure to ride a good saddle horse. Any kid in Town, boy or girl, could ride him.

I wrote Volney to sell or trade him to somebody who liked that kind of horse before he got back in the mountains and he (Volney) probably would never get hold of him again. In the next letter he said he had traded him for a nice little mare with a colt. I wrote and told him to give the mare and colt to Brother George's son, George K. I never heard from my outlaw pony again.

We went at our job in good earnest, driving our tunnel after two or three days we finally got under cover. Also got quite a lot of timber to the ground. We soon discovered our whole job was going to be rock and every foot would have to be drilled and shot. The rock was full of seams and cracks and looked as if it would have to be timbered, so when we put off a few shots from deep holes, it tore out so much stuff it took a long time to muck it out, and put it down over a

dump. So I suggested I work nights alone and break the ground and they work together day shift and move the rock and dirt in a wheelbarrow and timber the ground that my shot had broken. I think it was \$7 or \$7.50 per foot our contract called for, and company to furnish explosives. So now we were organized. The rock was rather soft, and during my shift I would drill three or four long holes. This would require a great deal of care and judgement to know how to point the holes to make the powder break the greater volume of ground. Some miners could never learn this secret. It was alright for them to work for a company, but if they worked for themselves on a contract they would lose money. Fine fellows, but they lacked the judgement on that particular science. So I would drill those long holes single hand and load them with giant powder, and here is where the greater part of the science came into it. To know just how much powder to put in the respective holes and to cut the fuse so the proper hole would explode first. Just before leaving the tunnel, I would light all those holes in their proper order. I had to be sure that each fuse spit before leaving it. Otherwise that shot would not go off, which always caused a lot of trouble and danger. A lot of miners in trying to set off a number of shots would become excited for fear they were not going to get away and out of danger and they would actually leave, knowing some of those fuses had not been lighted. Every night or every morning when my round of shots went off at least four feet of new ground back from the face of the tunnel had been broken. Sometimes if it was five feet my partners had the job of cleaning things up, then put in a set of timber to fit the hole that my powder had broken. Sometimes and most of the time they had to work long past the allotted time of their shift. They had to have everything ready for me to go at my night shift. In addition to that they had to sharpen my steel.

When I started that night work we expected to change off with each other, which we tried but it did not work. They both tried it and tried it. They would break about two feet. I say they, I mean which ever one it was. Things would be messed up so we would have to try and drill and shoot out another two feet, which we would and the day would be gone and no timber put in. So we fooled along in this fashion for some time until we decided if I did not break that ground we were not going to make any money, so I stuck to my job and worked nights alone for more than two

months until we had finished our contract. Charles Crane, who lived here in Kanosh, was one of the companies we were working for. They received our work. We had all drawn some money. I had Mr. Crane give my mother some money a couple of times, but of course the great bulk of our money was to come, so Billy and I let Dug go to Salt Lake City to make the settlement. We had the receipts for all we had drawn, and we supposed the company would make checks for each of us according to our share. Charley Crane was there, and the company paid the greenbacks in one lump for the work. Mr. Crane had told me in the beginning he would see that I got my money. I had told him Dug Tomkinson could not be trusted because he drank. His intentions were always good, but a man who drank could not be trusted. So when the company settled the account Mr. Crane told Dug he (Crane) had better take my share and bring it with him in two or three days. Dug had the money in his hands then. Dug answered Crane and said, "Hell almighty, Charley, do you think I would take a chance on that boy losing his money. He is the guy who made this. I am going to get on the train right now for Kanosh and don't you worry. I will take those boy's money to them." Well, before Dug took the train he stopped in a saloon to get a drink and when he came to next morning in a corner of the saloon where he had been sleeping he did not have enough to buy a drink. I think it was about a week before he came home. Crane came ahead of him and when I went to see him, imagine his surprise Billie Johnston and I had no money. Then when I stopped to think of the sacrifice I had made and the way I had worked all those lonely weary nights and the chances I had taken and the hundreds of thousands of strokes of that four pound hammer all for nothing because I knew Dug had been robbed. He finally came home like a sneaking whipped pup. We both felt like stomping him in the ground. He cried like a baby and told about forty lies, and that's all there was about it. He had nothing but a horse, which he gave me, and I think I got forty dollars for the horse.

It seems that it has been my lot all my life, to in some way be beat out of my pay. A few men like Brother Hunter and Brother Anthony Paxton were always on the dead square with me. I never dealt with more honorable men. A lot of men whom you would least expect were the most crooked. I will not mention them. They are all dead. I got work with the Sevier Mining Company. It seemed they were only doing prospect work. For sometime I worked as a partner with Bill Lenord, a man about 30, fine looking fellow but a man of

the world; he chewed tobacco. I thought a lot of him. I did not know the taste of tobacco until I met him. I confess he had quite an influence over me. I had smoked a cigarette once when I was about 16, for which act I have always been ashamed. But this man actually persuaded me to take a nibble at his plug of tobacco two or three different times. At this particular time we were working night shift driving a tunnel in the mountain, doing what was known as doublehand work. This kind of work is where two men work together. One holds the drill and the other strikes the drill with a long-handled eight-pound sledge hammer. Sometimes drilling several holes during the eight hour shift. Strange as it may seem, one night I found myself walking in that tunnel with a pound plug of horseshoe tobacco in my seat pocket, for which I had paid sixty cents. Did I feel proud. No, I felt ugly and mean. I said nothing to him about it. He was holding the drill. I was using the hammer. The more I thought about it the madder I got. We were driving a long upper. My hammer had to come over his shoulder. He stopped me and said, "What in the world is the matter with you. You act as if we had to put all these holes down within the next hour." I told him there was nothing wrong and for him to keep on holding his drill. It was only a few minutes until I laid the hammer down and started out of the tunnel. He said, "Where in the hell do you think you are going?" I told him I was going out on the dump to see how far I could throw this damn plug of tobacco down the canyon. He stopped me and put the tobacco in his pocket. I don't remember of ever having a peice of tobacco in my hands since. We talked about the moral question. He told me I had the right slant on life. "Some day", said he, "You will get married and raise a nice family and be happy." He said he had wrecked the lives and broken the hearts of two or three beautiful girls by leading them to believe he was going to marry them. After accomplishing his purposes he left them, him to suffer always with a guilty conscience.

After some time some nice bodies of ore were found and the Company sent back east for a mill expert; a man by the name of William Belding came out. I was sent to meet him down at the Robison Ranch in Clear Creek Canyon, a distance of eleven miles. He came on the train to Elsinore, then in a buggy to the Robison Ranch. He was a stocky built man about 45 years old, rather on the joking order. I introduced myself and then introduced Mr. Robison. His first question to Mr. Robison was "Are you a Mormon?" Robison's reply was

"Yes, sir." Robison continued, "It takes my wife and I to make one good Mormon." Belding wanted Robison to explain how it took them both to make one good Mormon. Robison replied, "My wife believes in all the principals of Mormonism except polygamy, and I don't believe in any of them except polygamy." There were several men standing there, and thought that fellow would burst himself laughing. Robison led us all into the big front room where the table was set for dinner. Robison was busy entertaining us while dinner was going on. Sister Robison was putting things on the table and waiting on us all. Robison paid no attention to her. Of course, I thought it was his business, not mine, to introduce Belding to his wife. After dinner I was in the kitchen talking to the girls Salina, Eva and Pearl, grown daughters of Robisons, beautiful girls too. Belding and the men went out to smoke. Robison came in the kitchen. Believe me, he sure got a calling down from Sister Robison for not introducing her to the stranger. She told him if he had a morsel of respect for his family he would not trust them that way. She called him a dumb ass, etc. He replied, "I was never so mortified in my life. I thought you had better sense than to come in there and show your face and prance around as you did. I wouldn't have that man know you were my wife for anything in this world." Then he was gone. I don't believe Maggie was ever any more angry when she beat up on Jiggs.

It was only a few days until Belding located a millsite and proceeded to put up the building, consisting almost entirely of the timber that grew on the Sevier Mining Company's property. It was a huge affair to me. A big crew of men at work. The big trench 6 feet wide, 18 or 20 feet long, walls perpendicular 10 or 12 feet deep into which great big logs were placed together on end, pounded down with a big trip hammer, bound together with iron bands, carpenters working for days with planes making it smooth for the stamp to go on, while this was going on Belding had a road surveyed from the Robison Ranch to the mine. He took me over this proposed road and showed me the stakes. Three bridges had to be built, over which the big heavy machinery had to pass. He said to me, "I am going East to be gone about three weeks to get the machinery. I want you to build this road as it has been surveyed and outlined, do you understand?" I told him I guessed I did, then I laughed at him and told him anybody could build an old country road like this. He looked at me and said, "I want this road finished by the time I get back." I told him not to worry or to be in too big a hurry to get

back. He was a very rough man; profaned frequently. He had already shown me a number of favors and courtesies. I knew he liked me. He would even ask my advice. I had a job that would take care of itself whether I was there or not. Just to illustrate, he had bought a horse and saddle. He called the horse Bulldog. He told me one Saturday morning, "You are working too hard. I want you to take Bulldog and go down and spend Sunday with the Robison family," at the same time giving me money to pay my expenses and telling me to take my time and to come home Monday. I did as he told me and had a lovely time. It didn't look good to me, and I told him so, as I knew my time was going on as if I had been on the job. I told him he could not pull that kind of stuff on me anymore.

Belding went East. I hired men and teams and got the things I needed to use on the job. Most of the proposed route looked all wrong to me, so I began to change the route. I had a mixed bunch of men, some married men with good judgement, and some boys, just young fellows. Some of the men thought I was making a big mistake by taking it on myself to change the road. I told some of the men I was not going to build either of those bridges, that road was not going to cross the creek once. I was going to build it on one side of the creek the entire distance to the mine. That created quite a lot of confusion and disturbance among the men. I finally called them all together and said, "Now, boys, I am building this road and I am going to build it to suit myself, and if there are any among you who are afraid you will not get the money you are working for or if you do not dare to work under my directions, you can quit right now because we can't have any confusion and we only need one boss. I may have to call on some of you to look after some parts of the work. This talk I am making is that we might understand each other. I have no fault to find with any of you. I know all of you and you are all fine fellows." There was no more trouble. We went right along with our work. To avoid making bridges we cut the side of the hills away and made dugways. We had to do some blasting with powder, but things went along very smooth, and awhile before the road was finished I had some men up in front clearing timber away and breaking new ground, some back in the rear finishing, and some in between. With this latter bunch one day I was helping. I was riding the plow when a group of four men drove up in a high class buggy and fine looking team. We had stopped for our four horses to get their wind. A rather elderly man riding with the driver asked if we could tell him where he could find the foreman. I walked over to the

buggy and told him I guess I was the guy he was looking for. He looked me over and said, "Do you mean to tell me you are the man who had charge of these men building this road?" I informed him that was the case. He asked me to get in the buggy and ride a little way with him. Going over a little raise we all got down except the driver, and they began to stretch themselves. The man I had been talking to asked my name and I told him. He then said, "Do you know me?" I replied, "Yes, sir, you are Charley Lanensdolph, the principal owner of the Sevier Mine." He went on to say, "Then you know you are working for me?" "Yes," I said, "In a way." Then he introduced me to the other two fellows who were stockholders, and I think lived in New York. Uncle Charley said, "I see you do not know how to handle men. You are too familiar with them. I even saw you riding that plow. You should be more dignified and firm. Speak to men when you want them to do something. You should be wearing white kid gloves and avoid soiling them." A lot of other instructions he gave me and said he wanted me to follow them, to which I made no reply. Then he reached in the buggy for a bottle of whiskey and asked me to drink with them. I told them they would have to excuse me. They all took a hearty drink. Uncle Charley passed a box of cigars to his friends, then to me. Again I told them they would have to excuse me. One of the men made a remark I did not like, and I told him I tried to be just as choice with my morals as I was with these other evil habits. They laughed, and Uncle Charley said, "What kind of a damn man are you anyway?" I replied, "I think you have already formed an opinion." They got back in the buggy and drove on up to the camp. They now had something to talk about, and I am sure something to think about.

It was not until many days that Belding came. He came along up the new road. The biggest dugway was down near the commencement of the road. When he got to where I was we went off to one side. He blew up and cursed and profaned. I asked him if he could see anything wrong with the new road. He said that was not the question. "The question is," said he, "Why did you not build that road according to the survey and according to my instructions? That is the question I want you to answer." I replied, "It is very easy and simple to answer. It was the profound respect I have for you, after looking over the survey, I found the man who did the job had no sense, and if I had built that road and bridges as outlined, the thinking men would have said, 'If Belding has no more sense about building and running a stamp mill then he has about building a canyon road, he is sure a poor

excuse. So I couldn't stand the thought of having you humiliated in that way, so I just took the bull by the horns. That's my answer." He never replied; he was like, knocked out, and took the count. I had given him my time book and the accounts. Next day he came to me and tried to apologize. He said he had gone over things carefully and found I had saved the company \$1,200.00.

A few days later the machinery for a Ten Stamp mill had arrived. Quite a number who had helped on the road were retained on the job at the time. In the course of a little while the mill was running. It was sure a novelty to green-horns like myself. Those big stamps dropping and crushing that hard flinty ore to a fine powder, then seeing it move down over those huge copper plates or tables mixed with water and chemicals, the slag or waste carried in a pipe or trough down the hill over a dump. I have forgotten how long this process went on before the stamps were stopped and the plates were cleaned. All the gold and silver that was in the ore was left on the plates. It was carefully cleaned off and dried and put in sacks and shipped to some smelter. No one, I presume, but Belding and the mine officials knew whether or not it was paying. Along about Dec. 10th quite a number of men were laid off. It didn't look good to me. Dec. 23rd the mine and mill were shut down and we were all laid off. Belding seemed to be unable or unwilling to tell me anything. I was so in hopes it would be a success for my own sake and for the sakes of a lot of other fellows. David Dunsire made arrangement for him and myself to ride to Joseph City next morning. He layed up at Coyote where my brothers lived. I had known him for a long time. His wife was born and raised in the house where my wife lived all her life until I married her. Nort Warner, Dunsir's father-in-law, built that home and gave the town of Kanosh it's name.

We stopped at Robison's home in Joseph City. They had moved from their home in the canyon to their home in town. I expected to stay with them over Xmas. Salina seemed to be quite pleased that I had come. She and I had talked it over. Her father let me take his driving team and buckboard to take Dunsir to Monroe to catch the stage at 3:30, which would take him home. We were in the saloon waiting for the stage. He had had a number of drinks with the boys in the saloon. Only one man I knew, Joe Jarret who never drank, a prospector, and lived with the Robison's part of the time. I stood at the bar talking to the bartender about some men who lived there that I knew. First one would treat then another. I had already bought two bottles of whiskey

for Mr. Robison as a Xmas present. I could think of nothing I thought would please him more. Those boys were drinking one glass after the other, little tiny glasses of liquor that looked like about half a teaspoon full. After each drink they would take a small glass of water. They called it a chaser. I repeatedly refused to drink with them. Finally Dunsire said, "You better try one. It certainly won't hurt you." Well, somehow I was caught again like I was with Bill Lenard and the tobacco. I tried it. I thought I would choke to death before I got that chaser down. Just then the stage drove up and Dunsire shook my hand, and was gone. Uncle Joe Jarret was keeping cases. Seemed like things began to spin around in the house. Joe Jarrit soon had me by the arm and marched me out of that saloon and put me in the buckboard seat and untied the team and we were on our way to Joseph City. I did not seem to know much about things until we were crossing the Sevier River. The water splashed up in my face and I knew we were crossing the river. It was only about five minutes more when I saw Bro. Robison opening the yard gate. I couldn't imagine what he was laughing for. He sort of helped me out of the rig and we walked arm in arm in the house. There was no smile on any of the faces of that home. I could see that Sister Robison and the girls were heartsick. I knew they all liked me. They couldn't help like me because I thought so darn much of them. Sister Robison, however, took over and gave me a drink of coffee or something and put me to bed in a small bedroom. This was Xmas eve. I was to go with Salina to the dance. She had already refused to go with Cris lee, a fine fellow. I was sick all night. Kept going out and getting fresh air. Sister Robison inquired about me two or three times in the night. I told her I was alright. I was out early knocking around in the yard Xmas day. I felt like going downtown and hiring someone to take me to Kanosh. I could not do that if I had plenty of money because it would have been a cowardly trick. I had no money. Someone touched me before Joe Jarrett got hold of me. I had a wallet with some greenbacks, two checks of my own, and 4 or 5 checks for boys in Kanosh. So I began to think of how much damage in one glass of rotten whiskey made a fool of a man, ruin his character, and destroy his manhood. I was wondering how I could ever face that family. When Bro. and Sister Robison came to see me they were all smiles, and treated the whole thing as a joke. The rest of the family acted as though nothing had ever happened. But Salina really looked like she had been sick.

I ate a little breakfast, drank something warm. A little later I confided in Sister Robison about losing my money and the money of my friends. She felt awful bad about it and sympathized with me, told me not to worry too much as things could have been worse. She wanted me to enjoy the Xmas day with the family and they would try and see that I got home. A few minutes later she came to me smiling with her hands behind her. Of course I knew she had a Xmas present for me. She handed me my wallet with everything intact. Imagine my surprise. I knew I had been drugged. One glass of whiskey couldn't possibly make a man as sick and drunk as I had been, so I was sure my money was gone. Salina and I got off by ourselves. I seized the chance to ask him what sort of a dance they had, and how she enjoyed herself. She would not answer me. Then I really felt bad. I was sure she had not been to the dance. She was silent for some time, and finally said, "You and I are going to the dance tonight." I shook my head and said, "What would the people think of you going to the dance tonight with a fellow who was in my fox last night?" She said, "Don't be silly. There is not a person in this town outside of our family and Joe Jarrett who know anything about it, or ever will know anything about it. To make a long story short I ruined that girl's holiday. I told her if I knew they did not know I would imagine everyone I met did know. We did not go to the dance. The next day I got a way home.

Salina was not aware I had a real sweetheart in Arizona. Going home from Richfield this summer, 1946, with Attorney Melville and two other old friends of mine, passing the Robison Ranch they were talking about the family I told them Salina and I used to roam and ramble up and down that canyon. Of course I said we used to stay on the other side of the creek among the bushes where no one could see us. Now I couldn't see why that remark should create such a big laugh.

## Chapter XXVII

Soon after Spring had opened up and I had done a few jobs, one day John Rogers came to our house and said he had come all the way from Deseret to see me, a hundred mile ride. I had known him, also his brothers, for a long time. I thought a lot of him for his honor and his honesty. I had always had the same feeling toward his brother, Noah, who now lives in Fillmore. I knew they both liked me equally as well as I did them. John said to me, "We have more than a thousand head of cattle. We are going to move them to Escalante. I have hired some good men to help me, some of the best men I know, but I would feel a little more secure, a little safer if I could have your help. Of course I would not want the other boys to know it, but if you will go along with me that I might have somebody to counsel with, someone I can trust, someone who knows cattle. I will pay you more per month than any other man I have." I told him I appreciated the confidence he had in me, and I would be glad to go; I told him, if he needed another hand, I knew a very good cowman who I could bunk with and we could look after each other. He wanted to know who the man was. I told him Jake Hopkins. He said, "Yes, you can bring him along. I know Jake."

He then asked if we both had a saddle horse. I told him yes, and that mine was a good one. He said, "You will need two. You will need to change every day. I will let you have one of mine." So in a few days we were leaving the Deseret range. Some few miles south down the Sevier River, we camped the first night on the bottom near Neil's Station, the second night at Sink of Beaver, 600 acres of grass. I think we laid over here the next day. John came to me and asked me if I noticed any that showed signs of being tired. I picked out 4 cows. He said, "Yes, and they are my best cows." He continued, "We will leave them here and they will find their way home back to the ranch." I told him he was all wrong, that he would probably never see one of those cows again if he left them here. I gave him my reasons and told him I knew better than anybody what carried on at that range. I said, "Turn those cows over to me and for a great deal less than half the price of one of the cows I will have those cows leading the herd when we get to Escalante Range." He replied, "Go ahead." Then he asked me how I was going to do it. I told him it was very simple. Every night and morning those cows will get their feed of oats the same as my saddle horse.

We drove slowly up the Beaver River almost to Beaver Bottom, spending several days. Two men had to night herd every night, in fact, 4 men, two the forepart of the night and two the afterpart. There were eight or nine men on the job. I don't know that I missed a night. I would ride around those cattle every night until midnight to see that they were settled down for the night. Precautions had to be taken so they would not stampede. Sometimes herds of cattle stampedeing proves very disasterous, for ever so many different reasons. I was feeding more than 4 cows oats before we reached our destination. At one place along the route a number were lagging. Some of them were poor. Rogers said to me, "What are we going to do with them?" I said, "Sell them to these ranchers. They will buy them," and so they did. At another place southwest of Beaver we had crossed the main highway that goes to St. George. The cattle were strung out a mile or so. I rode along one side of the cattle from one end to the other to see if we had lost any. Some folks will laugh when they read this item. I made a good inspection and rode back to the rear and where Rogers, Jake Hopkins, Seamore Brunson, and someone else were bringing up the rear. John asked me if everything was O.K. I told him, "Yes, except the Black mulie Bull. He was not in the herd. We saw him a very short time ago." I told them he was not in the herd now. So Rogers had Hopkins go up one side of the herd while he took the other side. They came back after awhile, smiling, and said, "He is in the herd alright." That was the decision of both Rogers and Hopkins. Then Brunson spoke up and said, "I know he is in the herd." I replied, "I will bet ten dollars with either of you or all of you that he is not in the herd." So Rogers and Hopkins made another trip, this time not along the outside of the herd but right through the herd. They had to acknowledge he was not in the herd. At this point I think we had been on the trail about three weeks, moving a big bunch of mixed cattle like we had, little calves being born every day and their mothers mixing up in the herd and had to be kept track of, etc. It was quite a job. At the best there was quite a loss on the part of the owner of the cattle. I always seemed to appreciate the confidence John Rogers had in me, and it rather increased my tender feelings toward him.

I remember, I think it was the last night before going off the mountain, so to speak, down into the Escalante Valley. We camped in snow about six inches deep. We sure had a time to hold them. I think we had to circle the herd all night, and

when we cut them loose next morning they sure began rambling down that mountain and into the valley, where it seemed like Dixie weather. I worked my way down through them in order to check the speed of the leaders, and sure enough my 4 cows that gave out the second or third day out from the desert range were leading the herd and they looked to me like they were fat. We were around about a month with that job before we got back home. When John Rogers settled with me he paid me the cash and lacked \$ .50 having enough. I told him to forget it. I met him between Kanosh and Fillmore one day and he paid me. He always liked to talk about that trip. A man in Parowan sent him a check for the Black Bull.

I desire to say a few more things about Gold Mountain. I did quite a lot of prospecting before anything was done at the Sevier, and located a number of claims. One I called the Congress. Snow was deep when I located this claim. The task was very difficult. The names of the locators were William Johnston and E. L. Black. Johnston knew nothing about it until I informed him. There was quite a lull for a long time after the Sevier shut down. I had a mother and two sisters, one an invalid, it was my responsibility to look after them, so I turned my attention to things I could make money at. One of the first things I did was to hire out to Bro. Anthony Paxton, Thomas Greener and some others who had formed a company that owned some mining property, in fact, a group of claims on which the assessment work had to be done. This group of claims were on the Fish Creek side, higher up in the mountains than the Sevier or the Annie Laura Mines. This Company hired three or four men to go with me to do this work. Jake Lee, son of John D. Lee, was one of them. The Co. had a nice cabin, plenty of tools, blacksmith shop etc. We had our supplies, powder, and what we needed to use. We concentrated our work in one place, driving a tunnel. After working for some time our supplies began to run low. I told the boys I would go to town and see about getting some more supplies and the things we needed. I cautioned them about being careful with the powder and try no experiments and go right along in the same fashion as we had been working, and I would be back in 4 or 5 days. When I got back, I don't remember who took me back with the supplies. The boys had had a bad accident. They had disregarded my counsel and tried a new experiment. They put a lot of giant powder in the oven of the cook stove to warm, a heavy castiron stove. It blew up. It blew

pieces of iron out through the ceiling, through the side of the cabin, made a big hole in the ground where the stove stood. Jake Lee was tending to the powder and was in the house when the explosion occurred. How in the world he ever escaped from being riddled to pieces, I don't remember how many pieces of that iron hit him, but they were all glancing blows. He had his face skinned, one eye hurt, and was pretty well banged generally, but after getting home with proper care and attention he was soon on his feet. The other boy and I finished the assessment work and finally moved down from the mountain. The assessment work was recorded, the boys paid for their services, also myself, everything satisfactory. I think Bro. Paxton engineered the whole thing.

Soon after we came out of the mountain I was going one morning to the post office, and met Bro. Paxton and Mr. Greener coming to my house carrying a letter they had just received from a man in Richfield, who, in connection with others, owned a group of claims a short way from where we had just been working. The wording of the letter was something as follows:

Mr. Anthony Paxton and Company:  
To our great astonishment when arriving at our cabin in Fish Creek near your claims we found our place had been looted. In your tunnel we found our drills, picks, and hammers and in your cabin we found our dishes, knives, and forks, cooking utensils, etc., then naming a list of the things they had lost. They said they were prepared to prove that Mr. Black, your foreman, willfully took these things. The price of the things lost was mentioned which amount he demanded to be forwarded to him by return mail, and if not received within a week, they would start suit against Mr. Black for theft.

Bro. Paxton smiled about it, but Greener was very excited, and when I read the letter I was really out of patience with a man who had no better sense than to write such a letter. Mr. Greener said, "What are we going to do?" I said, "You are going up to my house and wait while I answer that letter for you fellows." I told the fellow we had received his extraordinary letter and were very much surprised to know there was

a man in our country who hadn't any better sense than write such a crazy letter. I continued, "You have attacked the character of a young man whose integrity, honesty, and honor are above reproach, and if you do not reply at once and apologize for this vile, wicked, and malicious attack you have made on the character of our good friend, E. L. Black, we will start suit against you for this slander, and we will send you just as far as the law will provide. You deserve a jail sentence. What right did you have breaking into our cabin when it was well locked? I read the letter and asked them to sign it. I can just see Mr. Greener now. He went right up in the air. He said to me, "You must think we are darn fools to sign such a thing as that. It's the darndest, meanest letter I ever heard read, and I will be damned if I will sign it." and he went out of my house and down the street like a quarter horse, Bro. Paxton and I laughing at him. He, Bro. Paxton, signed it and took it to the post office.

Four or five days again I was on my way to the post office and again I met these two fellows with a letter in their hands, both laughing, and handed me the letter, at the same time Mr. Greener said, "Ted, I will tell you we brought the damn bugger to time." Bro. Paxton's sides shaking with laughter. Of all the apologies that man offered, saying how sorry he was that he went in their cabin and if they had lost anything he would be willing to pay anything in reason. They asked what was the next thing to do. I replied, "Just forget it." I prospected with Bro. Paxton, making a couple of trips southwest of Beaver or south of Adamsville. I never knew a more agreeable man to be out with. I took a two or three week trip with him, and D. S. Dorrity over the Uintah Indian Reservation when it was thrown open for settlement. He was always willing to do just a little more than his share when it came to the money question. He always wanted to pay his full share and a little more. I liked Sister Paxton for the same reason. I have always tried to be friendly with his boys, too.

A rather young man came to our town one day. He had with him a Cleveland bay stallion for sale. He only wanted sixteen hundred dollars for his horse. But when he said he would take ponies in trade for his stallion he soon had a trade going. I gave him two saddle ponies, fifty dollars each. It was only a day or two until he had his horse sold and was ready to go. We, who traded for the horse, agreed to deliver free of cost, our ponies to basis. He had been trying to get someone to go with him back east and help

sell the horses. It seems he had contacted several. He finally came to me and asked if I would like to go with him. I said it would be O.K. if the price was right. He asked me the kind of a price I thought would be right. I told him \$60 a month and board, transportation both ways, all expenses paid. He said he didn't care to give it a thought, said three or four had offered to go. One offered to go for \$10 per month, expenses paid. The other offers ranged around \$30. I told him it would not pay to take men that cheap. I said, "I have two men in mind I can recommend for about \$45." He finally asked me why I could not go for that price, and if I thought I was a better man than the ones just referred to. I said, "If I didn't think so I would not ask \$60." I am sure some good friend had put in a good word for me. He said, "When I get to Oasis, if I telephone for you to come on for \$50, will you come?" I said, "You are wasting time. If you want me to go with you, you have my figures. They will not be changed." That night, we held a meeting in Charley Hopkins home to see who would take the horses to Oasis. It required two men. Busby, the man we traded with, was in the meeting. I told the boys I would go for one if somebody would furnish me with a saddle horse. Busby spoke up and said, "I will furnish you with a saddle horse. You are going with me." I replied, "That's alright." We drove those horses to Oasis the next day and loaded them for Salt Lake. When we arrived in Salt Lake I found my boss had been out west of Salt Lake and bought old man Coburn out, more than five hundred horses, a full train load. We were headed for Independence, Iowa. Of course, we unloaded three or four times to feed. At Grand Island, Nebraska, we laid over for some time. Busby never explained why he left about 25 or his best mares at Grand Island. When we got to Independence I found out he had a partner, Charley Green, who had hired a beautiful pasture, several springs, grass in abundance. Charley Green had a wife and one daughter, a beautiful girl 18 or 19. I made that my home for a few days, when I learned Busby had bought Green's interest in the horses. The horses were resting and getting filled up. We were making preparations to peddle horses. We finally started out with about 40 head, a team and buggy, tent, gas stove, gypsy fashion. We stopped in a nice locality one afternoon and while he was gone to town I sold several horses. The first was a little sorrel mare he bought from Bill George for \$15. I think I got \$60 for the mare and I had sold three or four more for similar prices. When I told him what I got for the mare he laughed and said I should be ashamed of myself. I said I couldn't help it if the man said he could use

her for \$60. I went on to explain she was a nice little mare, nothing wrong with her, and possibly he knew where to get a hundred for her. Besides that, I said, you must have a profit for these horses. You sell them for what you like and I will do the same. I spoiled things entirely. It was only a few days until he left me and went to his home at Anderson, Indiana. He didn't help me any more. I hired a young man, and when we had sold out that bunch we went back to Independence for more horses. When I had finished selling at certain places, often I had an auction sale. I would put the money in the bank and send the receipt of payment to I. V. Busby, Anderson, Indiana, usually giving him a description of the horses and what each horse sold for.

Busby was about my age, superintendent of schools in the district where he lives. His sweetheart's name was Florence Kemp. I guess he did not write her the short time he was with me. One day I got a phone call from her which said, "Mr. Black, can you tell me where Vinton Busby is?" I replied, "He is in South Bend, 6 miles from Anderson where you live." I told her I had just been talking to him on the phone. Sometimes I would not hear from him for more than a month. I was five months selling those horses.

I think it will be of interest to tell of a few of the experiences in disposing of those horses. Busby sent one of his cousins from Indiana to help me. He was a nice young fellow, but the work did not interest him, and he went back in a few days. He and I left the pasture one morning going to the east. We had only gone about 5 miles when we met a young man by the side of the road with a buckskin, two-year colt, quite a fine looking colt. I am sure he knew we were coming that way. There was a new halter on the colt for a good work animal. My father had only one team and one of them died the other day, and this colt is too young to do our kind of work on the farm." I walked around the colt. He looked alright. I told young Busby to hold the colt while I showed the boy something I thought would suit him. I put a small rope on a mare that was good to work, telling him she was worth about \$30.00 more than the colt and asked him how he and his father were fixed to give me a little to boot. He said they had no money but they would give their note. I noticed he was pleased with the mare. I said, "Don't you think you could raise ten dollars?" He said, "No, all they could do was give their note." I said, "Better forget the boot, turn the colt loose, and take

the mare. He was quite excited and began taking the halter off the colt. I told him to leave the halter on and give me the strap, which he did, and began to hurry away with his mare. The colt went along a little ways and stumbled. I said, "What in the world is wrong with that colt?" It stumbled again. I said, "He acts as if he was blind." The guy laughed and said, "He is blind, alright," I caught the colt. His eyes looked alright, but he was stone blind. I asked Busby if he knew he was blind before I traded. Said he knew he was blind when the kid first started to talk, and then he gave me the horse laugh. I was suppose to know my business. We traveled on about six or eight miles and came to a little country town built around a public square, grass knee deep. I asked a guy if there were any objections to letting my horses feed on the grass. He said no, we want it fed off.

I saw a man about 50 coming nearly on the run, who asked me where I was from. I told him Salt Lake City. He said, "You never brought that yellow colt from Salt Lake." Then I told him exactly how and where I got the colt. He said, "Come over to my barn and look at some stuff I have." He had a number of horses. Among them was a yellow horse with a big white spot on each side. In front of his barn we had quite a conversation. He asked me if I had ever operated on horses for a certain condition. I said, "Many times." He asked what I used. I said, "Just a sharp knife." He asked what luck I had. I told him I never lost a horse. He asked me what I usually charged. I told him I had never charged a dime. He replied, "For that same operation I have never charged less than ten dollars and for blooded horses I usually charge fifty dollars." I said, "You are a vetinary, I presume." He said yes. I made up my mind that I would leave my buckskin colt with him. I knew what he was thinking about when I started to leave him. He said, "Is there not something in this barn you would rather have than that yellow colt?" I told him I would look them over again. I asked him a few questions about the pinto buckskin saddle horse. He said, "Put your saddle on him and try him." I led him out to where my saddle horse was feeding and put my saddle on him, galloped him aways, turned him quick and came back. I said, "He's not a bad horse." He said, "If you want him, keep your saddle on and I will come and get the colt." I told him I thought that would be alright. I will never forget how funny that man looked when he caught that colt. I was smiling when he looked at me and said, "This son of a bitch is blind." I replied, "Yes, he is blind as a bat. He can't see a thing." He said, "That's a good one. Get off your horse and let's go over here and have something to

drink." When we had refreshed ourselves and walked back to my new horse he said, "Now, Mr. Black, you are perfectly welcome to the saddle horse, but I can't do anything with this colt. You just take him along in your herd." I replied, "You are not telling me. That colt belongs to you, and if you can't do anything else, take him out and kill him. You will get it all back from the first couple of guys who have a colt to be operated on." That sure got his goat. He even blushed and took his colt, new halter and all.

The very next town we came to, after selling some horses, I traded the pinto saddle horse for a bay mare I knew I could sell anytime for more than a hundred dollars, and so our experience went on. In the city of Vinton a few miles south of Independence, I had an auction sale scheduled two weeks standing. It appeared in the paper. At the appointed time a big crowd gathered. I stalled the thing before starting the sale. I wanted the crowd to get soaked up so they would be feeling right when they began bidding on the horses. A. B. Dowell was the auctioneer. I had some of my best horses in this sale, a pair of roan horses, a pair of black mares, and a pair of gray mares. I told Dowell he must not let any of these go short of \$50 each. While there were some better in the bunch. I wanted these to go first, so we put them and some about like them in a corner and started the sale. They sold from eighty to a hundred apiece. I think I sold out at that sale. One sorrel mare, a beautiful thing to look at, about ten years old, had never had a rope on. She sold to quite a well-to-do man somewhat near a hundred dollars. The man hired two differenc men to break this mare, but they said it could not be done. Quite some time later I asked the man about her. He was still mad. He replied, "If you won't say anything about that mare I will try and not say anything." I paid Dowell one dollar per head for selling. He made quite a haul at this sale, but it was certainly worth it to me. I used to keep in touch with my boss over in Indiana; about once a month he would come and visit me, sometimes staying with me two or three days. He always seemed to be amused at my expense account. He read the items, Whiskey, ten dollars, Wiskey, five dollars. He never questioned my judgement. If I had wanted to spend twenty-five dollars for whiskey on a crowd of men it would be O.K. with him. I was a young man then, and it seemed I wanted the men I traded with to have what they wanted to have, so to get them to do what I wanted them to do I bought what they wanted.

One time I drove quite a bunch of horses through the country a number of miles south of Vinton. I was scheduled again to sell in a city about five miles from where the following circumstance happened. I saw a very beautiful horse in the pasture belonging to an old dutchman who had two grown sons. I inquired about this horse. I looked him over. I knew he could run. They told me they had run him in a number of races, but nothing could run with him. I inquired what was wrong with him. They said he ran away twice hitched to a cart. The last time he stripped himself from the cart, harness and everything, and he was now nervous and unstrung so that they were afraid to ride him. I told the old man and his boys to look through my bunch and see if there was something they would like to trade their horse for. They picked out two little mares I had offered for fifteen dollars each. I told them we would drive the mares in the corral and I would take the horse. The next morning about ten o'clock I drove my horses in a corral. The corral was owned by the richest man in the city. He was not only the president of the bank, but he owned a mile race track, land and barns and a lot of blooded horses, and I was informed some of the fastest. We stopped and had dinner the day before with a fine fellow and his family. I quite liked him, and he put us next to several things. I was riding my new horse. I am sure I never rode a horse with better action or better trained. He was an ideal saddle horse. The man who seemed to own everything around there said to me after the horses were in the corral, "How much do you want for that horse you are riding?" I had no idea of selling him. I answered about, "About a hundred dollars." He said, "You have sold him, and when you are through selling here in the corral, we will walk up to the bank and get the money." I sold a number of horses in the next two or three hours and walked up to the bank. He told the cashier to give me a hundred dollars and the guy answered. "Yes, sir," and handed me the green backs. I felt pretty rocky.

That night we put our horses in a pasture and stayed with our friend. We had dinner with him the day before. He said the man bought my saddle horse tried him with some of his best horses soon after I let him go. This man, our friend, with some others were watching. He said that guy hadn't anything in his class. That report almost made me sick because I had no intention of selling him. Next morning before leaving I went to see the man to find out what I owed him for the use of the corral. He made no charge. He went on to say, "Why did you not tell me that horse was a run away son of a gun?" I replied, "Who told you about him?"

He said, "The boys you bought him from told me all about him." I said, "I wish you would tell me just what I did tell you about that horse?" "You said if I hitched him to a cart to be sure and tie him with a good strong rope to a good strong hitching post or else he might go off and bust my cart." "Well," I said, "What more did you want me to tell you? I am wondering if you are sick of your trade. I want to buy him back." "How much will you give?", he replied. I said "\$200." "Do you mean that", he replied. I said, "I am going to ask you a question. I want you to answer it yes or no. Will you take \$300 for that horse?" He said no. I sure bawled him out. The next time my boss came to see me I told him all about the circumstance. We put a little better price on the little mares I traded, and then he suggested we go 50-50 on the profit. No matter how much money I made in trades I figured it was all his money. The horses belonged to him and I was working for him. He was giving me all I asked for my services. Several times after selling a horse, the guy would say, "I will give you five dollars to ride him for a few minutes." I considered that my money and so did Busby. We had talked about it.

To illustrate, one time he came to see me and brought a strange boy. He got this fellow out of Bronco John's wild west show. He brought his saddle and he had some money. I told my boss I didn't want him to help me. He went on telling me about his wonderful record as a cowboy, etc. I said, "You can't leave him with me, we are ready to go." and I said, "If you want to go along with me and take him three or four days just to satisfy you, it will be OK, but I don't want him to touch any of the food. I am sure he is set up." It seemed Busby was sold on the boy. The third day out Busby could see he had made a mistake. I told him to tell the boy I did not need him. I am sure the boy was making preparations to leave. He had bought a little mare from Busby. We camped in a country lane full of grass, as we usually did, tied a long rope across the lane from one fence to the other at both ends of the lane, forming a corral, pitched camp at the upper end of the lane. He told us he guessed he would leave and go back as far as the next town to sleep. We insisted on him staying until after supper. It was some time after dark before he left. Busby had settled with him. Awhile after he had gone I felt a little uneasy and asked Busby to walk with me down among the horses, after which he asked me if everything was O.K. I told him that guy had taken with him four of our best animals, a pair of black mares and a pair of gray mares, worth about a hundred dollars each. Busby was startled and asked if I were

sure. I was so out of patience. I said, "It's too bad you haven't a guy like that looking after your business." No doubt that guy was fifty miles away when Busby went looking for him, notwithstanding we laid over two or three days while Busby went in search of him. He found neither him nor the horses. I gave my boss distinctly to understand that he was not to hire another man to help me. That was my business.

Whether I went to the pasture from town or from Mr. Green's home it was five miles, and I had to pass by the mental hospital. There were a lot of trees between the building and the highway. I was always on horseback. I always stopped to watch the people. There was usually a man traveling around dragging a bull whip. He would swing it over his head and shout, "Gee, Buck and Brany", that was the name of the yoke of oxen he thought he was driving. A little way from him was another man with a Bible in his hand swinging his hands and screaming inviting people to come to Jesus. There were still other groups telling each other their plans and their troubles. I knew that no one was allowed to talk or even speak to a patient unless a guide was with them.

One day I was going down the road from another direction. There was a field of hay next to the highway and three boys cocking up hay, the eldest about 19 stopped me and asked if I were the owner of those western horses in that pasture. I told them I was. He wanted to know if I would give him a job helping to sell them. He said he was raised on a ranch in Nebraska. I asked him what he was doing here. He said he was a hired man just working, and from all appearances they didn't need him. I told him I would have to have some help. I would see him later. Next morning while passing the hospital I was met out in the road by three officers. One asked me if I was the man who owned the horses in the pasture, and if in a conversation with one of their men yesterday I did not give him the idea I was going to hire him to work for me. I told him I thought that was probably true. Then I told him the nature of our conversation. He said, "We know you are not aware of the rules and regulations of the hospital of the laws of our state, but you have committed a greivous wrong, and have given us no end of trouble. The boy you talked to yesterday is now in an iron cage a raving maniac. We can't even keep any clothes on him, all caused by your conversation yesterday. Still we are going to prefer no charge against you, but you must never speak to another person on these grounds unless you are with a guide. I was never so

startled and surprised in my life. That boy was just as rational and sensible as any boy I ever talked to. I was not conscious of the fact that the institutions of Iowa had real white men for officers. It was only a few days later that I hired a boy about like the boy I talked to who had to be put in the iron cage. This boy had a brother-in-law who was one of the attendents at the hospital. Some of the most pitiful sights I had ever seen. One old lady threw her arms around me, crying as hard as she could cry, pleading for me to take her out of there and take her home. Our guide had to tear her from me. She almost had me crying. I saw a lot of sights that I will not attempt to describe. But most of the time I was thinking of the boy I had injured so badly. There were one hundred patients in that hospital and one hundred attendents. We were shown how the food was cooked and the big ovens where the bread was baked. Along one big table a group of girls were mixing dough. He said to us, "These girls are all patients," then he started to run, but he got swatted with about a dozen pieces of dough the size of a biscuit. At any rate, it was a great sight to me. A big family of one thousand that had to be fed three times a day. The greatest sight to me was the cows that gave the milk to feed that family. Sixty cows. I was told that not less than two hundred dollars was paid for any of those cows. I have never before or since seen such a beautiful bunch of cows in one group. I was informed they gave on an average of six gallons of milk a day each, which would mean about three pints to each person, providing it was not used for cooking purposes or something else.

This last boy and I started with about 60 head, the last of my horses. We put them across the big river at Viroque. We were now in Wisconsin, still traveling north, passed through a little railroad town called Wesby. A fellow came running down the track and overtook us and said, "Are these horses for sale?" and asked why we did not stop and give them a chance to buy, at the same time saying he would buy four or five. He had no hat and his overalls were well-patched. He continued, "Do you see that house out in the field?" "Well," he said, "An old couple live there and just ahead of you is a fine acre pasture with plenty of water. That old couple own it. They will rent it to you. Lay over tomorrow. I will bring a crowd and buy your horses." The next day was Sunday. I asked the old couple how much they would charge to put a band of 60 horses in their pasture two nights and one day. The old fellow asked me if I thought two dollars was too much. I handed him a

ten spot. He said he had no change. I told him to keep the change and rode away. Nine o'clock next morning that guy and a bunch of fellows were there, and they kept coming. That was the hardest day's work I ever had. I had to rope and put a hackamore on most of them, and I had to ride several of them. Just before dark I had four old mares left. I had sold my wagon and harness, bed and blankets, oil cook stove, tent and everything but my saddle, and of course they were not to go until Monday morning. Every man paid cash, green backs. I could write a volume about the experiences of that day. The man who persuaded us to stop bought four, and a young doctor bought four, and they helped us all day, getting their friends to buy, and it was marvelous the interest they had in us. I told our friend he could have the four mares for \$60. He said he had no use for them, but if I did not have them sold by train time next morning he would buy them. I had told him I was going around by the big manufacturing town, LaCross, to do a little business. Just before we went to bed our friend and the doctor came to see if we had sold the mares, and the doctor bought them. A hundred men knew I had all that money. With that money lying between us I was sleeping in our tent with a young man I had only known a week. I could trust that boy. I told him he must sleep with one eye open, because I would be dead to the world as soon as I struck the bed. The sun was shining when we awakened. The money had rested peacefully. I don't know when I ever saw a boy feel so badly to be separated from me. I thought how unfortunate I did not find him in the beginning. I arrived at LaCross late in the afternoon and went to the best hotel. The banks were closed. I had all that money in my inside coat pocket. I did not seem to have sufficient sense to speak to the hotel manager to have my money put in the safe, since I had learned my train would not leave until afternoon of the next day, a 24-hour layover.

A very fine-appearing lady seemed to look after the guests. She had asked me some questions about the West. She knew nothing about my business. I checked my saddle and looked my room over. Awhile after dark I did the most crazy thing I ever did in my life before or since. This lady said, "Mr. Black, there are some very interesting things to be seen at night not far from the hotel. If you would like to walk around awhile that fellow sitting over there will go with you. I have known him all my life. He is perfectly safe and honorable, and will not take you where there is a sign of danger. We have both lived here all our lives." I

had been talking to him. She called him over and told him what we had been talking about. He said he would be pleased to go with me. She had already told me he had been sick. The more we walked the more nervous I got, especially when we walked by an underground dive. When he said few men ever came out of there. The police didn't seem to be able to do much about it. I said, "Let's get away from here and get back to the hotel." He said, "Alright". We were walking by an expensive iron fence with the sidewalk paved. I stopped at a gate and was looking at a beautiful house up on a little raise well-lighted, and with a lot of flowers. I said, "Do you know whose home this is?" He said and laughed, "That is my home." I looked at him rather surprised. He looked as innocent as a sick calf. "Of course," he said, "It's the home of my father and mother. I would like you to go in and see my folks a few minutes. I know they will be glad to see you and you will be glad to see them," and just like a fool I went in. I often wonder if the Lord doesn't at times get out of patience with me taking the chances I take, and then he has to come to my rescue. When Billie rang the bell we were met by a couple of girls who might have been his sisters. He introduced me. The girls looked like they were half-dressed getting ready for a party. We were now in a beautiful parlor with three or four more girls. I knew I was in a house of ill fame. I was mad at Billie, as the woman at the hotel called him, as she and I talked together. I knew I must not show or manifest my feelings, but assume an attitude just the reverse. Another girl took it upon herself to entertain me as we sat together on a lounge. They all knew I was green and had been raised in the sticks. I am sure they little suspected I had in my pocket between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars, and I am sure Billie never suspected such a thing, but he did know I was from Salt Lake City. Two of the girls, while another accompanied them on the piano, sang two or three very fine songs. I asked Billie if he would order the beer, and at the same time gave the girl who sat by me five dollars to pay for it, which she did. They seemed surprised that I would not drink, and asked the reason. The landlady was visiting with us now. I answered their question about the beer, that I had learned to refuse to take things that made me sick. All the while I was telling the Lord if he would help me out of this mess I would try and not get in another like it. All the time I was wondering if that entrance door at the end of the hall was unlocked and if it was locked I was not sure what might happen. I made another mistake by asking Billie if we hadn't better be going. This girl looked at

me in amazement, and said, "What in hell are you thinking about. You are not leaving this house until you have seen how beautiful my room is furnished. In fact, there are a lot of things there that will amuse you." That frightened me. I went across that parlor like a shot and into the hall and down to the entrance door and down to the iron gate and out on the sidewalk and had the gate locked and holding it that girl was there and me laughing at her. She was sure mad and said, "You have no right to serve me this way." I told her I could not see that I owed her anything. She said I did and I would have to come back. I was thankful she didn't have a gun. So I made another bolt down the sidewalk, her after me. Before I ran a half block I was traveling so much faster than her that she stopped and I stopped at the corner. Billie caught up with her and talked to her some time, then came on. She went back. I was mad. He was laughing and said, "What kind of a guy are you anyway?" I told him I was wondering that same thing about him to run a guy into a dive like that to be fleeced. He said it was the most respectable house in town and said if I went there drunk I would not lose a dollar. They took money only in a legal way.

As soon as the bank was opened next morning I deposited my money and sent my boss the receipt of deposit. I was now ready to prepare for going home. I had told my boss I wanted to make a trip to St. Louis and the city of Alton, 25 miles from St. Louis, on some legal business. That was O.K. with him. I made this trip and a lot of interesting things happened that I will have to forego telling.

One circumstance. The train stopped for awhile at Montrose, I got off and looked across the river at the City of Nauvoo, the city where my father was one of the bodyguards of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the city where the Prophet's father gave my father such a remarkable blessing, the city where grandfather and grandmother lived so long, and where she did such a remarkable work, before and after the Prophet had blessed and set her apart for a life's mission, and the success she made of that mission, all these things went through my mind. I fancied I saw grandmother helping to bring those 9 babies into the world that eventful night when the Saints were driven by a mob across that river. I wanted the train to stop longer while I meditated.

Before starting back home, I would like to tell of the greatest attraction in the State of Iowa at that time. It

is about the greatest mile race track in the world, owned by Charley Williams. The track was about five miles south of Independence. I knew Charley very well; at one time he was almost a helpless orphan. He got a job driving a milk wagon delivering milk. He loved horses and determined someday to have some good ones of his own, and when he got to be a chunk of a lad he bought two old lame retired trotting mares who at one time had a good record. He took them both down to Kentucky and bred them to old Tom Benton, an old cripple retired trotting stallion. He hitched them to his milk wagon and went about his business. In the spring he had two horse colts. One he called Alerton, the other Axtel. He put little halters on them and led them by their mother's side while he delivered milk. When they were one year old he was driving them in a light rubber tire cart. Alerton was pliable and would always do his best, but Axtel was quite the reverse, and when crowded a little he would break and gallop instead of trot. Charley was becoming almost discouraged, so one day a friend asked Charley to let him take Axtel, and that he would make him trot. Charley said, "Take him and make him trot or kill him. I know it's in him." Charley had been soft and easy with both colts, when Axtel broke with his new driver he got the whip over his back and he was whipped into a fast run until he was out of wind and run down and would drop back into a slow trot. Then the driver would pet him and talk to him as he trotted. Axtel learned what was expected of him, and no matter how hard he was crowded he could not be made to break. At two years old Charley took Axtel to Chicago and entered him in the two-year-old race for a world record. There were eight or ten entries. The morning they were to go they were being limbered up, and every time Axtel came near the grandstand the people would shout. His harness did not look good, neither his cart, and his driver with farmer's hat and suit on. Finally Charley was centerway of the grandstand. He turned Axtel toward the stand and stood up on the cart seat and waved his hat until he got their attention and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this pony has been raised on Iowa oats. I am serving notice on you folks he will beat the world's record today." Then the crowd went wild.

When those colts came in abreast under the wire and were told to go by the clang of a big gong. Axtel led every one of them right from the score. All the way through the track. One big shot asked Charley what he would take for that horse. He said, "A hundred and five thousand dollars." The guy said, "You have sold him, and wrote him a check for the

amount." Charley heard some other big shots talking about it. One said, "He got the best two-year-old in the world and did not have sense enough to keep him." Charley said, "Gentlemen, I have a hundred and five thousand dollars I will bet that I have another colt at home the same age that can beat Axtel all to hell." Axtel never could make the record of Alerton. With that money he bought a big tract of grazing and hay land and built the best kite-shaped race track in the world. They would have big races every so often. Sometimes hundreds of horses would be there, and would come days before the races. It seemed like Charley had a city of barns just like little painted houses. People would go to those races by the thousands. One day I went a little late. There were two seamless sacks just inside the gate. Both sacks were nearly filled with half dollars and silver dollars. I think it was a dollar admission. I went one day to see Alerton go for a new record. There were very few men allowed on the grounds that day. I saw a jockey riding one of the best-looking race horses I had ever seen, a beautiful sorrel. He rode down the track to the halfway line. I asked a man the idea. He said the idea is to put pep in Alerton and try and make him beat that race horse back to the outcome. Finally Charley was all set to go. I think he had a hundred and fifty yards to go before he went under the wire and they began to count on him. I was right by the line when he went over it. That horse was going just like a streak. In less than a minute he passed the half mile line and that jockey was going with him. It seemed to me he made the second half quicker than the first. When he came to the outcome it looked to me like he was several open lengths ahead of that racehorse. I think his time was 2-6 or 2-8.

The summer I was there Charley bred him 75 times, one thousand dollars in advance, and all the assurance the man got for his money was a promise of a service the next year free if he did not get a colt. That same summer a guy offered Charley three thousand dollars (hundred) for Alerton. Charley only laughed at him. I met a lot of men and a few woman on that trip, some I will never forget, and had hundreds of experiences I have not mentioned. The experience gave me a much better slant on life. I often wondered why Busby placed so much confidence in me.

When I reached home I had three hundred dollar bills, one fifty dollar bill, one twenty, and one ten and some silver. It seems I sent the most of my side money to mother.

After reaching home from the East, where I had been the last five months selling horses, I thought I was entitled to a little rest. There was a young lady here, Ada Rappleye, who lived over at Central, a little town between Elsinore and Richfield. Her mother was my cousin. I almost fell in love. I took her around some, and finally went with her over to her home, where I stopped and visited four or five days. I am just trying to remember how we went over that mountain. I know I had a saddle horse to bring back. Ada and I rode around in a cart to Monroe and other places. We had no opportunity to be alone in the home. I don't ever remember how we slept. Their home was two big log rooms, with father and mother, seven girls and two boys. I think Ada was the third girl. I think they had two dances while I was there. We roamed the fields together. Somehow we liked to be in each other's company. I really liked her, and told her she seemed very near to me, on account of our close relationship. She tried to brush that aside. She was not aware there was a girl in Arizona that thought more of me than she had ever dreamed of. Ada was only 17. Her love was like a kid's love. After all, I don't believe she thought more of me than I did her.

Not far from her home a bridge crossed the Sevier River. She walked that far with me. I tied my horse and we went down by the river and sat on a square timber for a long time. I really hated to leave her worse than she hated to have me go. I told her better we forget all the past. She said no. I walked with my arm around her to my horse and said goodbye.

I have had a nice visit, both at home and over in the Sevier Valley. I am now ready to look around for another job. W. H. Culmer, a traveling salesman for G. F. Culmer & Bros. came to our little home every time he came through the country. I think his chief line was paints. I asked him if he could find me something to do in Salt Lake. He said his brothers and himself had a paving job coming up right away, and they could use me nicely. It was not long

until I was in Salt Lake, working on the street, helping a large crew of men paving one of the streets in Salt Lake. I think they paid about three dollars per day. I knew nobody in Salt Lake except the Culmer brothers. I worked a month or so, and finally told Culmer I could not support my mother with those wages, after paying for my room and board. He said he would have to take me out to the Kiume Gray Stony Quarry at Pleasant Valley Junction. This junction is on the D & R RR about ten or fifteen miles north of Price. The quarry was three miles east of the junction. We went on the train.

Culmers kept a boarding house and a Chinaman as cook. He was old and rather dirty, the cook. I found Culmer whipping him one day on that account. It sure seemed funny to see a man being whipped. One day I found the Chinaman down on his knees in a corner praying over a horrible-looking image. It sure seemed strange to me for even a Chinaman to think he could get any blessing and consolation praying to a thing like that. I had heard of such things, but this was my first opportunity to witness such a thing. It was not long after that the Chinaman was discharged, and an Indian woman hired as cook. Her name was Martha, and she was rather big and sloppy. She had been raised since a very little girl by the white people. She had had some schooling and was a very good cook. We all made quite a fuss over her, and she certainly tried to make things pleasant for us. There were only about 8 or 10 of us. Quarry work was clean work, but hard work. It was done in a big way and on a big scale. Everything was heavy. I think our largest chain would weigh two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds. It took about three of us to handle it, especially when we wanted to place it around a square block of stone that would weigh twenty-two tons.

A railroad switch ran right out to the quarry expressly to get this stone. We had a large crane operated by a heavy stationary engine to move these stones around and lead them on flat cars to be taken out to the main line. One quarry man we called Jim, about 50, seemed he was the strongest man I ever knew, and as good a quarryman as anybody ever knew. He managed the work in the quarry and did more than any other two men on the job. He would order the holes drilled in such a fashion that he could have the blocks of rock weigh ten or fifteen tons or any other size. He knew just how much pow-

der to use to break the rock, or just crack it. We would then use huge pinch bars to pinch it around so we could get a chain around it to lift it out of the place where it had been lying since the world was made. These punch bars were so heavy an ordinary man would be unable to lift one from the ground. I could just do that thing. Jim Brown used it as if it weighed about 30 or 40 pounds. Jim was a periodical drunkard; every month he would walk down to town three miles, buy the things he needed, and then get drunk. He would go to town Sunday morning, and someone would bring him home Monday in a buggy. Then he would be sick trying to sober up the rest of the week, just lying in the bunkhouse. He was so valuable they could hardly afford to discharge him. Martha liked him and I guess thought she could reform him, so she made love to him and married him, but the romance was of short duration. She finally left him and went out on the reservation.

We had a team at the quarry. I was a roustabout and did a little of everything as well as work in the quarry. I went to the Junction, or Colton, as it was called, quite often for supplies and things that came from Salt Lake. I got acquainted with quite a number of people. Among them was Tom Arrowsmith, an only brother to my tried and trusted friend, Jim Arrowsmith, of Lehi, Arizona. I told Tom about my friendship with Jim. I guess he wrote Jim. I knew what Jim would tell him about me. I knew how Jim and I felt about each other. Sometime later I was invited to Tom's home. He had a nice family. His eldest girl was about 19, exceptionally beautiful, and of course I always liked beautiful girls. I had made some visits, and one night I think we were sitting out on a pile of lumber. I was trying to read her thoughts. I made up my mind that was a good time to move and find another job. Culmer came out to the quarry often and sometimes remained several days. I wanted to leave that part of the country. I had a sweetheart in Lehi who wrote me once a week. I asked Culmer if he hadn't something better at which I could make a little more money. He replied, "I can take you out to the Paritte Mine on the Indian Reservation and make you foreman of the mine and give you a hundred and fifty dollars a month and board." but he said, "It is right out on a barren desert." I told him I didn't care how barren it was, how soon could we go. He replied, "Tomorrow", so we were on our way with the quarry team and light wagon.

The Paritte Mine was about eighty miles. We were two days on the road. I never heard from any of the folks in Colton any more. Abe Cossett was the foreman at the Mine, and had a wife and little red-headed boy three years old. He was from Missouri. The wife was a school teacher for years and took great pains with her boy. One day she was getting a sliver from under my fingernail. The next day the kid said to me, "Mr. Black, my mother told me all Mormons say sliver when they mean splinter." There was a dining room and kitchen, an office and bunkhouse, blacksmith shop, a store house and barn, outhouses, team, and wagon. Water had to be hauled in barrels for culinary purposes from the Duchesne River ten miles away. There was never more than fifteen men at most working at any one time. I presume there were 50 or 60 tons of Gilsonite sealed ready for shipment when I took charge. Gilsonite is a pure asphaltum discovered by one Sam Gilson, hence the name. It was found in a vein almost perpendicular, never more than eighteen inches wide. It had to be loosened with a short pick, put in hundred pound burlap sacks, and hoisted out of the mine with a winlass and shipped to Price on wagons. I think my first stay was nine months. I went to Vernal once on business and stayed overnight. I visited Fort Duchesne a number of times, seventeen miles away. I also visited the Wray trading post a number of times. The station at the Duchesne Bridge I visited often. Cossett soon moved to Salt Lake. I hired a few men and went to work in earnest. We were shipping quite a lot of Gilsonite. The freighters were mostly from the towns in Castle Valley. Sometimes a number of them would camp at the mine, so we had plenty of company, such as it was. Our cook was quiet, modest and refined, and came from a big Morman family. Only one girl at home. Gertrude was her name. I had occasion to go to Vernal. Our cook wanted me to be sure to go see her father and mother. Gurtie, as they called her, was alone when I called. I introduced myself and told her the nature of my call. I guess I was trying to entertain her. I remarked, "Your father and mother have quite a big family of boys, with their sons and sons-in-law." She replied, "Yes, with their sons and sons-in-law and the lousy sons of bitches there is quite a bunch of them." I did not wait to see the father and mother. I had a move coming, and the funny part was she tagged me right home. The next day or two she was at the mine. I don't know whether she came to see her sister or to see what kind of a bunch of boys I had. At any rate, she seemed to flirt with them all. I think they drew straws to see who's turn it was to roam

over the desert in the moonlight the next night with her. I told her sister to tell her she would have to leave. In a day or so more she was gone. Another sister, Agnes and her husband, Ash Boyd, were there, Boyd working in the mine and his wife helping her sister with the cooking. She was just staying there without being asked. Boyd was an agitator and got saucy one day and I discharged him. He was a big husky fellow, so he and his wife went with our water wagon where they could take the stage home to Vernal. I think I only discharged three men the eight years I operated those mines.

There was another boy or two from Vernal working there. I got it pretty straight that Ash Boyd was coming back to the mine expressly to give me a damn good licking, as he put it. I think some of the boys told him he better bring some of his friends if he had any to help him. I was really looking for him to come. I had definitely made up my mind if he came back and said one insinuating word I would not wait for him to give me a licking. I intended to uncouple his jaw and kick him in the guts for good measure because the more I thought about him the more out of patience I got with myself for keeping him so long with his agitation. He was not worth his board, to say nothing about boarding his wife. He came one day horseback out in the desert, fifteen miles from no place. I was getting some tools ready for the boys to use and Ash sidled around where I was. I asked him who he was looking for or where he was going. He could see I was mad. He said he was just looking around. I told him if he had any business to make it known. I had no time to waste on him. I waited for a replay, but got none. I went on over the other mine with the tools. He moved on.

This reminds me of another guy. He was the best miner I had, and would mine about half as much again as any other miner every day. Sometimes he acted like a halfwit, talked a lot, but never said anything. I called him in the office one month and said, "I am informed there is a girl over in Nine Mile going to have a baby, and she says you are responsible for it." He replied, "That's right, and she is bigger than a pison pup" (meaning poison). I told him he should be ashamed of himself. I gave him some money and told him to get over there just as quick as he could and marry her. He left that morning with some of the freighters. He did exactly as I told him, then waited a few days until the baby came, then came back and made his report and went to work.

A fellow came to the mine, Pat Orion, who looked to be about 30, quite respectable-looking. I put him to work. I went down the mine and spent half an hour showing him how to mine Gilsonite. There is quite a knack mining Gilsonite, and it always pays to help a new man to get onto the knack. Pat worked a few days and came and asked for a job on top. I told him there was none available and not likely to be for some time. Two or three more days went by. One morning he came in the office and asked for his time. I was sure pleased. He was one of the real men of the world, and I was afraid of his influence among our Mormon boys. I made out his time and gave him his check in a hurry. I was sure he was sorry. He came back in ten minutes and said he had no way of getting out of camp and he had decided to go back to work. I said, "No, Pat. You have quit and got your money. I am going with the team this morning to Fort Duchesne. You can go along with me." He knew I meant business. He had been treated swell. He was sure disappointed and said, speaking of himself, "I am a perfect ass, a perfect ass. I am lower than a snake's ass." I really felt sorry for him, but there was nothing I could do for him. I left him at Fort Duchesne.

Martha, the Indian girl who married Jim Brown at Colton, came on the scene. I was really pleased to see her. Our troubles were all over now, and she took the kitchen and dining room right over. She was a good cook and a nice agreeable girl, so we had no trouble for a long time. She stayed, I don't remember how long she did stay, but there were none of the boys who wanted to run away with Jim Brown's widow. She was different than Gurtie.

We kept on mining Gilsonite and shipping it to Price. I got to know real well some of those fine men who were on the road most of their time, Uncle Ike Kimball. Henry Kelsey, Joe Sabrisca, Frank Long, Ike Odekirk, Joe Bunce, and a score of others. It seemed I would have to trade horses quite often. Something would happen to some of their teams and I would have to help them out. W. H. Culmer was the superintendent, H. L. A. Culmer, the artist secretary. I did nearly all my business with H. L. A. Culmer's secreatry, and English lady. Her father lost \$2,000,000 in Australia in the cattle business. She married a man by the name of Jennings, became a partner to Culmers, and died before the first baby was born. C. C. Goodwin, editor of the Tribune so many years, said of her, "Her English is pure or perfect." She couldn't understand

my letters. Harry as I called H. L. A. had to interpret them. He wrote several funny letters about it. She had a great desire to see that funny man Ted Black. The Culmers used that title when they talked about me.

I took Lon Kimball with me to the office. She was sitting up on a high stool running up pages of figures, counting on her fingers. Harry said, "Ada, this is Ted." I walked over. Of course I knew what she thought of me, but she did not know about Harry's reports to me. I grabbed her hand and jerked her just hard enough so I had to catch her in my arms to keep her from falling off that high chair. She was sporty and seemed to like it. She was a beautiful English girl about 20 years old. We had a nice visit and Harry asked Lon and I up to his home on C Street for dinner about 4 o'clock that day. I knew none of Harry's family except his oldest boy, Wells, who was about 16. I never saw a kid so pleased to see anybody as he was to see me. As soon as I went in the home he came running and grabbed my hand, then asked me if I would please excuse him, grabbed his hat and out at the door he went. His folks could not imagine what was the matter with him. In a few minutes he came back in the house as fast as he went out with a parcel in his hand. He gave it to me as a present. I opened the parcel. It was a book, David Harum, and of course I was thrilled and told him so. We had a nice dinner and spent the evening. He had a grown daughter, a lovely girl. Harry's wife was a beautiful woman.

The next day I was in Harry's office talking to Harry and his secretary. I let her see my book. She threw up her hands in horror, and said, "Never read that book. It is the most simple story that was ever written. The style and grammar is most horrid." She continued, "The man who wrote that story had no better sense than to call a horse a hoss." Harry laughed and told me to read the book. You may wonder how the boy came to give me the book. I don't suppose the boy had ever been out of the city, only to go up in the mountains or something. Harry sent him out to the mine for an out. He stayed with me for some time, slept with me, watched everything I did. He saw me make quite a number of horse trades. I traded horses three times one day. The last trade we changed teams Wells said to me, "Did you ever read David Harum?" I replied, "Who is David Harum?" He answered, "He is a guy who trades horses just like you, or you trade horses just like him." He said, You have made three trades today, and you have a better team than you started out with, and you have more than fifty dollars to boot."

At one time I had my three brothers with me at the mine and one cousin, George, Will, and Nephi, all from Antimony, and cousin Will from Salt Lake. They worked some time at the mine. I took, at different times, a number from Kanosh. Took my brother-in-law Ed Rappleye, his son Ed and Fred Roberts. Fred was a good hand. Could never get old Ed to go down in the mine. He told me one day the offer of a hundred dollars would be no inducement to get him down that mine.

I took Lon Kimball out to work in the mine. We never worked Sundays. One Sunday morning he and I went to the Duchesne Bridge, to get a load of water. There was a stage station and an eating house run by a family named Calvert. They had working for them a new red-headed girl. Lon became smitten on her at once, as he always does. She watched us fill our barrels at the river's edge. I knew what Lon had on his mind. I thought I would beat him to it. I told him to drive the team over by the yard and feed them. I continued to talk to the girl as she sat in a boat tied to a post. I finally bantered her about going for a boat ride. She was sporty alright, and the first thing she knew I was rowing that boat up the river. We rowed under the bridge and quite a distance around a bend up the river. She was in one end of the boat and I in the other. I got out of the boat and tied it, and asked her if there was not room in her seat for the two of us. I guess we visited there two or three hours. In fact, we roamed around among the trees. I suspicioned Calverts had told her about me. I knew they liked me. Two of their sons worked for me. She seemed to be a lovely girl if she did trust a stranger for once in her life. I had learned her name and pretty much all about her history. Lon was standing there where she and I started when we returned. He never did get over it. He was telling a crowd down at the Post Office not more than a week ago about it, but he always exaggerates it.

I came home for a few days to see mother and my sisters. Esra Penney came to our house. He came, I think, to visit my afflicted sister. While there he said to me, "I want to sell you a farm," described his farm, 30 acres of good land under cultivation with 30 shares of water stock, for \$500.00, \$250.00 down payment and \$250.00 in 90 days, at which time he would give me a deed to the land and a transfer of the water rights. I handed him \$250 and when the 90 days arrived I was there and finished the deal. A little later I added another 30 acres ad-

joining it, and we have the farm today. I had it rented several years before I ever used it.

When I went back from this trip the Superintendent was there. I think he looked after things while I was gone. He asked me if I would like to take a contract to mine the Gilsonite, and asked me to give him a figure. I told him I would mine it for five dollars a ton, company furnishing the sacks. I wanted the use of everything belonging to the Company free, such as buildings, all kind of tools, etc. He drew up a contract. I read it carefully and told him it was O.K. I signed it and he signed it. I was now on my own. They were paying me \$150 per month, also paying me for my team. I knew I could double what I was getting, but it did not last long. The Company had some trouble and sold out to a Chicago firm. The work shut down and all the men left. I stayed on the job as a watchman for more than two months. I was told I could move around but not leave the place for more than a day or two and stay in the vicinity. The English Boer War was on and I was sure my time had arrived to make a stake. At the Duchesne Bridge I talked with a Bro. Taylor from Provo who had a contract of an unlimited number of saddle horses. I read the dimensions or specifications, their height, weight, and age. The horses only had to be halter broken. This job was right up my alley. I personally knew a lot of Indians, and had done business with Old Wash, who had more than six hundred horses. Luie Jenkins had more than a thousand. These two Indians spoke good English. Taylor was to receive them on the reservation. I told him I could get two thousand in two or three weeks. Indians had been coming to the mine leading two or three of these kind of horses, and offered them to me for ten or fifteen dollars apiece. I could not use them for any price. Taylor would give \$40.00 for these horses. He told me to hit the ball, and every time I got a couple of car loads or more he would come for them. I went to Major Nyton, commanding officer at Fort Duchesne. He was turning the authority over to Colonel Randelett. Nyton was leaving. He had been in command a long time. I knew him well. I told him just what I wanted to do. He said it would be a great blessing to Indians and the country, meaning the range. He wrote me quite a long recommend to Colonel Randelett. It seemed to me to be about the finest thing I ever read. He told Randelett he had known me seven years and did not know of another who could be trusted to trade with the Indians as me, assuring I would give them everything an article is worth, that I would not rob an Indian out of a penny that

belonged to him, and a lot of other things did he say. I presented it to Randelett. He read it carefully, handed it back, and said, "That is fine. Now shall we proceed?" I told him to send for Charley Travas, the Indian interpreter, and we would talk to him. In the presence of Randelett I told Charley just what I wanted and I would pay from 25 to 35 dollars per head, nothing under 25 and nothing more than 35. Charley thought that was fine. The Indians were all called together and Charley labored with them. Imagine, my surprise when he made his report that they wanted \$70 (seventy dollars) per head. There was no way of forcing them. I told Charley to tell them it was the biggest mistake they ever made. Within three weeks they would not be worth ten dollars a head, in fact they would be worth nothing to me. I went among the Indians and bought a car load. I took in with me a man by the name of Clark who then owned the Duchesne Bridge Station. I told him to not buy a horse, that was my job, because I knew he had no judgement. I needed him. We needed his place. While I was down to the Curay Agency and stayed all night, Clark bought a blue horse while I was gone, a wonder. He said he paid \$40, the highest figure the government was to give us. He thought this horse would make the others look good. We went out to the stable to see this wonderful horse. He had bought a one-eyed horse and did not know it. He was not worth anything to us.

I slept with Ben Haywood, U.S. Marshall from Salt Lake, in Lewis Curry's home in Curay. Lewis Curry was a single man from Missouri. He was the post trader. His brother Orin had the job before him for several years. After telling Haywood their history he replied, "My God, if I had been here that length of time I would have this tribe a white and delightful people." I told Haywood that was the opinion Orin had, and he tried it. I had met his red-headed kids all over the reservation, and Orin told me how he got a lot of them, but the Indians got tired of it and Orin lost his job and a short time ago in front of Lewis's store he, Orin, sent a bullet through his own head. Maybe that's what you would have done if you had taken that job on yourself. My story had an effect on him. He was excited and nervous. Taylor came for our car of horses, and then we were out of the horse business.

All these months I received a letter about once a week from Katie Jones, faithful and true. I could never bring myself to the thought of her being my wife. She was good enough to be any man's wife, good-looking, smart, sweet, and

clean and lovely. It seemed to me she never had an evil thought and I knew I liked her better than any other girl. I had prayed for years for the Lord to make it possible for me to fill a mission. I felt at last as though the Lord had answered my prayers. I had saved enough money to see me through a mission. I was looking at the last letters Katie wrote me. I went over these things carefully and wrote her to say she had waited for me too long. I was not treating her right, and probably it would be better for her if we discontinued writing. I don't know just how I worded that letter, but it had a profound effect upon her. She wrote a lovely letter releasing me. I hurt me because I knew how much it hurt her. I was dazed for several days before I answered that letter. When I did I apologized and told her if she would forgive me I would come and get her. I was surprised with the next letter. She said, "No, I love you too dearly to spoil your happiness. It is all over." I had a feeling of relief mixed with sorrow. I went to Salt Lake and met Thomas Condie on the Temple grounds. Katie's old school teacher and my good friend. We sat under a tree and talked a long time. He wanted to know. I assured him on my word of honor I was never going back for Katie. He said, "She loves you and she will never love any other in this world or any other world, but if I really know that she knew you were not coming back I believe I could go down there and get her to marry me." I told him I felt sure that was true and if he thought that much of her under the circumstances he had mentioned, I believe he should go right away. He finally did go, and that is what happened. In the Salt Lake Temple they were married.

I took my old job again with the new company, hired men, and began shipping Gilsonite. Finally J.F. Hill, the new superintendent, came out from Chicago and brought with him Captain J. A. Edgerly, an elderly man who was really the one to take charge. Some little time went by and it seemed so strange that such an important man as Hill would stay so long. Captain told me one day that he had already told Mr. Hill he would not stay there unless Mr. Black stayed and ran the thing. Mr. Hill was an exceptionally bright man, and notwithstanding he was on a desert, he dressed as if he were going to some classy banquet. He had catarrh, but never blew his nose on a handkerchief twice. When he would take his laundry to Vernal there were usually 40 handkerchiefs. His cigars came from Havanna imported, and cost him 35 cents apiece. He smoked 12 each day. He was forty, but never married. I took him over some claims of Gilsonite I had located over in the Uncon-

pogra Indian Reservation. I located Harry Culmer in with me. We had owned the claims three or four years and had taken care of the assessment each year, but we had been successful in getting them released, and supposed we would have to wait until the reservation was thrown open. He asked me what I would take for the claims as they stood. I told him I would take two thousand dollars, and if he was short on money he could give me five hundred dollars and we would wait on him for the fifteen hundred for 90 days. He wrote me a check for five hundred. I told him he could fix up the balance with Mr. Culmer in Salt Lake. He was about ready to leave. I wrote Harry all about it. Mr. Hill left in a few days. Cap and I got along swell. Some of the boys would come in the office, and sometimes Cap would go in the bunk house evenings and tell his hair splitting stories, how he sat in their mass meetings in the south and heard their plans. He was a spy. Riding on a fast-moving passenger one dark night he was supposed to be reading the paper. Two officers in the other end of the car he knew. They were talking about him. He got up and went out on the platform, through the door next to him, knocked one of the guards down, and all he saw was a flash of fire that went past his head as he went over the rail and off the train. He had a sensation of rolling, but finally when he got sense enough to pick himself up, the train was coming back and he was going farther in a swamp. He watched them hunting with their lanterns. Finally the train went on and he lived in that swamp three days, sometimes with only his head sticking out of the water.

About two months after Hill left I wrote the office, telling them I was not well, and was sure I would have to undergo an operation, and as soon as it was convenient I thought they better send a man to help the Captain, as I would like to quit. One morning, to my great surprise, here came a letter from Box B from President Woodruff telling me I was called to fill a mission in the southern states.

For some time I had been paying attention to a young lady by the name of Pearl Kimball. I had taken two of her older sisters a number of times, but I had been thinking about her for a long time. When she was about 13 she and her older sister Eva came to a May Day program in the bowery west of the old adobe meeting house. They were dressed alike. I could not keep my eyes in any other

direction only the direction she was going. Several times during the day I wondered if she noticed my action. She was just a kid. I was a grown young man. I thought I better forget it, still it seemed I couldn't. I saw Frank Paxton take her to a party. It made me mad. I was mad at him. Then I could not blame him. He was doing the same as I would like to do. George Hanson lived at her home and taught school in Kanosh. One day I saw her riding in a cart with him. The seat was hardly large enough for one person. They were driving her brother Frank's little bay saddle mare going to Fillmore, both laughing and having a gay time. As they passed the Co-op Store where I was observing them, to tell the truth, I was never so mad in my life. Not that I thought she would fall in love with him, I was afraid she would be wronged if she went places with him. I did not dare tell her what I thought. That would spoil everything. But if it was Frank Paxton she was going with I knew she would always be protected while she was in his company, but I was wondering if she would fall in love with him. I was in a pickle for sure. I knew she was the one I wanted. I guess I was judging George Hanson wrong. I was plain jealous. I don't know just how it happened, but one day I asked her if I might take her to a party, a dance. I called for her, seemed like a pretty happy time for me. But in the dance I felt guilty almost ashamed of myself. She looked so young and innocent. I had been all over the world, had seen all the rough sides of life, had been in two houses of ill fame, and a woman of the underworld had nursed me and dressed my wounded foot. A number of times her hands had been on me. I thought if Pearl Kimball knew that she would run from me and scream. But I was just selfish enough to keep taking her out.

It was now Sept. 1895. Pearl was 19 and I was 27. A few days before going to Salt Lake I was talking to Sister Kimball and asked her how she would feel if Pearl and I decided to get married before I went. She just about took my head off. She said, "Don't you talk to me about such a thing. You go along about your business and attend to your mission. There will be plenty of time to talk about things of that kind when you get back." I told her it was O.K. with me. They gave me a farewell party held in the upstairs of Bill George's house, now Lizzie George's home. I think I got \$32.00 quite a contrast to the amount they gave Spencer, my youngest boy, something more than two hundred dollars.

Pearl went with me to Salt Lake. Rodney Ashby joined us at Holden. In the Temple, Pearl was taken sight-seeing. In the audience in the morning meeting I saw my old friend Thomas Condie. I hardly knew him he looked so badly. He came to me crying with his arms around me, telling me Katie died a month before. Their baby boy was just a few days old. I guess it looked as though he (Condie) was going to break and go to pieces. The authorities advised him to go to the Temple. He showed me where and how he put the ring on her finger, and described the lovely sweet creature she was. They had been married just a little more than a year. So Pearl got to see the man who married my old sweetheart.

Next day, Sept. 27, 1895, about a dozen of us fellows were blessed and set apart for our mission. Uncle Golden Kimball blessed me. I was furnished a copy. He made some great promises which I will relate later. Of course, these promises were on condition of my worthiness. We left in the evening, Pearl going with us as far as Provo. It felt very strange. It seemed that two years ahead of me was half a lifetime, but I had been asking the Lord for it since I was a little boy. Through it all I was very happy.

The following is a short sketch of a few of the highlights of My Missionary experience, or a few of the things that came under my personal observation while traveling as a missionary for the L.D.S. Church in Florida for three years.

I have recorded these experiences just as they happened and I am also including a short sketch of the nature of my birth and an experience I had in my field the summer of 1940, believing this story will be of interest and faith promoting to the boys and girls of our Church and possibly stimulate a desire to do missionary work, which is the greatest work in the world; it's far-reaching significance can not be fully comprehended.

On our way to Chattanooga, Tennessee, headquarters of the Southern States Mission, the train stopped in Provo long enough to let Miss Kimball off.

I would like to go back and relate a circumstance which happened on the road to Salt Lake City and one which happened just before we left home. There was a horse race matched in the county which was expected to be a hugh affair. It was between the Peterson mare called "Mandy" and Almond Robinson's horse with the white legs. When the day arrived, it seemed half the people in Millard County were there in buggies, wagons and on horseback. It looked like an army of Cavalry men. The race was run on a track west of Fillmore. I was surprised to see a certain young man "lit up" and with a bottle of whiskey in his back pocket. He had just lately returned from a mission. His father, who was a member of the Stake Presidency, was broken hearted.

Lon Kimball and I who had both been called to fill a mission, were there riding good horses. The Peterson mare won the race and a lot of money changed hands.

In front of Huntsman's store, after the race, a big crowd of men on horses were talking about the race and planning other races, when Lon Kimball stood up in his stirrups and began to scream and, swinging his arms, called for order. He finally got the attention of the crowd and went on to say. "Gentlemen, I happen to have fifty dollars in my pocket. I'd like to bet that Ted Black can throw down in a wrestle, any man in this county, big or little, old or young, first fall, catch as catch can." You should have seen the "pow-wow!" Men got into different groups from different towns. Finally Fillmore accepted the challenge. Lon asked the name of the man. They said, "Joseph Ray." This man had been a champion wrestler for years.

Ray's son, Raymond, rushed up and said, "Father, you can't wrestle Ted." The father spoke up and said, "I would like to know why?" Raymond replied, "Because I won't let you. You can't throw him and besides that, he will hurt you. I have wrestled with him a number of times, and I can't throw him,-- but I can throw you as easily as I can throw a kid." The wrestle was off. Lon had bluffed them all.

The following incident happened while on the road to Salt Lake, between Holden and Juab, where we were to take the train. I think it was Rodney Ashby's brother who took us to Juab. Rodney and I were going to Chattanooga, Tennessee, the mission headquarters where we would be assigned our field of labor. Miss Pearl Kimball was accompanying us as far as Salt Lake-- to be sure we got away!

Rodney said to me, "Where do you think you are going to labor?" I replied, "I'm going straight to Florida, and in that state I am going to fill my mission." I knew I was going to Florida better than I knew I was on the road to Salt Lake City, but I am not able to explain how I knew. There seemed to be an unfailing monitor within me, who whispered and conveyed that information.

There was some very pretty scenery on the route; especially the trip through the Royal Gorge which seemed to be the most outstanding attraction on the whole route to Chattanooga, Tennessee. I sent back to Miss Kimball two or three souvenirs, among them a little pinch of prairie grass I grabbed as I passed through Kentucky.

At Chattanooga, we were met by President Elias S. Kimball and a Brother Horn, his secretary. In his office, we received some very valuable instructions, then he proceeded to assign us our fields of labor. To me he said, "Elder Black, you and Elder Jenkins will go to the South Alabama Conference and there you will fill your mission." He advised us which train to take and at which town to get off, telling us there would be someone at the station to meet us about 11:00 p.m. The welcoming party consisted of President Joseph S. Ceddiss, President of the Conference, and Joseph A. West, lately called to preside over the Florida Conference. They took us to the home of Brother and Sister Isaker Dorman where we were given some bread and milk and then directed to a little bedroom. We were soon asleep.

I forgot to mention the fun the boys had at the close of our assignments. One asked me not to feel badly as we all make mistakes. Another Elder said, "By gosh, you are a pretty good prophet-- you got right close to Florida."

I replied, "Boys, the next time you hear from me, I will be in the Florida Conference, and there is where I will be sticking until the close of my mission."

They all laughed. I knew President Kimball had made a mistake and somebody would have to correct it, and that, too, right away.

We slept soundly in Sister Dorman's bed. President Geddie called us quite early the next morning. Standing in the doorway and smiling, he said, "I have a surprise for one of you boys."

I asked, "Is it for me?"

He said, "Yes."

I told him it would be no surprise for I knew exactly what he was going to say.

He replied, "I'll bet you don't know what I am going to say." He continued, "President West and I have been talking about you boys this morning, and we have both decided that Elder Black belongs in the Florida Conference, and I have decided to give you up and let you go." Then he asked, "Now, are you not surprised?"

I replied, "No, I knew exactly what you were going to say."

Then Elder Jenkins told President Geddis the story I had told about going to the Florida Conference. They were the ones who were surprised!

After breakfast, Elder Jenkins and I went a mile or so to Uncle Ison Bodiford's farm. He was and had been a faithful Latter-Day Saint for a long time. His home had for years been a home for the Elders. He had no children. His wife had been dead for some time, and an old maid niece was keeping house for him. Betty was an old-fashioned girl, "good as gold," who loved every Elder she ever met. The Elders felt the same way about her. She had been known to have a dozen or more at her table at one time. She, also, had been a member of the Church for years.

When Elder Jenkins and I arrived, they were ready to harvest the potatoes. Uncle Isom hitched to a plow, an old red ox named "John," and proceeded to plow the potatoes. Elder Jenkins, with his coat and vest off and his shirt tail sticking out, proceeded to help Betty pick up the potatoes. They worked along together and talked as though

They belonged to each other. The whole site was funny.

I knew I was not much of an artist, and the last time I tried my hand at making a donkey on my slate, the teacher nearly killed me for it. I decided I would try my hand again. I sat down on a pile of potatoe vines, using my hankerchief for a cushion. I first drew a picture of Uncle Isom and old "John", then one of Betty and Elder Jenkins. I could hardly make their picture for laughing. They were going along together with their ends sticking up in the air, Elder Jenkins not knowing how much of his shirt-tail was hanging out.

I sent the famous drawing home to Pearl Kimball. I thought I had better explain, though, like the kid in school who make a picture on the blackboard and wrote under it, "This is a cow."

This morning, my first day in the Mission Field, a very strange thing happened. Right after breakfast, my eyes began to smart and burn. I was developing a case of sore eyes. Nothing had ever been wrong with them before.

President Geddis sent Elder Jenkins one place to labor, then he, along with President West and I, went north about three miles to the home of Brother Bradley, a fine Latter-Day Saint. There was no better man in the Church living in the south. He told me a story which I would like to relate right now.

He dreamed that all the country around him was on fire, and he assumed that the world was on fire. He could see men, women and children running, screaming and falling into the fire, and being consumed. So he knelt in prayer and prayed fervently and earnestly asking the Lord to deliver him and his family from the flames, telling the Lord that he had done the best he knew how to keep His Commandments, had been generous in paying his preacher, and had always divided his substance with neighbors less fortunate than himself.

While he was thus praying, someone tapped him on the shoulder. He looked up and saw two young men standing by him, smiling and asking him what was the trouble. He called their attention to the scenes around them. They invited him to go with them over by the side of a high mesa which had a thick growth of trees and underbrush. Arriving at the foot of the mesa, they found a trail which led to the top, where they sat down on the ground apparently out of reach of the flames.

One of the boys announced he was a servant of the Lord, and proceeded to unfold the scriptures in such a beautiful manner that the soul of Brother Bradley was thrilled. They left him, telling him to follow their instructions and said neither he nor his family would ever burn. He awoke from his dream, so startled and so impressed that he wakened his wife and related it to her, describing the boys and telling her what they had said. One boy had done all the talking, he told his wife. He also told her he would live to witness the entire fulfillment of that dream. Days, weeks, months, and years went by, but he never lost hopes of witnessing that fulfillment.

One evening two Mormon Elders called at his gate and shouted, "Hello." Brother Bradley went down to the gate. A very peculiar feeling came over him. Close to the gate he gazed at the boys, wondering where he had met them, because he knew he had seen and talked to them before. Finally he said, "Come in boys." The next thing he said, "Sit down on the porch and make yourselves at home. I will go and do my chores and then we will have supper." Sister Bradley then spoke to them.

Brother Bradley walked to the corral with his milk buckets, dropped them on the ground, and ran back to the kitchen and said to his wife. "They are the boys I saw in my dream twenty years ago!" The boys were invited to supper. After supper Brother Bradley said, "Now, boys, I expect you to stay all night, but I want to know your business." It seemed they had not had a chance to fully introduce themselves. They now availed themselves of this opportunity and told Brother and Sister Bradley their business and nature of their mission.

Brother Bradley and one of the missionaries, and Elder Rogers, discussed religion until about three o'clock in the morning. Those boys left that day, and as I remember, never met this good man again. They went to other fields of labor, but he was thoroughly and completely converted to Mormonism. Shortly after this, he and Sister Bradley were baptized.

He knew they were the same boys he had seen in his dream; same grips, same suits, hats, etc. Even their neckties were the same. Elder Rogers, who did all the talking, was the boy who had tapped him on the shoulder while he was praying. Brother Bradley had had that dream twenty years before he met the boys; and it was one year before

Elder Rogers was born!

I had been told that this Elder's home town was Lahara, Colorado. About forty-two years after Brother Bradley had related this story to me, I was introduced at the Mesa Temple to a Brother Rogers. I knew a number of men by the name of Rogers who lived in Mesa. I asked this man where he lived. He said, "In Lahara, Colorado." I asked him, "Did you fill a mission in the south and labor in South Alabama?" He replied, "Yes." Then he related the same story to me which Brother Bradley had told me.

Brother Bradley told me this story in the forepart of October, 1895. Forty-two years later Elder Rogers told me the same story. I am writing this story today, December 7, 1946, in our rented cottage by the side of the St. George Temple.

New back to my missionary work in the South--

President Geddis and President West remained at Brother Bradley's home two or three days, writing letters and getting the records in shape, holding some meetings and doing some baptizing. On one of those days they sent me to the Lapine Post Office, two or three miles away, to take some letters and get their mail.

Mrs. Turner, about fifty years of age, kept the post office close by her home. She gave me the mail and said, "Are you a Mormon Preacher?" I replied, "Yes, ma'am." She said, "Don't you leave this post office; I shall close in a few minutes. I want you to go into my home as I have some questions to ask you and would like you to answer them." I knew so little about the scriptures at that time, the situation was really pitiful.

(Before going to the office I had said to President Geddis and President West, "What shall I do if I meet a bunch of hoodlums and they jump me about religion?" President Geddis had replied, "There will be no one there at this time of the day, and Mrs. Turner will not look at you.")

While I waited for Mrs. Turner, I told the Lord I could not remember a time in my life when I needed a little help from Him as I did right then.

Mrs. Turner said, "Come on." We walked about four rods and turned in at her gate and into her house. Pointing to a chair and in a commanding voice she said, "Sit down." Believe me, I obeyed; she told me off for a little while, giving me her

conceptions of the nature of our missions in their part of the country and, without, hardly getting her breath, she pointed to the largest book I had ever seen lying in the center of the table, and said, "Do you know what that book is?" I replied, "Yes, ma'am; it is the Bible."

She said, "It's a good thing you know;" then went on, "Now, don't you believe if I read that book with a prayerful heart and follow it's precepts and it's teachings and teach my children to do the same, that I will be saved?"

I answered, "Yes, ma'am."

She said, "That is just exactly what I do, and I am informing you that I have no use for your old "Book of Mormon" and your "Doctrine and Covenants" and your "Pearl of Great Price." Then she mentioned a number of other books of which I had never heard, as if she thought they were all our standard works. She then assumed a very important air as though she had scored a great victory. She had been looking rather mean. She was now almost ready to smile. I noticed a twinkle in her eyes.

I said, "Mrs. Turner, do you mind if I open this Bible and read a few lines?" Of course she replied, "No."

I opened the book and began to read something as follows: "After these things the Lord appointed other Seventy also and sent them two by two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come, telling them to carry neither purse nor script nor shoes, etc."

By the time I had finished, her countenance had changed. I said, "Do you believe that, and do you believe His Gospel should be carried to the people in the same manner today?" She replied bitterly, "No." "We can hardly pay one preacher, much less two." I turned the leaves and read something similar--"that freely they had received and freely they should give." She offered the same objection, to which I said, "I have just read His language to His Servants, and I doubt very much, Mrs. Turner whether you have any better understanding of the nature of the Savior's mission and the work of His Servants, in those days, than you do of ours, but it is identical with that of the Saviour's Servants in that day." She jumped from her chair. So did I.

She said, "Get out of my house, you saucy impudent

rascal, and never come back!" I was on my way and have never seen her since.

As I journeyed back to Brother Bradley's, I felt terrible-- wondering if I had not committed a great wrong and opened the door for a lot of persecution. She could have said anything about me--even that I had tried to rape her, and it would have been believed,-- or at least these were my thoughts as I made my way toward Brother Bradley's house. I could now see the beauty of the scripture I had just read to Mrs. Turner-- "to travel by two's that they might have protection; that one of His Servant's testimonies could be confirmed by the other." But I was determined to tell Pres. Geddis just what had happened so he would know how to handle the situation. Imagine my surprise, then, after telling him the story to see him have a good, hearty laugh.

I went with Pres. Geddis quite a distance to visit an old couple-- Brother Johnny McElvin and his wife, exceptionally faithful Latter-Day Saints, who were much older than Brother and Sister Bradley. Uncle Golden Kimball once held a council meeting in this humble home, with eight Elders and Brother and Sister "Mack", as they were affectionally called. George Rogers of Kanosh was among that number.

When all of a sudden a volley of shots peppered their home, one of the Elders ran into one of the bedrooms and crawled under the bed of President George Albert Smith. Bro. "Mack" ran into another room and came out with his belt full of cartridges buckled around him. Pres. Kimball admonished him not to open the front door, but Bro. "Mack" kept repeating to him all the while that he was filling his magazine, "That's alright, that's alright!" and out of that door he went. He seemed to silence all the other guns, and all they could hear between his shots was men, and the feet of men running through the woods. The next day all Bro. "Mack" could find for his efforts was a man with a broken leg.

Pres. Geddis and I spent two nights and a day with this fine old couple. I walked around the yard the first morning and among the many fine things I saw was a beautiful Jersey heifer with a little calf ten days old, and on learning they had not thought of saving her milk yet, I told Sister "Mack" in the presence of Pres. Geddis that we usually used the milk when the calf was eight days old.

She replied, "We never save it until after two weeks."

(Pres. Geddis was a very modest, refined and cultured gentleman. I seemed to be doing something all the time which shocked him. While the "Mrs. Turner episode" shocked him, still it seemed to please him.)

Among some of the nice things we had for breakfast on the second morning was sweet milk-- the best, it seemed to me, I had ever tasted. Pres. Geddis had his second glass. I told Sis. Mack what I thought about it and asked her which one of her cows gave that kind of milk.

"That little jersey heifer with the young calf," was her reply.

I thought Pres. Geddis would lose his first glass of milk before he could get away from the table. He went out of the house on the run, gagging as he ran. Out in the back yard we heard him trying to separate himself from that glass of milk he drank at the breakfast table. He finally came in, white as a sheet; he was a sick man and, worst of all, he had kinked his neck while straining. I think Sis. Mack put him to bed. This all happened on account of my blundering. Brother and Sister Mack felt terrible about the incident; all I could do was apologize. It was an object lesson to me. I could begin to see the havoc that prejudice could play even on the minds of the finest and best people who have been influenced by the testimony of others, to the extent that they have planned to kill their fellow creatures and often times have carried out that plan, when their victims were perfectly innocent.

I have a striking incident in mind that happened more than a year after the one just related. I think I shall tell it now.

My companion and I went into a neighborhood of very fine people; both we and our doctrines were strange to them. Among them was an outstanding family by the name of John Davis. Within a week or so he and his family were baptized, also Brother Sundry and his family, and others. I had the experience during the year of meeting some of the finest people I ever knew, and I could not see how any of them could be finer than Brother Davis.

He and I had many heart to heart talks, and he startled me one day when he said, "Elder Black, I have a twin brother. I think he is the best Christian I ever knew. How often I have wished I could be as good a man as he, but I don't expect that time will ever come. I do wish you could meet him." Then he told me in what part of the state his twin lived. Some how I

paid little attention to the location. I told my companion what Brother Davis had said. At this particular time I was first Counselor to the Conference President, Frank H. Cutler. I had charge of a number of pairs of Elders who made their reports to me every Saturday night. I visited among them and helped them hold a series of meetings. So I went into all parts of the country.

I had this same companion with me one day when we were approaching a very fine home in the country. A man was out in the yard preparing a commercial fertilizer for his garden. He leaned on his shovel and looked at us as we drew nearer. I said to my companion, "That is Brother Davis's twin brother." Brother Davis had written his twin all about us, but the latter had preferred taking his pastor's advice-- the man to whom he had paid so much money, and the man whom he thought stood closer to the Lord than any other man. I could read his thoughts before we got to him.

I said, "You are Brother John Davis's twin brother, are you not?" He went into a rage and informed me it was none of my damn business, and then went on to say, "You are the villain who deceived my brother. My heart ached for him; for the suffering he will go through on account of your wicked and willful deception." He went right on saying, "I know the nature of your wicked and vicious mission among we people. It is to disrupt homes, break up families and to induce our young girls to go to Utah, where they are made mistresses to the authorities of your Church."

He raved on until he was out of breath. I said to him finally, "Brother Davis." He clutched that shovel tighter and screamed, "Don't you ever call me brother again, if you know what is good for you." I went right on talking, asking him if it were not possible that he had been misinformed. He screamed back at me, "No!" He had ordered me to leave his place two or three times. That shovel did not look good to my companion, and he kept a good distance away but heard all that each of us said. I finally said, "If you will allow us to go into your house and sit down and talk to you and your family, I will guarantee to introduce to you, doctrines that you will confess are the fundamental principles of the doctrines of Christ, and you will tell me you've never heard them discussed before."

If it were possible, he was more angry than at any other time. He replied, "I care nothing about your promise, much less your guarantee, and I want you to thoroughly and distinctly understand

that the offer of any amount of money would not be any inducement for me to let you cross my threshold, much less have my wife and daughters insulted by your dirty presence." I replied "If that is the way you feel, we'd better be moving along." He repeated, "If you know when you're healthy, you'd better be moving."

He leaned on his shovel and watched us. When I got to where my companion was, I called back to him, and said, "Your neighbors down at John's mill have written us several letters asking us to come and see them. We are going to hold a series of meetings down there, and we will be pleased to have you come." He acted as though he were trying to treat me with silent contempt. When I found he was not going to answer, I said, "those folks really want us to come to their homes." He shouted, "You had better go where you are wanted."

Now as strange as it may seem to those who read this story, a quickening feeling of love began to kindle in my heart for that man and it increased the more he raved and the worse he acted. I began to love that man with a passion that I haven't the words to describe. There was not a moment of time during our conversation but what I felt that if I could only take that man in my arms and hold him close to me, it would give me the greatest thrill, the greatest moment of pleasure and enjoyment I had ever experienced. As I have just stated, I can't explain it.

My partner and I walked in silence for some time. I finally broke it by saying, "That is a good man; one that I love better than any other I know in this whole country."

We were walking side by side. My head was bowed. He grabbed me and turned me around to see what was wrong. He said, "I want you to reconcile that statement with that man's actions."

I replied, "That is easy. All that he said to us he had learned from his minister." And far more wicked things were said about us by his minister. I continued. "This man did not accuse us of murder or the authorities of our Church with the same crime. He is a good man, and you will know and acknowledge it in a short while."

My companion was puzzled and hung his head in bewilderment.

We had a delightful time in this settlement, about five miles from Charley Davis's home. We held a number of meetings and visited among the people, teaching them the Gospel.

I think nearly a week had elapsed until one day a crowd gathered at a place where we were going to perform the ordinance of baptism, when Charley Davis appeared and fell at my feet with his arms around my legs, crying hysterically, asking me to forgive him. I reached down and finally lifted him to his feet and told him never as long as he lived to kneel at any man's feet. I told him I was only his brother, and he need not ask my forgiveness as I forgave him freely the first time we met. He tried to tell me how much he thought of me. I told him it would be impossible for him to think more of me than I did of him, and we stood for a long time with our arms around each other, crying like children. And as we stood thus, others were crying also. No one was smiling--it was very serious and solemn occasion. A little while later I baptized him and his family.

Now back to President Geddis and South Alabama---

A number of baptisms were to be performed in the neighborhood where Brother Bradley lived. Among them was a young lady named Emma Knight; she was one of the three most beautiful girls I met while in the South. President West performed the ordinance. It was about this time that I performed my first baptism. Forty years later, in the Manti Temple, a lady asked me if I knew her and of course I did not remember her. She said, "I am the first person you ever baptized."

I exclaimed, "Oh, Alice Bradley!"

She had a house in Manti, one in Salt Lake, and owned the old home in Alabama. Her boys and their families lived in it. She travels back and forth doing genealogy work.

My eyes continued to get worse. President Geddis and President West seemed to have a few days more visiting so I went with them. We were at a home one night and they were called away to preach and to stay all night, and left me with people who were strangers to me. My eyes hurt me so badly and I felt quite sick because of it. The people placed me in a little, plain lumber room in a poor bed, with nothing else in the room. I guess I was discouraged, I could easily have cried. I lay in that dingy room thinking of the two years ahead of me and wondering if I would have sore eyes all the time.

I had all kinds of imaginations running through my mind and could not sleep. I was really depressed and discouraged, but the thought of going home at any time during my mission never entered my mind--I would rather have died.

Had it not been for the distress and suffering caused by my eyes, I am sure everything would have been much different. I knew my pillow was getting wet and I was trembling with nervousness, when all of a sudden I felt a peaceful, calm, pleasant influence, and the room was filled with that power. It made me happy and I was made conscious of the fact that all this lovely influence and power was caused by the presence of a lovely personage in my room. She had been dead a year. I called her name and asked her why she did not come nearer to me that I might put my arm around her and enjoy her sweet presence as I had in years gone by. I seemed to have forgotten she was only a spirit. I asked her respectfully to speak to me. I felt her leaving. I sat on the side of the bed some time before lying down and going to sleep. That visit was a great blessing to me. I was not asleep; it was not a dream. The personage was Katie Jones, my old sweetheart of Lehi, Arizona.

Pres. West and I were going to make one more visit and then go to Florida. The Britt family lived only about a half day's walk from the Florida boundary line. We had never met them but were quite excited about seeing them. There was father and mother, two married daughters, and one single girl who apparently did not get excited about any of the Elders who had given us a report about them. Ada was a school teacher and very talented and attractive. Pres. West was a single man, like myself, and he especially was anxious to see them.

They knew we were coming. We really found some nice folks. Brother Britt was not well; Alice, one of the married daughters, and Ada were at home as well as Sister Britt. We were made welcome. I think they felt honored to have the President of the Florida Conference in their home a day or two. In fact, we stayed three days. Ada stayed at home and took care of us. I think Pres. West's excuse for staying so long was on account of my eyes being so bad. They did seem worse.

Ada seemed to take it upon herself to take care of me and doctor my eyes so many times each day. She was very tender and I imagine was a very affectionate girl. And I think it was on account of my extreme physical condition that she did not give Pres. West very much of her time. I noticed it bothered him. He was naturally a wonderful entertainer, but it seemed her sympathy went out for me in my affliction, so Pres. West had to content himself with the rest of the family. We had a delightful time.

I was amused the last evening which we spent in the Britt home. In a large spacious parlor, Sister Britt, Alice and Pres. West sat by the fireplace around a center table, while I was reclining on a couch in a farther corner of the room, Ada sitting at the head of this couch close by me. Sister Britt turned down the light which was hanging just above the table for fear it would affect my eyes, and so informed Pres. West and Alice. The room was almost dark. Ada was entertaining me with some of her interesting stories when all of a sudden Pres. West rose from his chair and turned on the light.

It was not long afterwards that he suggested we have prayer and go to bed. Once there he did not say a word. Next morning after breakfast we were ready to leave. All the Britt family, except Ada, belonged to the Church. We were on our way to Florida, where he was to assume his duties as President. As we walked along the road he seemed to be in a deep study, as though his labor before him was rather heavy. I rather surmized he might be thinking of other things besides his missionary work, when all of a sudden he stopped walking and stopped me, looking me straight in the eyes as though he was half out of patience with me about something.

He said, "I believe you kissed that girl."

I laughed, at the same time, replying, "Well, the only trouble with you, Pres. West, was that you didn't get the chance."

I might have thought of such a thing because of her having been so darn good to me, but I swear I did not kiss her. However, I would not give him the satisfaction of knowing whether I did or not. In fact, I was sure he would not have believed me, anyway.

Our next stop was at the Leaven's home in Florida. All the family belonged to the Church and were good Latter-Day Saints. There was a grandmother, mother, some children and a grown boy named "Sweet." Jephtha was one of the daughters, about twenty years of age. Melissa, the oldest girl, had married Harden Ashby of Holden who had previously filled a mission there. They had raised a fine family. Melissa was a very pretty girl. I'd met her just before going on my mission. At the time I think they had one baby.

We stayed at the Leaven's home for a couple of days, I think on my account.

Jephtha was a little different than Ada had been. She was not satisfied by putting drops in my eyes; she seemed to want to handle me as though I were helpless. I told Pres. West we must be going right away; we were soon on our way.

Pres. West realized I had to have medical attention at once. Two doctors who were of the same opinion said I should be kept in a darkened room and have an application of eye water or medicine frequently. Pres. West rented a room in a home of Captain Griffin, and Elder Heber C. Blood stayed with me awhile, then Elder Frank Smith from Meadow took me over.

I have already told about my pleasure in being called to fulfill a mission. I looked upon it as a great blessing, and as I grew to manhood I never stopped praying to the Lord to make it possible that I might fill a mission. I was asking for it when but a little boy, and, as I have already stated, I knew where I was going before leaving my home county.

Captain Griffin was an exceptionally fine gentleman. He has a wife, two grown daughters at home, and one just married. Cultured ladies, they were; and were very kind to us. But, strange, as it may seem, they never once invited us to dine with them. A few times they invited us to spend the evening in the parlor and listen to the girls sing. Anything pertaining to the Gospel made them frigid. The girls were wondering one night if Mr. Smith was married. I replied, "You would think he was married if you could see those two-red-headed kids he has in Utah." He turned several colors because he was so bashful. I went to the store two or three times, and to see the doctors the first month, and once we went with Captain Griffin and his family by invitation to hear

his pastor preach.

The church was full of people. The minister lost himself through his prejudice. He was an old man and dealt with a lot of slang. He said, "The Mormons who are in our midst are nothing more or less than 'wolves in sheep's clothing', followers of Joe Smith who was an ignoramus, a confirmed epileptic; and the intelligent people of Missouri and Illinois killed him for his lies, which was God's blessing."

Half his audience did not hear the rest of his discourse. They walked out—even my doctors and the two merchants and their families. But Captain Griffin and his folks seemed to want to see the thing through.

The pastor continued by saying that old Brigham Young had succeeded Joe Smith and had gotten a lot of suckers to follow him, and he had led them to Utah—that he had actually left a trail of slime for a thousand miles across a trackless plain. At this point, the minister lost some more of his audience. He then talked a little more about President Young's cruelty in whipping his wives.

The Griffin family had left, but we soon overtook them, and the Captain said, "Mr. Black, you heard my preacher preach today."

I replied, "Yes, if you call that preaching."

He went on, "I don't know when I ever felt so bad, or was so disappointed. I have paid that man hundreds of dollars for preaching to my family. I thought him nearest to the Lord than any other man. Today I find him the most ignorant wretch I know anything about. He has received his last dollar from me. I am so overwhelmed with disappointment and grief I don't know what to do with myself."

We surely felt sorry for the man and his family; some of them were crying. The next meeting the preacher held in that chapel, his audience totaled three, then he faded out and had to quit because the money for which he preached stopped coming.

During the second month we remained in the captain's home, my eyes became gradually worse, so I fasted and prayed a great deal. All the Elders fasted and prayed for me, too. It was a common

thing for me to fast forty-eight hours; twice I fasted three days and nights. The Elders administered to me a number of times. The Conference President came several times, and once he brought seven other Elders with him. They held a prayer circle and all prayed and administered to me. Nothing seemed to help.

One day the President came and said, "Elder Black, I have been talking with the two doctors who have been looking after you. They say your trouble is due to your coming from a high altitude to a low one, and that unless you go back home or be transferred to one of the Northern States you will lose your sight entirely."

I replied, "President West, you tell those doctors they know nothing about my condition. I am not going back home nor be transferred to one of the Northern States. I am going to stay right here." President West acted as though he were going to cry. He knew I meant just what I said.

During those two months I had other friends besides the Elders who were anxious about me and who were praying for me. They were the folks at home—Mother, and especially my two older sisters, Alice Rappleye and Annie Whatcott with their families, also Birdie, my younger sister who stayed at home and helped mother take care of my darling sister, Lillian, who was an invalid. Her comforting letters came more often than any others. Alice and Annie always enclosed stamps.

One who never forgot nor neglected me was the one I hoped would wait until I returned, but I was led to believe a fellow had no assurance of this. I had a stronger conviction of this fact later when I learned what had happened to two or three of my companions.

Pearl Kimball was the only one in Kanosh who ever sent me money in the three years I was in the mission field. W. H. Culmar of Salt Lake once sent me ten dollars. That was all I ever received. In my loneliness because of my sore eyes, Ada Britt sent me a number of letters and some presents—two silk handkerchiefs, two neckties, (one a crocheted white silk), and after that a big cake.

One Saturday night I had been fasting two days and nights. I had been in that room just sixty days with black glasses

over my eyes--eyes that looked so bad, when I removed the glasses and looked into a mirror, they frightened me! On this night we received a letter from Pres. West which Elder Smith read as follows: "Dear Brethern: Elder Cutler and myself will hold a meeting Sunday morning in the Grand Island School House at 10 o'clock. If it is possible to get Elder Black there we believe it will do him good."

I said, "We will go."

He replied, "You can't walk five miles."

I said, "I will walk that five miles." I continued my fast into the third day. We were on our way early the next morning, walking, but we rested often. The last time I sat down to rest was in sight of the schoolhouse. I remarked, "Pres. West will ask both of us to speak at that meeting. I will speak a half-hour." Elder Smith smiled.

We held our meeting in a large hall; it looked as though three hundred people were there, but not one was there we knew except our brethern. As we sat behind the pulpit Elder Cutler selected the songs. Pres. West said, "I want both of you to speak." Looking at me, he went on, "You speak first. Say whatever comes to your mind then sit down, because I have a message for the people of this congregation."

I would like to say that, in order to stimulate my faith, I presume, Elder Smith had been reading to me stories of Abraham's faith, and of Moses, Joshua, and others.

After the singing and the prayer, I stood up. The people looked like objects before me, but I discovered not one of the objects moved. It seemed no one moved a foot. There was perfect silence all the while I talked. No audience since that time has ever given me such attention. I finally decided I had used my thirty minutes, and my last words were that I believed they were a good people and I asked the Lord to bless all and all they possessed, and I left my blessing with them and sat down.

Pres. West turned to the other boys and announced the song to be sung.

I whispered, "What are you going to do?"

He replied, "Dismiss the meeting."

I continued, "I thought you had a message for these people."

"I did," he went on, "but you wouldn't let me deliver it." I told him I didn't understand what he meant by that.

"Do you know that you have been preaching for one hour and fifty minutes?"

I exclaimed, excitedly, "I don't believe it."

He replied, "You put your watch up to your eyes, before you stood up on your feet; look at your watch now."

I had done just that thing.

I walked with those Elders another four miles to another appointment at two p.m., then another seven or eight miles to the home of "Uncle" Tom Drew. Our travels that day were in the shape of a horseshoe. Breaking my three day's and night's fast here, I ate sweet potatoes, brown gravy, hot rolls and butter, sweet milk, etc.--the first real meal I had had in sixty days.

I went out into "Uncle" Tom's woods, not far from the house, knelt down and began to pray. I cried and prayed at the same time. I told the Lord I knew I was His Servant, and I knew I had been called on that mission by the proper authority, and I knew also that before I left my home county I was going to the Florida Conference to meet and convert a lot of people who were looking for me, and I also thought I had patiently made the sacrifice and I would be so happy if He would please restore my sight that I might be about my missionary work.

I sat down and cried and cried; finally a sweet, heavenly influence crept into my soul and I knew my eyes were healed. I stood on my feet and threw these glasses into the darkness, went into the house and to bed.

My eyes were as well as they are today. I paid the Captain, took my grip, went to work, and never have had sore eyes since. I have never used glasses, and I can read small print for hours. I call this experience my first great testimony.

When Uncle Golden Kimball blessed me the day I left Salt Lake for my mission, it was the greatest source of comfort I think I ever received. I had always been afraid of snakes, big or little--dogs the same, big or little. The smallest dog, as harmless as it might be with anything or anybody else, would bite me if it got the chance. They all seemed to know I was afraid of them. I suffered all my life before going on my mission with this fear.

Uncle Golden said, "I bless you with faith to perform your labors well. You will never be injured by anything that lives in the South. You will never be bitten by a dog or snake or any other kind of animal or reptile. You will never have the slightest kind of fear of any of those things while you labor in the South. You will have the power to make yourself understood. No man or woman who ever hears you talk will be mystified, but will have a clear conception of all you have said." This was verified in the course of my missionary work. Often people told me how well they understood me. At the close of one of the meetings three or four people told me they understood all I said, but understood very little of what my companion had said, remarking that he spoke over the heads of the audience. My companion was educated and his discourse was most beautiful to me.

Out of the many experiences I had with reptiles and varmints I think I will relate three of four.

We stopped at a house in the country, hollered "Hello" at the gate, then opened the gate and walked up a board path toward the house. When about half-way, a huge white bulldog came around the corner of the house, dragging an iron block at the end of a chain. You would have thought by the noise he was making he was going to eat us. I spoke to him when he was about six or eight feet in front of us; he stopped, and we never slackened our pace. I told him to get off that walk or we would push him off. His nose was not more than six inches from us as we passed him. Just then about six men came running around the corner of the house. The man who owned the dog was pale and almost speechless. He finally said, "God, I expected to see you torn in pieces!" I asked him why he kept such a dog. He answered, "To keep the niggers from pilfering from my grainery and corn cribs at night." He called it a "block" dog. If he jumped the fence he could never take the block with him. People kept their distances.

We were walking once through what was almost a jungle when we came to a big, ugly, deep pond. It looked like a place where some of the boys had said little alligators could be found. Some of the boys had taught me the call. I squatted down on one knee and began to make this noise. Up until this time I had never seen a little alligator. I had seen big ones; one eleven feet long. Presently three little alligators about eight or ten inches long came to the surface of the water. I had my hand in the water. I slipped my hand under one and lifted him out of the water and stroked him a time or two and he jumped back into the water and was out of sight. This was before I knew much about the custom of alligators. If I had tried to hold him and he had let out a scream, likely his old ugly mother who was sleeping at the bottom of that pond would in all probability have been on the scene at once to make an investigation.

At another time we walked in a swamp for three or four miles through some timber and underbrush; sometimes there was a quarter or half a mile's width between us and the stream. We waded quite a stretch but finally came to the stream. The water was milky. A large hewn pine log spanned the stream which was thirty or forty feet wide. Below the log was a huge, round deep pond; the water seemed to be still in that pond.

We decided to go in bathing, so we took off our clothes. He took his pocketknife to trim his toe nails, having his back to the pond. I looked into that pond and wondered if I could swim across, then the thought came to me, "I wonder if there are any alligators in there?" I drove the thought away and plunged off and began to swim. About the middle of the pond, the scaly back of an old alligator loomed up. I could neither see its head nor its tail, but about four feet of its ugly body was visible.

Uncle Golden had said I would never have any fear, but believe me I turned right-about-face! I didn't want any of that kind of company. I stood on the bank. My companion was still trimming his toe nails and didn't appear to know what had been going on. He remarked, "I wonder if I can swim across that pond." I told him I thought he could. His next remark was, "I wonder if an alligator is in there?"

I said, "There shouldn't be."

"Well," said he, "if that's the way you feel about it, I'll try it." I grabbed him just as he was going, and told him what had happened. We put on our clothes and went on our way. He might not have gotten off as easily as I did.

On top of the hill in the first home lived a fine family by the name of Lang who belonged to the Church. We told them what we had done. Brother Lang couldn't figure out how I ever got out of that pond. He said, "There is an old alligator in that pond and she is the meanest thing you ever heard of--especially since I robbed her nest! That reminds me," he went on, "those eggs should be hatching out." He said to me, "Let's you and I go down and see."

Down at his yard was a big pile of bark and chips and trash of various kinds, four or five feet wide and about the same height with a picket fence around it. In this enclosure were three or four alligators six inches long trailing around, squeaking and trying to get out. I got a stick about a foot long and as wide as my finger. With it I probed in the trash and got out an egg and cracked it on the end. I tapped it and struck a little fellow on the nose. He grabbed that stick and kicked the shell and stuff all over me. He screamed and yelled and kicked and held onto that stick.

Another time Brother Mack Calihan, a young man I had helped to convert, and I were hunting fox squirrels in the swamp. High up on a big cypress tree I heard one chirping. As I trailed around the tree, looking up, he kept on the other side of the tree. I finally stopped traveling and looked down at my feet. About two feet away lay a big black moccasin snake, all coiled up, with his head a foot high from the ground. These snakes are more deadly than the rattlers. I called Brother Calihan and he came on the run. His coming confused the snake, I presume, and he proceeded to go down a hole among the roots of a big dry tree that had fallen. Brother Mack saw him, though, before he finally disappeared. He said, "Why did you not shoot him?"

I said, "I have been walking around by his nose quite a while and he did not care to hurt me. Why should I hurt him?"

At another time I was walking ahead of my companion along a trail where there was grass on either side. It was a warm day. I was reading the New Testament, not noticing where I was stepping, and I stepped on the head of a huge rattlesnake who must have been asleep and sunning himself. Almost

instantly he tangled himself around my legs. I was hobbled I would kick a little, first with one foot, then the other, until I finally kicked him off into the grass. I was not in the least disturbed nor excited any more than if it had been a weed around my legs. My feelings were the same as those with the dog and the other snake, but in the case of the alligator I had disobeyed the voice of the Lord--I felt guilty.

This concludes a short chapter concerning the blessing which Uncle Golden Kimball gave me and its fulfillment.

I was fortunate to have for my first companion Elder Joseph Larson from Pleasant Grove, Utah, who had been in the mission field possibly a year and a half. He was my age and single, always had good habits, and was well informed on the Gospel. He was a music instructor, a good singer, and always had a lot of sympathy for those who needed it. He took great pains in teaching me how to lead out in the singing.

We visited for some time among Saints and friends and people who were investigating. We held meetings and did all the good we knew how to do. "Uncle" Thomas Drew was one of my first genuine friends. It was at his home where I ate my first meal after my sixty day's suffering with sore eyes in the home of Captain Griffin, and it was not far from his house that eventful night that the Lord restored my sight.

My feelings toward "Uncle" Tom was like the feeling of a dutiful son towards a kind and loving father. He had more than a thousand-acre plantation. His large home, barns, grainaries and yards, as well as the homes of more than a score of his colored help, people who would never leave him, were on the south edge of his plantation with highway in front. On the extreme north he built a meeting house and had maintained it several years, open to all denominations. He had never listened to a sermon nor even attended a service in his own church house until two of our Elders left an appointment, two weeks previous. The announcement was nailed on a tree close by. "Uncle" Tom noticed some vicious threats posted telling what would happen if the Elders attempted to preach in that house.

On the night of the meeting the Elders took supper with him and he accompanied them to the meeting and took a seat in the lower end of the house with a shotgun across his knees. After that night our Elders had not a better friend in the South than "Uncle" Tom Drew.

He confided to me once and told me he did not know of another man he thought as much of. Said he wanted me to do his work in the Temple when he was gone, providing the authorities of the Church would allow it. He also said he knew baptism was for the remission of sins but he was not quite sure that his sins could be forgiven. We were lying by the side of each other and the moonlight was streaming in on us through the window.

He continued, "I do not want to do something to offend God."

I replied, "Go on and tell me the story."

He said he had never told the story to a living soul but would tell me. He said he had lived in one of the northern states and his mother had some other children when she died. His father married another woman when he, Tom, was about fourteen years of age, and she took a decided dislike for him and told his father she would not have him on the place. His father got an old friend to take him, who whipped him for everything that went wrong. Once he whipped him in the woodshed with a horse whip. Tom told the man if he ever whipped him again he would kill him, then he ran home and told his father.

In a few days his father sent him back, as he had done other times after he had had a whipping. It was after dark when he arrived. The old man was angry. He lighted the lantern and took Tom to the woodshed. He said he dodged the first blow then his long knife found the old man's heart. He gasped and fell dead. Tom crawled under a can and lay on the brakes of a freight train going south. He kept going South, walking a great deal of the way until he reached Florida, then he worked on the turpentine farms and in saw mills for several years, going to school in the winter.

He finished his high school work also his college work, got to be foreman with some of the companies, saved his money bought land and real estate, etc. He said he never changed his name, but none of his folks ever heard of his whereabouts.

He had a little girl named Cora.

At one time when I was in his home Cora, who was between six or seven years of age, put a bean in her ear and soon began screaming with pain. He was determined to try and remove it. I said, "Uncle" Tom, you can't do that, you might kill that child." He went into a rage, but I finally persuaded him to listen to reason.

I said, "Have one of the colored boys hitch your best mule to your buggy; and I will take her to Dr. May less than two miles away."

While Cora was still under the influence of ether, "Uncle" Tom and I could hardly hold her on the table. I told Dr. May what "Uncle" Tom had been contemplating doing at home. The doctor said if he had tried that he would have killed her instantly. "Uncle" Tom never got through thanking me for the part I had played in saving her life.

Our fondness for each other seemed to increase. I called to see him as often as circumstances would permit. He persuaded me to promise to come and see him before going home after my release. I kept my promise. I was released by Pres. Ben E. Rich after he had succeeded Uncle Elias Kimball. I told "Uncle" Tom I had been released and did not care to wait for money from Chattanooga. He remarked, "I will keep you three days before I give you any money." He gave me what money I needed, on the second day, and I can assure you it was a trial to leave him, knowing I would never see him again in this life.

Years later when she sent me her father's record so I could do his work in the Temple, Cora had a family; two of her boys were in the service of World War II. I wrote the story of her father's life to President Grant, and from him and his counselors I received a nice letter in reply, telling me to do his work at once. I was happy while being baptized for him, and on the following day I was endowed for him.

Elder Larson and I were sent by the President, Joseph A. West, to visit all the people who lived in the country in Walton County, (not in the cities). He gave us strict orders not to leave the county, nor even go over the boundary line without his permission. The City of De Funiak Springs was

our post office. People here as a rule were friendly and we began to make friends.

Calling at a farmhouse one day, we were met at the door by a lady about thirty-five years old who was the mother of two boys, the younger one was twelve. She invited us in. She had some brothers and an aged mother. Her name was Annie Lindsay. They had a nice farm which she managed. Notwithstanding the friends we made, the Lindsay home was more like my home than any other home in the South.

We took great pains in explaining the Gospel to this good woman and the family, including grandma, as well as her sister's family, Mrs. Rube Brown. The two families were brought into the Church. Annie Lindsay was very sensitive and cried over the wrongs of her past life. I told her one day when she was feeling so badly that the Lord had forgiven her of all her past sins and would not hold any of them against her if she would do her very best from now on to keep His commandments. My promise seemed to relieve her and comfort her. I never found her crying any more.

We worked in Walton County quite a length of time and baptized a number of fine people. One evening found us in the north-eastern part of the county. We remained all night with an old couple whose house was built nearly on the boundary of Holmes County. After thanking and leaving this couple, we were soon sitting on a log debating as to which way we should go. I told Elder Larson I had a strong feeling we should go over into Holmes County. He called my attention to what the President had said about remaining in our own county, etc. I finally asked him how he felt about it.

He replied, "I feel the same way as you do."

I said, "We may as well go then."

We were soon on a public road going north past two or three houses. Finally one man called us, after we had gone by his gate, and asked if we weren't Mormon preachers, and of course we told him we were. He said he had a story to tell us. His name was Gardner Simmons, and following is the story he related to us:

"Two years ago, two of your brethern passed through our community and stopped at the home of Fred Houseman, but he was not at home at that time. Only his wife was there. That young woman is now sick and unless she gets relief she cannot live many days. The two doctors who have been waiting on her say her time on earth is only a matter of hours. For the last five months she has been

having fits from five to nine every day. Each time she froths at the mouth and becomes unconscious. The doctors have done all they can and have told me so.

"We have one child, a big boy that I need on my place. He spends almost all his time sitting by her. She thinks she gets relief by his putting his hands on her head.

"For some time she has been telling her husband, also her father and mother, as well as myself, that if the Lord would only send two Mormon Elders to her home she knew that through their administration the Lord would heal her. The father and mother laughed at her in the beginning, but they are not laughing any more. Her prayers for the Elders to be sent to her home has so enraged her husband, that with uplifted hands he has sworn with an oath he will kill the first two Mormon preachers who come to his home."

That was the story of old Mr. Simmons. We remained with them for dinner, then he took us through his orchard to a partition fence.

He said, "That house you see in the distance is the home of Andrew Boseman and his wife, father and mother of the sick girl. Go see them."

We met on their porch and related in brief the story we had just listened to.

They replied, "That story is true," and then said, "That man you see coming to our well is her husband."

I remarked, "Is that Fred Houseman?" "I will meet him at the well." He had two buckets in his hands.

At the well I said, "Is your name Fred Houseman?"

He replied, "Yes."

I said, "My name is Elder Black and I am very glad to see you." At the same time we shook hands across the well.

Then I told him very briefly what Mr. Simmons had told us.

He said, "That is true and you'd better get your grip and let's be moving." So we all went together, the father and mother as well.

The house was one big log room, door in the east, one in the west, and two oak trees in front.

Mr. Simmons had told us that Mrs. Houseman's flesh had wasted away until she was a living skeleton. I was the first to go in at the door. I shall never forget the sight! She was lying in bed in the south-east corner, no cover above her waist, with a damp cloth across her forehead. Young Simon Simmons was sitting by the bed. She looked like a bony corpse.

I stopped and whispered to Fred, "Your wife is asleep."

He replied, "No, she never sleeps."

Her eyes were closed. I picked up her bony hand and spoke to her, and she opened her eyes. I told her who I was and that I had been informed she had been praying for us to come; that she believed that through our administration the Lord would heal her; I said, "Is that true?" She nodded her head and closed her eyes. I laid her hand down and walked out of the east door. Elder Larson talked to her and then followed me. We sat on a rail fence and talked; I said, "I would give anything and everything I possessed if I had the kind of faith that woman has. She has the faith to be healed and we must administer to her."

As we returned to the house we found a dozen or more strange people there. I told Elder Larson to talk to them. He explained in brief the nature of our mission. He told how the Saviour and His Apostles administered to the sick and afflicted. He also told what the Apostle James said about it and we, the Servants of the Lord, were going to perform that sacred ordinance in behalf of our afflicted sister.

We knelt down by the bed-side and proceeded to bless her. We first rebuked Lucifer by the power of the Priesthood in us vested, and in the name of the Saviour, and in the course of our blessing we told her she would have never another fit or any symptoms of her present trouble if she would keep the commandments of the Lord to the very best of her ability.

When we removed our hands from her head she spoke and said she felt better and asked us to sing "Love at Home."

I think the next song she wanted sung was, "Do What is Right." At her request she was propped up in bed with a chair and pillow to her back and helped us sing. She had one of our hymn books which had been given to her by one of the Elders who had passed that way before.

Because we thought she might be over-exerting herself, we asked her mother to move that chair and pillow and lay her down. We told the people in that room we would preach in front of that same house the next day at one o'clock. Among the neighbors in that house was a young man, Hamp Mayo, who with his wife had asked us to go with them to their home a half mile away. When Mrs. Houseman saw the folks getting ready to leave, she asked her father who was going to sit up with her that night. I turned around and answered her question by saying, "You will need no nurse tonight, and as soon as we leave your home, close your eyes and have a good night's rest."

I had no sooner answered her question when she called her mother and said, "I am going to have a good night's rest." Her mother enquired how she knew; she replied, "Because Elder Black said so." I won't describe how strange I felt; how I wished I had not made that promise! Then I was determined with the help of the Lord my promise would be fulfilled.

We were now ready to leave. Brother and Siser Mayo and Elder Larson had stepped outside. It was now twilight. I stood at the door looking at her. She was smiling. I said, "I want you to do as I said. I want you to close your eyes and have a good night's sleep." She was still smiling. I went out.

At the home of Brother Mayo I wanted no supper. After supper they sang songs until ten o'clock; I would not join them in singing. After prayer and all were in bed, there was no sleep for me. About one o'clock I got out of bed, dressed myself, walked out into the woods and knelt down and began pleading with the Lord to make my words good and the things we had promised Sister Houseman. All the while I was praying I was crying. I went back to bed and knew nothing more until sometime after sunrise when I told Sister Mayo I wanted no breakfast. She was sure I was sick. I wanted to get over to the Houseman home, and still I seemed afraid to go. But when we did start, I was there sometime before my companion arrived.

Imagine my surprise when I stepped into that home to behold the most peculiar sight I had ever witnessed! Sister Houseman was sitting on the bed with her arm around a tall bedpost, dressed in a white satin skirt, a green satin waist, with a long, wide, red satin sash tied around her waist, and it had a bow on each side. She was smiling at me. She looked for all the world like a skeleton dressed in a garb to frighten someone. I walked over to her and put my arm around her and asked her how she slept last night. She replied, "As soon as you stepped out of our door I closed my eyes and did not open them again until after sunrise this morning, I told Fred I thought I had slept too much, but he was sure it would not hurt me."

The crowd assembled and we were ready to begin our meeting. She wanted to sit in the doorway in an armchair and listen to us, so asked us about it; we thought it might be alright. Elder Larson no sooner started to talk when I stopped him and asked Fred and Sister Houseman to put Mrs. Houseman back into bed. (I was sure she was going to faint); after which we went on with our meeting.

We told the crowd at the conclusion of our meeting we would hold another meeting in the same place and at the same time two weeks from that date, which would be Sunday. We stopped in the neighborhood two or three days.

Sister Houseman was well when we came back at the appointed time. She had dinner ready. She was as fat and plump and her cheeks were as rosy as those of any young girl in the neighborhood. After the meeting, she, along with the crowd, walked about a mile where I baptized her and some others.

For sometime we kept returning and baptizing people--some of the very best in that part of the country. Among the first was a beautiful girl about 17 years of age. Belue Cornley was her name. I thought she was the most beautiful girl I had met in the South. Later we baptized more and more of the family. I thought a great deal of her father, John Cornley. He was a close neighbor of Sister Houseman's and had done so much for her in her sickness. We baptized quite a number in that community, which was called Westville.

At one of our meetings we suggested helping build a church, so we dressed in overalls and jumpers and helped chop long logs and haul them. We ordered flooring, sheeting, joist doors, and windows and everything we needed. In about two weeks we had

a nice little church house. We organized a Sunday School, fully equipped and officered. Sister Houseman was the chorister and she was a good one. All the Elders in Florida had to visit the Westville Sunday School. Sometimes there were as many as eight Elders there; often four. It was a thriving branch. I corresponded with them a long time after returning home. Sister Houseman had no trace of her old trouble. I have had two letters in the last six months from Brother Hamp Mayo, who was the first Presiding Elder in Westville. He is now past eighty years old.

As my mind wanders back to my first official work in Florida, I think of canvassing the county of Walton with Elder Joseph Larson. Some of the happiest memories of my whole life creep into my soul, and I cherish those memories as great stepping-stones to my happiness, and I know they will continue while life lasts. They are like the restoring of my eyesight--testimonies I am sure that will never leave me if I am faithful and true to the covenants I have made with the Lord.

It seems when I think of those days, I get a new thrill or a fond and beautiful sensation in remembering the tender and gracious manner in which Annie Lindsey received us into her home. It seemed like a gift sent from Heaven. She was our first friend. Her two little boys are now well-to-do farmers in Idaho, who with their families, take time out to do work in the Temple. I also have happy memories of that whole group of people who lived around that little chapel we helped build. I can think of most of their names now; John Cornley, who did so much for Sister Houseman in her affliction, and his beautiful young daughter, Belue, one of the first to be baptized in that neighborhood. His family joined the Church, but for years he remained outside. How I worked and worried to help him know the Truth!

However, I received a letter from him a number of years later from Mississippi, telling me about his beautiful farm and his boys who were located around him on their own good farms, and all were well-to-do; and he asked me not to worry about him anymore, saying that he and his family were all in the Church and trying to do their duty, and if ever a man was blessed of the Lord it was he and his family. Elder Preal George of Kanosh was at the home of Brother Cornley when he wrote this letter.

We finally finished our work in Walton County and planned to go to a certain new neighborhood to hold a series of meetings and get acquainted with the people there. We called on an old friend of Elder Larson's, Bill Bradley by name, a large planter who raised hogs for the market on a systematic plan. Also on his plantation he had quite a lot of cattle, but he paid little attention to them. I gave him an idea how, with a little preparation, he could turn them into cash. I asked him to have some of his negroes round them up and put them in the corral and I would help him take the first steps preparing them for the market.

You should have seen me with stodgy shoes, overalls, and jumper and wearing one of Brother Bradley's hats, in the corral with a lasso rope in my hand! Elder Larson was disgusted with me. The whole thing was a wild west scene, but what made Elder Larson so angry was that we took no part of that show into the kitchen.

Sister Bradley was a refined, beautiful and cultured northern lady. Negroes did all the work both inside and outside of the house. Neither Elder Larson nor Sister Bradley would eat dinner with us. Brother Bradley got the thrill of his life out of that wild west show, but I don't believe Elder Larson ever quite forgave me.

I think it was close to Brother Bradley's home where we met another farmer--one who did his farm work with a yoke of cattle. He had lost one of his team and had a wild steer to break, or gentle, to take the other's place. I preferred to help him. We tied the wild steer to a tree and brought the gentle ox with the yoke on his neck around by the wild steer, and finally got the yoke on the wild animal. Then we pushed the wagon tongue up between them and the end of the tongue through the ring in the yoke and fastened it with a chain. We had a long rope and halter on the wild ox. We turned him loose then, and did we go for a merry chase! The wild ox pulled the wagon and the other ox, too. He finally got tired and eased up, and after a couple of workouts of this kind the man felt as though he could handle him. He surely appreciated my help.

We called on another friend of Elder Larson's, a man about our age who was quite an athletic fellow. He proposed giving Elder Larson a few lessons in wrestling. Elder Larson took off his coat and they squared for the workout. The fellow tried to apply a hold, or "trip." Larson blocked it. Then he tried another and another, with the same results. Then he

tried a hip-lock, and Elder Larson took it on him and threw the man right over his head in the shape of a complete somersault and, instead of letting the fellow fall, he let him go near the ground and then raised him quickly to his feet. I never saw such a surprised man! Elder Larson had "forgotten" more about wrestling than that man ever knew.

We called on a rather old man, just he and his wife. I told him my name was "Black." He replied, "So is mine." We asked him if he would take care of us for the night. He said he would if we would promise not to mention our religion in his house. We promised, and after supper Elder Larson asked him if he had any objection to our singing. He had none. Now Elder Larson was a music instructor before leaving home, and the best bass singer in Florida. He has taught me how to lead out in singing our hymns. That man and his wife nearly went wild about our singing and kept us singing until after midnight and would have kept us up all night if we would have stood for it. We called on them again with the same results. So we sang the Gospel to that old Irish couple.

Again we started to the neighborhood calling on William McCullah, his wife and two adopted children--all friends of Elder Larson's. We remained with them all night and they inquired why we did not stop in their settlement and hold some meetings. We promised we would come back in two weeks and hold at least one meeting. In the center of this community was a long double log schoolhouse which would seat two hundred people. Mr. McCullah posted notices that the Mormons would preach in that schoolhouse on a certain night at a certain time. He was one of the school board.

We passed by that building the next morning and through the community without being close enough to speak to any person--a distance of possibly three miles. From the schoolhouse we took a shortcut through the woods along a trail to save time. A half-mile from the schoolhouse we stopped at the gate of a well-kept home and farm, but to our surprise no one was at home. We left a tract and I think one of my name cards fastened in the gate.

We made a lot of friends and did quite a bit of work before coming back to fill that appointment.

The night was dark when we went with Dr. McCullah and his family to meet a crowd of people we had never met. He assured us the house would be full, and it was. It was a long schoolhouse running east and west with a door midway

on each side, north and south.

Mr. McCullah was seated with us on the stand. Elder Larson asked me if I would use all the time. He did not want to speak. I told him it was O.K. with me--I did want to speak, but after the singing and the prayer he whispered that he would like to say a few words. He had been speaking but a very few minutes when we heard a woman crying and apparently running toward the building. Before anything could be said or done, a young girl about 17 years of age rushed in at the south door and fell on the floor crying hysterically.

It seemed that every person was on his feet at once. I insisted they all sit down and I would ascertain the trouble. I asked a man to help me and we lifted her to his seat, and finally through her sobs she told me her mother was dying and had sent her to ask us to come and pray for her. Then she went into a spell of crying again. I went back to the stand and told the crowd briefly what the girl had said. I further explained they could consider themselves dismissed as we were going to answer that call. We asked Mr. McCullah the girl's name and where she lived. Her name was Martin and her home was the place where we had left the tract and our name card. So again we took the short-cut through the woods.

We had not gone more than twenty-five yards from the schoolhouse, Elder Larson on the trail in front of me, when I told him I could tell him everything that had happened in that house within the last hour, and I proceeded to do so.

I said, "The wife and mother in that home is one of the finest Christian women in the South. She read our tract, also our Article of Faith, and she made up her mind definitely that she would come and hear us preach when the time of our meeting arrived. She said nothing about it, knowing how bitterly opposed her husband would be, but just before the time to go to the schoolhouse she informed him of her desires. He flew into a rage and told her she could not go, and after some reasoning on her part she told him she would go without his consent."

I described to my companions how they were both dressed and how, when she attempted to go out the door, he stopped her by force. At that moment the Devil took over, possessing both of them. But almost immediately released his hold of the man and turned his whole force on the woman. He had almost choked the woman to death. I said, "Her face is as black as your hat,

her tongue has protruded from her mouth as far as possible and has swollen to the size of two or three tongues, and it has turned black."

We arrived at the home and walked in without knocking and found only the two of them at home. She was sitting on a common chair near the fireplace on a big flat sand hearth-stone. He was sitting on one corner of the bed between her and the door. The chair was literally dancing on that flat rock. I have seen people with ague or palsy in their worst form, but nothing like the nature of her case. Her husband looked at me as tho' he would like to kill me. I passed by him without speaking to him. I took the woman by the hand and she said, "Oh, mister, I have had a terrible time, but I am so much better now." I turned her over to Elder Larson, and turning to Mr. Martin said, "Would you mind walking out of the house with me that we might have a little talk?" He followed me.

I should have mentioned the appearance of Mrs. Martin when we entered the home. Her face was a dark black and blue, and her hands were almost black.

By this time a number of people had followed us from the schoolhouse, and as we were going out we met more people between the house and the gate. I went over and sat on a big log at the wood pile; he sat on one close by me. I remarked, "Mr. Martin, I would like you to understand I have no desire to pry into your family affairs, but if you have no objection I wish you would please tell me just what has happened in your home in the past hour. Will you please tell me the story?"

He replied, "I will tell you." Then he went into a rage and cursed me and accused me of being guilty of pretty much everything in the category of crime. When he was out of breath, I said, "You promised to tell me a story." Then he took another fit and began cursing once more and outlining the nature of my mission. He said it was to disrupt homes, break up families, and persuade young girls to go to Utah. He was now out of breath again.

I said, "Mr. Martin, do you see that bright and beautiful star way out yonder in the heavens?" He looked in the direction I was pointing and replied, "Yes," "Well," I continued, "you have no more idea of the nature of our mission and calling among the people of this state than you have of what is taking place on that beautiful planet. If you do not want

to tell me that story, I will get my companion and we will leave your home forever."

He replied, "I will tell you the story right now." And he told me almost word for word everything I had told Elder Larson. And if he had tried to misrepresent in the least I would have known he was lying because I knew the story better than he. He concluded his story by saying, "If you know what it means, you know more about it than I do." He followed me back into the house. Elder Larson was still trying to comfort Mrs. Martin.

We called the folks to order and told them what we were going to do. Mrs. Martin was still trembling. We proceeded to bless her. First we rebuked Lucifer and commanded by the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of the Saviour that he, Lucifer, should never have the power to enter that home again in molest or interfere with any of the members of that family as long as anyone of the family lived there. We had no sooner started to bless her when she became calm and composed as she ever had been in her life. We said a good many things in our blessing. When we had finished, the people in the house were crying. Mr. Martin was sitting on the corner of the bed, where I first saw him, crying like a child. He rushed up to me, grabbed my hand and begged my forgiveness, for the way he had treated me and for the things he had said to me at the woodpile. I told him he did not need to ask my forgiveness. I told him that I forgave him freely of everything he had said to me before we left the woodpile.

He was determined we should stay all night. We told him we had promised to stay with another man and would have to keep our word. We never went back to that community. I never saw any of these people again, but we kept in touch with them and soon after Mrs. Martin and, I think, all her children were baptized, and Mr. Martin could not do too much for the Elders.

Mrs. Martin was not the only one who was praying to the Lord to be released from the monster who was trying to kill her because he knew she was going to embrace the truth. Just how far her influence would go towards spreading the truth, or how many she might bring to a knowledge of it, the Devil did not know, but he did know that if he could only accomplish her death he would score a great victory, and that is probably what would have happened had it not been for the prayers of Mrs. Martin and those of two Mormon Elders who, hurrying along a dark trail to try and assist her by exercising the Priesthood,

and combined their faith and prayers in her behalf.

Lucifer knew the weight of the calling of the prophet Joseph, and he had tried to kill him in the Sacred Grove. He had also tried the same method on some of the first Elders who went to England, and he has continued the same evil procedures ever since, and I personally know of a number of cases.

I have before stated how fortunate I was to have such an accomplished and thorough gentleman for my first real companion--Elder Joseph Larson; a man who had always been sweet, clean, and useful in the ward where he was raised in Pleasant Grove, and who still is there, true to the faith. He wasted no time in giving me the benefits of his talents in teaching me the way an Elder should conduct himself, and he had an uphill job because I was somewhat dumb regarding the duties of an Elder in the Mission Field. Strange as it may seem, my next companion was worse than I had been when starting out as a beginner.

I did not believe it possible for any young man raised in the Church to the age of 23 to be as backward and girl-shy and woman-shy as Elder John D. Combs, from Laharra, Colorado. I shall never forget the late afternoon I met the train and took him as a companion. I told him I had an appointment to hold a cottage meeting six miles up the country. About half-way we went out into the woods in a secluded spot and I told him we would have a few words of prayer before meeting those people. He did not know how to kneel down. That was the first lesson I taught him. I thought if I started to pray he might get up and leave, so I asked him if he would like to pray.

He said, "Yes," but hesitated after having knelt quite a while. I told him to go on and pray, so he began to talk. He was not addressing his words to anyone in particular--in fact, I did not understand anything he said. He did not mention the Lord any place in his prayer; he did not even say "Amen". Finally he got upon his feet. While praying, I noticed he had kept his eyes open. I was surely puzzled. I asked him if he had ever prayed before, to which he replied that it was his first attempt at trying to pray. I wondered then what kind of problem I had on my hands.

At the cottage meeting I knew the majority of the people. I introduced him to three or four, but I soon quit. When I would introduce him he would make a quick nod and his

rear-end would bob out the other way. I was never so humiliated nor felt so badly in my life. I prayed and sang and preached to a house full of people, but I don't know how I did it--I was so bewildered. So the next morning after leaving that home I began to coach him, teaching him how to pray and how to meet people and how to talk to people, but I had a dumb student.

We held meetings and he finally refused to be introduced to people, also to pray and preach. He tried two or three times and was perfectly conscious of what the results would be. So, imagine if you can, my feelings and my suffering. If I could not put up with him, who could? He was my brother and held the Priesthood and had been put in my care. I think I shed more tears over him than over any other thing. We had experiences together, and I will here relate three or four.

At one time we were holding a cottage meeting one dark night at the home of a well-to-do farmer and a good friend. This house had quite a long porch in front with pegs on which hats and coats were hung. When the meeting was over, it was raining outside, but the people waited until it had stopped. Elder Combs found his nice derby hat had been thrown into the mud and trampled flat. He felt so badly he came in nearly crying. I tried to console him, then I began looking for my hat and found it had been treated in the same way.

No one had left to go home yet. There were eight or ten men standing in front of the house. I showed them what remained of my hat. I said, "The man who did that is standing in this crowd, and if I knew which one it was I would thrash him." The man of the house spoke up and said if he knew who did it he would save Mr. Black the trouble and thrash him himself.

Several days later we were passing through that neighborhood and saw five or six husky-looking guys sitting on a pole fence. The toughest-looking one said, "Mr. Black, do you still feel like thrashing that fellow who destroyed your hat?" I replied, "No, I have gotten over that sort of a feeling. My heart goes out in sympathy for such a fellow. A man who has no better sense than to treat one of his fellow creatures in such a fashion has my utmost sympathy, and I sincerely hope he never goes to a reform school, a prison, or an insane asylum."

That took all the starch out of him! I thought he was going to fall off the fence. His pals looked at him as though they pitied him. We bid them "good-by". We were still hatless.

We had stayed at a certain home a number of times. Old Mr. Brannon, his wife, and two old-maid daughters, and a "batch" son about forty years old. The father, mother, and girls were fine old-fashioned people. Elder Combs could surely talk their language; he fell for them and they all surely liked him. The oldest girl applied for baptism. We had taught the Gospel in this simplicity and plainness. I knew this girl wanted Elder Combs to baptize her, so we told them we would take care of that when we came again, which would be in about a week's time.

Well, I coached him for a week, because he had to learn "Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." When the time came there was no one but the family to witness the baptism. It was a narrow, deep pond; I went down to the edge of the pond so I could tell him the words if he forgot. They were already in water up to their waists. He held her hands with his left hand and raised his right hand. Then he couldn't think of a word, so he repeated after me.

The girl weighed about 180 lbs. and Elder Combs weighed about 130 or 140 lbs. He immersed her in the water, fell across her and they both went under, out of sight. Some way he turned a somersalt and went under her. She came up first, laughing, and then proceeded to fish him out. Understanding it was a sacred ordinance, I had a hard time keeping my face straight. I told them I thought they had better try to do it over again, which they did and made it alright.

He had never danced; occasionally he would go to a dance and watch the young folks, but would always get some of the boys to walk out with him. He was afraid to go alone. One night he was sitting in a dance and one of his boy friends was sitting by him. Combs had his arm along the rail of the bench of his friend's back. There were two girls standing in front of them which fact he said made him nervous. His friend's number was called to go on the floor so he jumped and

ran across the room for his partner. The two girls sat down where his friend had been sitting. This all happened before he could get his arm down. There he sat with his arm around those girls, or at least that is the way it seemed to him. He said the sweat began to run down his legs, or at least he thought it was sweat. He did not believe another man ever suffered as he suffered the few moments those girls sat by him, and if they had not moved just when they did he was sure he would have had a nervous collapse. He declared that was one time he walked out of that hall without anybody's help. He never remembered a time when he was so angry.

This is sufficient to give anyone who reads this story an idea of the sort of abnormal creature he was. I exhausted every means at my command to do anything with him or make anything out of him. He went around with a pouting or sulking attitude and about all I could do was hope and pray.

We finally got word to come to Conference. This gave him a thrill; he was going to see other boys. At the Conference he acted like another fellow altogether. Of course we all enjoyed ourselves in the three days time we were together in that capacity. About forty Elders were there.

There was present in the gathering a tall young fellow, fresh from home. He seemed to know pretty much of everything and the price of it--quite a gabby fellow, with a lot of things before him to learn.

I said to Pres. Cutler, "What are you going to do with Elder Combs?"

He replied, "What are you going to do with him?"

It must be remembered I was Pres. Cutler's first counselor. I answered his question as follows: "Are you leaving it to me what to do with Elder Combs?"

He replied, "Yes."

I told him I had it all fixed. We would put him with that young new Elder and send them down into Taylor County among the outlaws and turn them loose. Pres. Cutler thought it was a gag because Taylor County was the hiding place for the outlaws. It seemed the officers knew better than to follow them when they reached that place. The report was that those outlaws, who were young men, would marry and settle down there when they

got into Taylor County.

When Pres. Cutler learned that I meant it, he was astonished and said I was all wrong. It would not do at all, in fact there was no sense or reason to it. "Why", said he, "before a week they would be on the train going home."

I replied, "Now you leave this to me, and I will be responsible for those boys." I informed him that he had already made me responsible for a group of Elders in the southern part of the state, and these two would also come under my care. He had always banked on my judgement, but he thought I had gone "haywire" this time. But I insisted on handling the case.

It was only a little while after I had been talking to Pres. Cutler that Elder Combs came to me all smiling, and said, "Elder Black, when are we going to get along?"

I said, "We are not going together any more; you and that new Elder are going down into Taylor County among the outlaws and open up a new field of labor. He said he was not going a "damn step" with that fellow. I told him it was Pres. Cutler's orders and it was my business to enforce his orders. Then he started crying and begged my forgiveness for the way he had treated me, wanted me to ask Pres. Cutler to let him go with me just two weeks more and he would do everything I asked him to do. He would do all the preaching and all the praying and everything I wanted him to do.

"You know I can't take that responsibility", he said, "and I am not going to try it." Then he cried some more. I again replied, "You have been with me for more than two months; all the kinds of work we do in the mission you have seen me do--pray, preach, administer to the sick, bless babies, baptize people and confirm them members of the church, etc. You have noticed my methods and have spoken about them; of how I make friends. You know all I know about it and now you are going down into Taylor County with my blessing, and if you conduct yourself in such a fashion that you discourage that young man and he goes home on account of your wrong actions, I will meet you in the morning of the Resurrection and tell the Lord where the blame belongs."

He seemed to be crying, and he was frightened and pale. To Pres. Cutler and possibly to others it looked liked a fool-hardy trick. No one but I knew how I suffered with

patience trying to do something with that stubborn fellow. I knew he would not fail in that mission. It was true he had not preached or prayed or done anything he should have done, but it was in him.

I told them both to line out their work to suit themselves and keep a daily record of their work and every Saturday night make a report to me of all they had done during the week, which would give me a chance to advise them. I told them all about how to pray with the people in their families, then sent them to Taylor County while Pres. Cutler held his breath.

Every week their reports were better, and they seemed to be enjoying their work. In about five or six weeks I got a letter asking my companion and me to come and visit them. They appointed a place, and the time was to be two o'clock p.m. in Butterville on a certain day. We wrote them we would be there, and at the appointed time we arrived. A large crowd had gathered near a school house. I don't believe I ever saw a fellow so tickled to see another as he was to see me. He led me around and introduced me to men and women, boys and girls. He had made them believe I was the best preacher in the Church--and I was, so far as he was concerned! He was just as gracious as any man you ever met. He finally rounded them all up and they filed into the schoolhouse. They looked at me as though I had just dropped down from somewhere.

After the singing and prayer I whispered and asked him to say a few words and make a short report. He said, "I have preached these people nearly to death; they are here to listen to you."

I said, "Speak five minutes anyway."

He stood up in a very dignified way and took for his text, "The Mission of the Holy Ghost." I never heard it explained so beautifully before, or since. We all sat with our mouths open, so to speak, not making a sound while he spoke. His gestures were perfect!

Finally he stopped and apologized to the people and to me and sat down. He was out of patience with himself because he had been speaking for more than an hour, and believe me he enjoyed the Spirit of the Lord. He was one of

our best Elders. Of course I had to use half an hour or such a matter.

Four or five years later Sister Black and I were standing by the Brigham Young Monument when a man came up behind me and put his hands over my eyes. It was J. D. Combs. He hugged me and danced around. I introduced Sister Black. He told her how I had saved his life, etc. I noticed a very pretty girl standing to one side, laughing at us. He said he had forgotten all about her, but introduced her as the girl who had promised to be married to him in the Temple.

Ten years ago in the Mesa Temple I met a man from Laharra who knew Combs; he said Brother Combs was a very fine man. So I felt that my work was a blessing to both him and to myself.

It was my business, being a councillor to Pres. Cutler, to look after a number of pairs of Elders in the southern part of Florida. As before stated, these Elders would make their weekly report to me. Sometimes Elders would be mismatched, and it would therefore be necessary to change them. Strange as it may seem, this was the case. However, some Elders could get along and be happy with anybody. Elders had all kinds of problems--lose of some loved one at home by death, loss of someone who had broken their promise to marry the Elder and had married someone else, etc. This affected some more than it did others; some gave up in despair and would have gone home but could not face the public.

I have in mind as an example, a fine young man, nice looking, who had taught school and his girl was also a schoolteacher. She wore his engagement ring and her letters came right along as though nothing was wrong. But one day he received word that she was married. The shock nearly killed him! He was traveling with another young schoolteacher who had just been married before leaving home--a very fine fellow, also. I had him with me a couple of months when he first came into the Mission Field. Believe me, he was homesick! The Elders never let me know their feelings in their weekly reports, but Pres. Cutler found out some way and wrote me to get down there as quickly as possible. He said in his letter, "Those boys have slept out in the woods twenty-four nights during the last month."

They were a forlorn-looking pair when my companion and I met them. We joked them some, then held a council meeting where it was decided that Elder James H. Allen would go with my companion down the country and hold meetings and preach the Gospel to the people there, while his companion and I would go over into the City of DunEllen. Near this city was the largest phosphate mine in the world, composed of colored miners. Most of them who lived in the little railroad city were officers of the mining company. We went first to the store of Judge Mendinghall, a perfectly honorable gentleman, who told us the mayor's office was in an upstairs room in a large building. We were informed that the mayor was a single man.

He opened the door at our knock and reminded us he was the mayor. He did not invite us in, and of course I did not blame him. In the center of the room was a table around which three women were sitting. The table was littered with cards and two or three bottles which were supposed to be whiskey, and the women were more or less "lit up."

After making our business known, the mayor said, "No, you can't leave your literature at the homes of people here, neither can you preach on the streets or any other place in the city." I inquired why. He said, "The people of this town do not know anything about you or your doctrine." I asked him if he had consulted them about it. Just then the women began laughing at us, and one of them asked how many wives I had. I told her I had always been careful about the selection of my wives and there was absolutely no danger of my trying to steal her.

This remark seemed to take the starch out of one of the mayor's friends, and at the same time, it made them all angry, including the mayor. He attempted to close the door in our faces. I told him to hold on as I had something to tell him. I told him how long I had been in his state and gave the names of a number of mayors, saying how fine they had treated me in their cities and had been to hear me preach, and that the governor of Tallahassee was a good friend of mine.

"Would you like the report to go to them that you would not let us preach in your little city?" I asked.

He replied, "Go ahead and preach all you damn please!"

We thanked him; at the same time the door went "bang!"

We made a report to Judge Mendinghall who was not surprised at all. He gave us the name of the deacon who had charge of the church there.

(Let it be remembered this was about 9 a.m. We were fasting.) The judge also gave us the name of a Mr. Stevens who was the marshal. We met him at his place of business, which was a large warehouse close by the railroad. That warehouse had a great number of barrels of whiskey in it. I wondered if he supplied the state. We told him we were going to visit all the families and leave with them some of our literature, also that we were going to hold a meeting in the church at eight o'clock that night, and he could notify as many as he liked, and believe me he surely did!

So we proceeded to visit the families. We surely seemed strange to them. About one o'clock we called at Steven's home. They were having dinner but did not ask us to eat. I thought that looked funny. We visited all the families and at eight o'clock we had the meeting house all lighted up and we were up on the stand singing "To Beat The Band."

Nobody came. It seemed strange to us. It was about two blocks north of Mendinghall's store. I don't believe there were any buildings in between. Three or four steps from the ground up into the church.

While we were singing a tall young man stood in the doorway. I said, "Well, we are here. Come on up to the stand."

He replied, cursing us vilely and taking the Lord's name in vain, "Yes, G-- d--- you, and you can stay there!" Then another man piped up. It was our friend, Steven's.

He said, "Mr. Black, you come down here. We have an account to settle."

Imagine our feelings, especially those of my companion who was feeling very "low" anyway! I went down.

Stevens said, "We are serving notice that you can't preach in this church nor this city."

Just then a crowd of men came around from each side of the house and stood facing us. It looked as though there might have been about one hundred men, and by the look of them and their guns they had been tapping one of Steven's barrells of whisky pretty heavily.

I told my companion to bring our things. Stevens shouted for him to put out the big light on the table. I told him to leave the light burning.

A middle-aged man stood on the ground next to Stevens. He was cursing us horribly. I asked him his name. He said it was none of my G-- d--- business, what his name was, then asked why I wanted to know. I told him he was such a rare specimen I wanted to get acquainted with him; that I had been in the state nearly two years and he was the first man I had met that was ashamed of his name. Then he danced a hornpipe, without any music, cursing me and his friends were helping him.

This tall fellow named Lindsey put out his hand twice as if he were going to push me out into that crowd. He knew I was eyeing him. I finally said, "Don't you put your dirty hand on me."

He said, "What do you think would happen if I did?"

I replied, "I know just what would happen. I would knock you into the middle of next week."

Then the crowd came closer until Stevens put up his hand for them to stop. I asked Stevens if he had not been appointed to be the spokesman of this mob. Then Stevens had quite a time quieting them.

I proceeded to say thus, "Mr. Stevens, we are American Citizens and under the Constitution of our great country we have a right to protection. We have a right to our belief, and we have a right to tell it to our neighbors whether they believe it or not." I told him, "The man who had charge of this house said we could use it. You say we can't. Did you ever subscribe one dollar for the creation of this house or the maintaining of it?"

He replied, "No."

I then said, "You are an officer of the law, and it seems to me you are handling it pretty carelessly."

He replied, "In your case we are taking the law into our own hands."

"Alright," I said, "please state what you want us to do."

My companion stood right close to me. The weakest place in the crowd was right close to the direction we wanted to go.

Steven's orders were: "We want you to leave this house and this city immediately with a promise that you will never return."

I thought I would hand him another "bomb", so I said, "You have the guns on us now; we may meet you some day when we have the guns. We are going to comply with your request and we want it understood that we need no help."

I turned and whispered to my companion, "We are going, follow me fast." I jumped right past the man ashamed of his name. It looked as though two or three fellows would have to be knocked down if I had to run over them to do it. We were through that crowd before they knew what had happened, and we were on our way to Mendinghall's store as fast as our legs would carry us, with the men following us.

The store porch was lighted and we could see the Judge on the porch walking back and forth. When we reached the store he said, "Boys, I see the game. The time has come for me the Judge to take a hand."

I said, "No, Judge. If you attempt to help us you will be blown up or burned out before tomorrow night. Those men are your customers; you make your living by supplying them with the things they and their families need. All we want you to do is tell us the names of the three men who are leading that mob." Then I continued, "We know Stevens."

He said, "The young man is Will Lindsey; the other is Dr. Griffin."

While I had my foot on the porch and was writing their names on a pad on my knee, the whole crowd passed by and went up to the corner, and after they had reached it they all huddled together. We were gone in the darkness.

DunEllen was situated in a place which looked like the letter "Y", where two rivers came together. We crossed for the second time the same bridge by which we entered. We knew nothing about the west bridge. We imagined we could hear that crowd over at the east bridge. A few rods from the bridge we hid ourselves in the underbrush and rested for some time, and it seemed we were "lost". We made two trails and could not find our way back to the road. My companion said, "This is good enough for me. I am not going to try again."

I told him I had never slept in "Uncle Sam's Bedroom" and had no desire to do so. I finally promised him if he would help me make another try we would not only find the road but a good place to sleep as well.

He replied, "If you make that as a promise, we will try."

It was only a few minutes until we were on the road and saw a light quite a distance up the road, but before we arrived the light went out. The house was quite a distance from the gate. At the gate we said, "Hello" in a loud voice. A man came out on the porch and answered us. We told him that we were strangers and were lost and wondered if he could do something for us.

He said, "No, but the people in the next house up on the hill will take care of you."

We told him we were very tired and thirsty and wondered if he could supply us with a drink of cold water.

He said, "Yes, I will bring it to you."

I replied, "You are in your night clothes; we will come in and get it." When we met him on the porch I could see he was angry. A bucket of water stood on a bench and a gourd dipper full of water was hanging on a peg next to it. I gave my companion a dipper full of water and then helped myself, afterwards making some comments about how good it was, and asked him if it came from a spring, a branch (creek) or a cistern. He said, "None of your d--- business where it comes from! If you like it, drink all you want." He knew who we were.

I told my companion I would have to take off my coat and hang it up and rest awhile. I knew the owner of the

place did not like my actions, but I hung up my coat and asked him if he liked to hear good singing; that we were both good singers. He said he didn't want to hear any singing. I told him singing rested me faster than anything else and told my companion we would sing, "O My Father".

When we had finished I asked what he thought of that song. He didn't like it and didn't want to hear any more. I said, "We are compelled to sing just one more song. It will be entirely for our own benefit. You will probably have to put your fingers in your ears." Then we sang what we called our favorite. I noticed he did not put his fingers into his ears.

I put on my coat and told him how thankful we were for his kindness but before leaving I would like to ask him one question. His curiosity was aroused and he said, "Go ahead with your question."

I asked, "Do you know a man by the name of Stevens who is the Marshall over in DunEllen?"

He replied, "Yes, what have you to say about him?"

I replied, "I think he is one of the meanest, dirtiest, low-down, stinking skunks it has ever been my misfortune to meet!"

He inquired, "What did he do to you?"

I told him to sit down, which he did, then I related to him the entire story of what had happened over in that city.

He jumped up and said, "Did that dirty, low-down s--- of a b---- treat you boys that way?"

We assured him the story had not been exaggerated.

He said, "For two cents I would put on my clothes and go over and hunt the s--- of a b---- and kill him tonight."

I told him he must not think of doing anything like that.

He said, "I'll bet you boys are damn near starved to death. I'll have my wife get up and give you something to eat."

We begged him not to do that; just a place to lie down was all we wanted.

We had a fine supper and we taught them the Gospel before going to bed. It seemed like the best bed I had ever slept on before or since. Before we left his home he told us we would never need to shout at his gate again as the latch-string would always be hanging on the outside.

We reported the affair to Pres. Cutler, who said, "Do nothing about it. The Lord will attend to the man Stevens." This surely happened, for we learned later that in a train-load of troops stopping a while in that town on their way to the coast some of the men got into trouble with Stevens. These men, whom I suppose were drunk already, beat and stomped the Marshall nearly to death and with a big hammer caved in the heads of his barrels of whiskey which ran all over the floor of his warehouse, and he never got over the trouble and as a result did not live long. These last items are the words of others, but I am sure the Lord did just as Pres. Cutler said he would.

It was quite an experience for both my companion and myself, although I think he derived the greater benefit from it. It put a little more "stay-with-itive-ness" into him, and taught him the bed we had slept in that night was better than the beds in any of "Uncle Sam's bedrooms." He was one of the finest and brightest Elders in our Conference, and I liked him very much.

A circumstance which happened just before Elder Combs went to Taylor County, which I forgot to mention, shows how the Lord seemed to always intervene when I was in danger.

We had an appointment to preach in a church in a certain neighborhood, but did not realize the danger we were in until after we had filled the appointment and the danger was all over. A group of men had declared we would never hold that meeting. We had a few friends in that locality. We arrived there about noon, but instead of visiting and remaining with our friends until the evening meeting, we went to an old couple's home.

This couple had twin sons, about twenty years of age, strong husky boys, real athletes, but they were both deaf and dumb. I spent the afternoon writing answers to their written questions. They seemed to express a fondness for me. These boys and their parents accompanied us to the church.

Upon our arrival quite a crowd of people stood in front of the building. The door was locked in some way with a chain and padlock, but one of the men broke the lock with a piece of wood. I wondered why it was that some of the men present had guns. After the meeting was over these two boys stayed right by us and when we went outside we were encircled by a crowd of men. Then I realized the danger in which we were placed.

The whole thing seemed to dawn on those husky boys and they knew what was "in the wind." I never witnessed such fast work, and I don't know how many men they knocked down before the crowd stampeded and ran. Men were moaning and groaning and trying to get up. Those boys were still up when we went to bed and I noticed they were inspecting their guns.

I will relate a different kind of experience.

Traveling with Will Summerhays of Salt Lake City, we were looking for Elder Snowball and Facer. (Sometimes we knew just where to find the Elders, but other times it was a job.) We knew they visited real often a man by the name of Dunk Dinkins. He was a well-to-do farmer.

At this particular time I was fasting and praying to the Lord to move upon the heart of someone that I might receive a pair of shoes. There was no one that knew I needed a pair of shoes except Elder Summerhays, myself, and the Lord. I had made two or three 48-hour fasts, and this afternoon on which we arrived at Dinkin's home I was on my second day's fast.

I think it was the day before we arrived at his home that Elder Summerhays got a parcel from the office at Chattanooga. It was a new pair of shoes he had ordered. The shoes were too large for him, but were just my size. He wanted me to take them and credit him at the office with the price of them. I told him, "No", I was traveling without purse and script and he could send them back, which he did.

I kept my shoes polished; no one would know by looking at them that I needed a new pair as the upper parts on them were still like new, but the leather of the uppers which fastened to the soles was full of little holes and the sand worked through those holes and my feet were almost bleeding. It seemed I had gotten to a point where I was just about past

walking. I had really suffered a lot because of them.

I had been fasting off and on for days with this one thought and one prayer, that the Lord would provide me with another pair of shoes.

We were walking north along a country road east of the Dinkin's farm, where there was a fence on the west side of the road. We finally arrived at the corner where we had to turn west and go about a quarter of a mile to his home. Just a little ways east of this corner I noticed a beautiful grove of pine trees. Immediately thought of the Sacred Grove where the Prophet Joseph went to pray. I wondered if it resembled the Sacred Grove. These were my thoughts as we walked from that corner down to the house.

We were received very cordially by Mrs. Dinkins who told us her husband was over in the west part of the field plowing but would be home at twelve for dinner, and she asked us to make ourselves comfortable on the porch until he arrived. I told Summerhays I would walk back and make an inspection of that grove. In the center of the grove I found a spring of water which was surrounded for a great distance by grasses, tall and matted together.

I knelt down on the grass and began praying. I told the Lord of the sacrifices I thought I had already made, and of how I had suffered because of my feet; that I had been advised to travel without purse or script and that I knew he knew how badly I needed a pair of shoes; that I could go barefoot better than I could wear my old shoes, and if he thought I could represent him in a dignified manner by going in this manner I guessed I could do it.

I had been crying all the while I was praying, but when I got to this point I could pray no longer. I sat down and cried and it seemed I could not be satisfied. So I laid down on my stomach with my forehead on my arm and cried until I was satisfied. After this I went to the spring and washed my face, dried it on my handkerchief, combed my hair and sat down to meditate.

A sweet, heavenly influence began to creep into my soul. I can't describe the joy that filled my soul. I knew my prayer had been answered. I knew I was going to get a new pair of shoes right away. I sprang to my feet at

and started for the house; it seemed I could have stepped twenty feet at a time if I had wanted to do so. My body had never seemed so light.

I saw Mr. Dinkins coming towards his corral riding sideways on a black mule on which was a harness, leading another, following were two more. I thought I had never seen such a beautiful plow team. I opened the corral gate for him, but he stopped by me and slipped off the mule. We grabbed each other's hands. I told him my name.

He said, "Go in on the porch, and as soon as I remove these harnesses I will come in and talk to you." It did not seem to me that he had had time to remove the bridles, much less the harnesses, until he was by my side. I asked him two or three more questions about the Elders for whom we were looking when he said, "Elder Black, I have something in the house for you."

He was back in a minute carrying a new pair of shoes in his hands, saying, "If these shoes do not fit your feet, after dinner you and I will drive my best mule on the buggy to the city and I will buy you the best pair of shoes in the city, because I must give you a pair of shoes."

They were a perfect fit. He could not have bought as good a pair in the city. They were a high-class pair, having alligator laces. I don't remember of any happier moments in my life.

After leaving Mr. Dinkins--and it seemed like "home" there---we found the Elders and, after helping them a few days, which seemed to be quite a treat to them as they were both young in years but fine boys who really had the spirit of their work, we went on our way to visit Elder Nebecker and Butterfield. They also, had a favorite friend; his name was "Elles", and he was very much like Mr. Dinkins.

Mr. Elles' home was by the side of a highway. He had a big plantation and fruits of all kinds. I shall never forget the peculiar circumstances under which we met. In view of the fact that we had letters from the Elders to say that Mr. Elles was crazy to see me--I do not know what they had told him about me--when I met him I really thought he was crazy--but not to see me.

Before arriving at his home, we met a man and asked him if he had met two Mormon Elders in that neighborhood. He replied, "Yes" and told us he remembered their names as being "Nebuchadnezzar" and Butterfly". We told him they were the fellows for whom we were looking.

We stopped at Elles' gate and shouted "Hello". He came cautiously down the board walk, very slowly, towards the gate, then stopped within six or eight feet of it and acted as though he was looking at something very strange and was about ready to run. When I asked him if his name was "Elles", he took his time to tell us "Yes". I told him our names. I could see he did not want to get any closer to us. I told him we were looking for the two Elders laboring in that neighborhood and asked how about staying all night with him. He started back a step or two and almost threw us his hands, and said, "No, oh no, you can't stay here." I asked him why not. He said he had some company, then he said he had sickness in the family and did not want any more company.

I said, "Mr. Elles, if you had sickness in your family you would want our Elders in your home. You have got to find some better excuse."

"Well", he said, "my excuse is you can't stay in my home, and I don't want you to open that gate."

I believe if I had done so he would have fallen in a faint.

He said, "The people who live in that house you just passed on the hill will be glad to keep you. Those Elders have preached there."

But he did not tell us they had also preached in his house several times. We left him standing there and went back to the house on the hill. They were fine people and pleased we had called. We asked them what kind of man their neighbor was. They said, there were no finer men; he had been their neighbor for years. We were surely puzzled!

We had to go back by Mr. Elles' home the next morning. About half-way between the two houses we saw a man coming up the road towards us. I said to my companion, "It's Elles." When we got closer to him we could see he was smiling. When he got near enough to see us he grabbed my hand and said he was coming to get us. He acted as though he wanted to hug me. I asked what had been wrong with him the night before.

"Well, sir", said he, "strange as it may seem, I thought you were the damndest, ugliest, meanest-looking cuss I had ever seen in my life, and I was frightened almost to death of you. I really don't know what would have happened if you had opened that gate and attempted to come in. I have been thinking about you nearly all night and the more I thought of you, the better you looked."

He took us home and he and I roamed all over his plantation most of the day. After supper was over, (we had also eaten dinner there) people began to gather at his home. When I asked the reason he replied, "They are gathering to hear you preach."

We had a lovely time in presenting our message in a cottage meeting also in making the acquaintance of all the people. The next morning he really demanded that we stay over another day, so he and I spent that day in a manner similar to the one before. Towards evening again I saw people gathering at his home. I inquired what was going to happen.

"They are coming to listen to you tell the story of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon," he said.

During the day I had noticed boys riding horseback in different directions. A much larger crowd had gathered then on the previous evening, so we devoted the time to another cottage meeting, and I explained, as he requested, the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. We did not get away from Mr. Elles' home until the next afternoon.

Not many days after leaving the Elders, whom we found and with whom we spent a few days, we received a letter from them asking me to write to Mr. Elles' and not miss a single week without doing so as he seemed to be quite lost without us. I had a job on my hands for some time.

I have attempted to write this story mostly from memory, paying little attention to dates. It is true I kept a diary, in fact I have eight journals in a daily record form of my missionary work for three years, less one month.

It was my good fortune to have as my first companions such men as Joseph Larson from Pleasant Grove, Utah, and Thomas Wasden of Scipio, Utah--no finer men could be found in any country. Both men were about my age, well-informed,

with fine personalities, were great entertainers and good friend-makers.

I was with Pres. Joseph A. West for several days after arriving in the field; he was "tops". He often confided in me. Some time went by until one day I met him with tears in his eyes. I asked him if he had lost any of his loved ones. He said it was worse than that--he was broke and would have to ask Pres. Kimball to send his release. I told him he would have to remain another year and look after we Elders. Was I glad to help fill up that gap! He stayed and payed me back every dollar after I returned home. It took very little to tide us over a year in those days. We traveled literally without purse or script, still we had to have money on deposit at Chattanooga.

I don't believe I have given the names of those with whom I went to Chattanooga. They were Elder A. J. Cullimore from Pleasant Grove; S. L. Swenson, Pleasant Grove; Rodney Ashby, Holden; George Wride, Payson; Edward H. Shaw, Charles A. Hickenlooper, and Williams Jinkins Newton; and Charles L. Roberts.

We left Salt Lake Sept. 27, 1895 at 10:45 P.M. over the Rio Grande Railroad. I was ordained an Elder by John Nickleson, Sept. 26, 1895, in the Salt Lake Temple.

I remember once in company with Elder Wasden calling on a family who were friends of his by the name of "Snipe". We found a neighbor there who believed in the Mohammed Religion, and Mrs. Snipe said this man had once debated the question with Pres. West and Elder Cutler. Mrs. Snipe said, "Elder Black is the first man who has ever routed him." I remember "feathering into him" very severely. I don't know whether he became frightened or thought I was not worth talking to--the latter, I presume.

It was in the Hassleville settlement where a nice group of Latter-Day Saints lived, many of whom had the name of Hassle. Some little time before this visit we had organized a Sunday School and held a conference. I remember a couple of experiences which happened at this place.

On my first trip to Hassleville, Uriah Hassle invited me and my companion to remain at his home all night, and he invited a group of his neighbors to spend the evening and listen to us speak. I don't believe I ever had so many lovely things

come to my mind to tell a crowd of people at a fireside chat. Uriah told me later that he never in his life heard the Gospel made so plain.

I am sure it was during this visit to Hassleville that Sister Huggins was baptized--a lovely little woman with three or four children. She lived five miles from there in the opposite direction from the way we were going next morning. She asked me to get the information from her father about her birth, father's and mother's birth, etc.

Mr. Noise, her father, seemingly had been one of our best friends. When we called on him the next morning he was a changed man. He stood on his porch with a pale face, and when we started to make our wants known he fired a volley of words of slander and lies about the authorities of our Church, the like of which I had never heard. More especially did he attack the life and character of the Prophet Joseph Smith until he ran out of breath.

Then I replied, "Mr. Noise, you have slandered and defamed in the most outlandish manner the character of the greatest Prophet of God who has ever lived on an earth like this, and if you do not repent of this evil tyrade in which you have indulged you will be damned and go to hell." He tremblingly tried to reply but he could not utter one word. We turned and left him. Later we got the data from Sister Huggins. On the following day Mr. Noise paid a visit to BerryAnn Parker, a neighbor who lived some distance from the Noise home.

Mr. Noise knew that Mr. Parker was somewhat fond of me. Three of four neighbors were at Mr. Parker's home helping him kill hogs.

Mr. Noise said, "BerryAnn, your favorite Elder, Elder Black cursed me to my face on the porch of my own home." (One of the men present told me the story later.)

Parker replied, "If Elder Black cursed you, you needed a cursing. What caused him to curse you? Were you telling him in your own way how the authorities of his Church practiced polygamy, etc.?"

Noise replied, "Yes".

"Well", said Parker, "you sure had your nerve when you know you had three children by the wife you now live with before you married her to say nothing of the rest of the bastards you have scattered over the country!"

BerryAnn Parker was a fine, honorable man; I liked him very much and took a great pain in teaching him the Gospel. Some of his friends told me he told them that he thought more of me than most anything else---Men like BerryAnn Parker, "Uncle" Tom Drew, John Cornley, and others in the South, as well as here at home; they belonged to no church.

I have just been reading in one of my journals the following: "Pres. Cutler and I met Elders L.W. Robbins and Hugh Dana who were going to hold a meeting that evening. At the close of their meeting I explained the nature of our mission, saying we could best tell it by holding a series of meetings. We would have those meetings the next day just across the Swanee River, beginning promptly at eight in the morning. When that day and evening had been spent, we had all participated and had held twelve meetings, the greatest number of meetings held in our Conference in one day by any two pairs of Elders."

I think I will write a couple of pages from one of my journals which will describe a variety of experiences which the Elders have daily:-

"Aug. 25, 1897--Met on the banks of the Swanee River in a Priesthood Meeting, commencing our meeting at 8 a.m., closing at 3 p.m. There were present L. W. Robbins, Pres. Frank H. Cutler, W.F. Tanner, Jabez Faux, Eugene B. Lewis, Frank Smith, Will H. Summerhays, Joseph Ritchie, Hugh Dana and Marsh.

"Tanner and Dana were made Meteoric Elders, to labor in Waculla Co., W. Florida; the other Elders to go back to their various fields of labor; Summerhays and myself to visit amongst the Elders. Summerhays and I went first to New Zion and stopped with Nels Dowling. Dowling hitched his horse to a cart and took us a mile to the post office and made arrangements for his baptism, Sept. 10, 1897.

"Sat., Aug. 28--Weather hot. Leaving Bro. Dowling we made a long walk and called on Harley Bennett who refused to entertain us; a Mr. Lane did the same. Samuel Ponds took us in; his wife got out of bed and cooked supper. Soon after breakfast a Mr. Thomas refused to accept a tract. Met a big crowd under the trees and held five meetings. Mr. Thomas, who had refused to accept a tract, came with his minister whose name was Parkinson. After the last meeting, for his benefit I gave anyone the opportunity to ask questions. The preacher invited me out of the crowd and asked me a number of silly questions. He knew if the crowd had heard him, he would have made himself ridiculous.

"Aug. 25, 1897--Met Elders Haslem and Combs; helped them hold some meetings to large crowds. We are now at the home of Dr. Sibley, very wealthy man, came from Maine for his health, about fifty years of age, bought large tracts of land, planted and beautified his holdings, improved in health and happy; a wife and one daughter. Told us his chapel was open to us whenever we wanted to use it; also his home was open to us whenever we wanted to come. He was a perfect gentleman; there was quite a contrast between him and Parson Parkinson.

"Aug. 26--After a long day's walk, stopped at the home of Mr. Lee; got a cold reception and a cold lunch (about half enough for one man). He kept the post office there; a beautiful lake was in front of his home. I was up early and down looking at the lake; when I returned I found my companion sitting on the porch--the family had all had their breakfasts and gone to work. We thanked Mrs. Lee for her kindness, went to the post office and did the same with Mr. Lee, and took our departure. Were we hungry!"

The last two pages will give the reader some idea of the life of a Latter-Day Saint Elder in the Southern States. Sometimes we met people who loved us; some who were fond of us; some who were indifferent; some very indifferent; some who hated us and would just as soon have killed us if they had not been afraid of the law.

I have always felt sure that one of the Three Nephite Apostles or John the Beloved visited my mother and told her what to do for my recovery when I was a baby, so, I have always had a desire that some day I might have the

pleasure of visiting one of those Bretheren. I know a couple in Salt Lake City, good friends of mine, who had that pleasure. I prayed often for that blessing while on my mission.

The following is an experience I had while traveling along a road one morning, thick timber on either side. My companion and I retired to a secluded spot in the woods with the view of resting and catching up on our neglected correspondence as well as our journals. After prayer we removed our coats and he proceeded to do that very thing, sitting with his back to me about two rods away.

I opened my grip and began reading the Book of Mormon. I had no sooner started to read than the book seemed like something alive in my hands. It created in me a peculiar sensation, and it seemed I could read those pages three or four times faster than I had ever read them before. I was sure the men who helped make that history, one or more, were in my presence. I turned around three times expecting to see one or two of those men. I presume my faith was not strong enough. We had been there about two hours. After going back to the road, we had gone only a short distance when we came out into a clearing and we saw a group of people, men and women, a short distance from us, huddled together busy talking. They had been to some kind of an election in a schoolhouse. I knew a number of those people. They didn't recognize us until I put my hand on the shoulder of a man, which seemed to startle him. The following is the story he told us:

"We have just been visited by two of your brethern. One of them told us a most beautiful story about the atonement of Jesus. We noticed their eyes were different than the eyes of other men. We knew they could look right into our souls and read our thoughts., still their eyes seemed to be kind and full of love. They have been gone only a few minutes."

We seemed to know before that man quit talking they had been visited by two remarkable personages. The Elders laboring under my care seemed to get a thrill when I told them that story.

I have never prayed to see one of those brethern since.

The Conference held in Live Oak, Swanee County took place May 28, 1896, about five miles south of the city of Live Oak in a beautiful place prepared in the woods. Forty-two Elders

were present. A number of the finest people in the state lived in that neighborhood and belonged to the Church. There were also a fine group of young folks. The editor of the paper at Live Oak shipped his organ down to be used during the Conference.

Pres. Kimball sat just behind the table used for a pulpit, with this large group of Elders equally divided sitting on long benches on either side of him. After the prayer and singing he stood up to talk. Pres. West held his face in his hands and propped his elbows on his knees. I sat beside him and was I out of patience with him for showing so little respect to Pres. Kimball!

Pres. Kimball said, "Now, folks, I want your attention. I am 'loaded for bear'." Then he could say no more. He drank some water and still he could not talk and it looked very much as though he would have to sit down. I felt like crying. He picked up the Bible and began to speak on the subject of "Faith." I looked at my watch; he had talked one hour. I thought it was one of the most beautiful expositions on "Faith" I had ever heard. He stopped short and began speaking about "Repentance"; this lasted for another fifty minutes. I was carried away!

Pres. West had raised his head as soon as the word "faith" was mentioned. I asked him why he had acted the way he had. He replied he was sure Pres. Kimball was going to speak about the Prophet Joseph or some of the authorities and he'd asked the Lord to make him speak about faith and repentance or make him sit down or we would. However, before Pres. Kimball took his seat he said, "I had intended to tell you about what Joseph Smith had done for this generation."

We all went into the woods and held a Priesthood Meeting. Among other things, Pres. Kimball said that we had taught him a lesson; he knew we were preaching the Gospel. He got quite worked up about our doing our duties.

I slept with Uncle Elias (Pres. Kimball) that night in the Carter home. In the middle of the night he told me to get up and dress for we might have to leave as a mob had gathered. Brother Carter and his boys and some of the neighbors had prepared for just such an occasion. Pretty loud talking was going on. The Carter boys told the mob to disperse or their carcasses would have to be gathered up next morning. Monday

went off quietly. We really had a good Conference.

Later two Elders, Pres. West and Elder Fisher, were shipped out of the county on the train and told if they returned it would mean death. The mob who escorted them to the train was led by the editor of the newspaper published in Live Oak--the same man who had loaned us his organ to be used at our Conference. No cause for this action was stated.

I have in mind four other Elders who were traveling companions of mine. I thought I would like to mention their peculiarities.

Hugh Dana from Mesa City, Arizona whom I met late one afternoon at the railroad station came straight from Salt Lake City. I told him I had an appointment to preach that night and the folks would all be strangers to me, as well as to him.

On our way to the chapel we saw negro huts and naked children.

Elder Dana said, "Where did the negroes come from anyway?"

So we had quite a talk about it.

We found a crowd at the chapel. I asked him if he would like to say a few words.

He said, "Yes, that's my business."

His first discourse--"Well, folks, I see you have a lot of niggers in your midst. They are a darn bad lot. They sat straddle on the fence in the other world. The Lord cursed them with a black skin. They can never hold the Priesthood. I advise you to stay clear of them." He nodded his head and said, "I thank you," and sat down. You should have seen those people laugh!

I met Gene Lewis at the station also. He was nineteen years of age and about six-foot-two. He wore a gray suit which looked as if it had been made for someone about three sizes smaller than he. I had a meeting appointment for that evening, the same as I had had with Dana. Elder Lewis wanted to bear his testimony. He stood up, then turned to ask me where to find a certain passage of scripture. He read the passage and spoke for an hour and a half--held the people spellbound! He was with me probably two months. No questions were ever ad-

vanced by doctors, lawyers or judges but what he knew more than any of them about the answers.

He and I canvassed the City of Trear. One day we met about twenty men at the post office and one of them said to me, "What about the Book of Mormon?" I replied, "If you will agree that not one of these men will interrupt me for thirty minutes, I will tell you about the Book of Mormon."

When I had finished I wanted to order one for him, so I asked him for a dollar and his name. He said he could not read, neither could his wife. I told him his neighbor would help him. I also told him that somehow I liked him and that he should enquire at this post office in about four or five days and ask for the mail of John Doe, at the end of which time the postmaster would give him a Book of Mormon.

He replied, "If you have that much confidence in me, I have a little in you."

He handed me a dollar and wrote his name and address in my book. He wrote a beautiful hand. He was the district attorney.

He said, "Mr. Black, will you tell that story to a crowd in the courthouse tonight if I get the courthouse and the crowd?"

The house was packed; about ten men sat on the front bench with notebooks and pencils while I told that story and enlarged upon it. We visited every family in that city and am sure we did a lot of good.

Another of my companions was Elder Dan Thomas, nineteen years of age. His hair was so light that it was white. Joking him one evening as we were walking along I told him he was so old-fashioned people thought him old. He laughed. That night after supper I asked the man and woman with whom we were staying to make a guess as to our ages. The lady said, "Mr. Thomas is about forty-five and you are about twenty-three." Her husband was of the same opinion.

Elder Thomas was bright; he was Uncle Jesse Knight's private attorney for years. He composed a song which, when the people refused to keep him and his companion all night, he would stand at the door and sing. When he had finished

the first verse and chorus, the people would make him enter and sing the rest of it, and then keep him all night. This was the song:

"A soldier sat by the road one day  
And he was looking very gay,  
Upon his back he had a little meal  
That he had stole from a little tar heel.

Chorus:

"Bye and bye, bye and bye,  
I'm going to marry before I die--  
Marry a girl with a bright blue eye;  
These Florida girls there's none surpasses,  
They are sweeter than sorghum molasses,

I think I'd better write the second verse:

"He had a canteen by his side  
That he was striving hard to hide  
From the gaze of those who passes--  
He had a quart of sorghum molasses."

These men were all fine fellows. Dana learned to preach the gospel with a great deal of power and influence; Thomas was very bright, quiet and reserved--you would never suspect he would compose a silly song, much less sing it! Lewis was like a big, over-grown kid. My greatest trouble with him was to keep him from indulging in frivolity. He would preach a beautiful discourse and usually spoil it by telling at the end some silly joke like the following:

"I met a preacher the other day with a face long enough to eat oats out of the bottom of a churn."

Conscious of my weaknesses and failings and notwithstanding the weaknesses and shortcomings of my companions, I thought a great deal of all of them and some of them I loved very much. There were some in whom I saw no faults--they were an inspiration to me. There were quite a number of such men: Larson, Wasden, Cutler, Isom, Robbins, J.C. Brown and others.

Just to illustrate--I traveled with Heber C. Blood, an old missionary about my age. When he came to me he told me he had been accused of making vain repetitions of the Lord's name when he prayed, and he wanted me to correct him. At the close of his first prayer in the "field" he asked me how

many times he had used the Lord's name. I told him. It made him out of patience; he said he did not believe me--but it was true. However, I never corrected him again. He was a nice fellow. We were released at the same time and came home together.

The next illustration concerns Elder W. Fred Tanner of Payson, one of the finest, strongest, and best Elders we had. When he was preaching he would raise his right foot quickly about six inches from the floor, then put it down. He would keep that up all the time he was talking, and it seemed no one could break him of the habit.

Elder Nebacker had no patience with people. He "served notice" on me one day--when people hesitated in taking a tract from me I was to let them go straight to ----, "don't exchange words with them." This happened in the City of Sanford, the town where Pres. Cutler had told me to take Nebacher and teach him how to hold street meetings, as well as his other duties.

I remember our first street meeting in Sanford. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we hung our hats on a lamp post and sang half a dozen songs. He had a fine tenor voice, and before we had finished singing about thirty people had stopped to hear us. I asked all the men to remove their hats so that I could offer a word of prayer and then we would hold a meeting. I told my companion to go ahead and speak, and, believe me, he began to preach! Several more people stopped, then they began to move on until everyone had gone. He stood in that same position and preached for another ten or fifteen minutes, swinging his arms and "laying down the law to beat the band". I looked in every direction up and down the streets; there was not a soul in sight and he was still "sawing the air". Finally he looked at me and asked if I didn't think he'd better stop. I told him I thought so.

Now I am conscious of the fact that the story I have just told sounds "fishy", but it is true.

I owe a great deal to Gene Lewis whom I have already mentioned. I went with him into two other cities with about the same results as in the City of Trear, and I remember now a number of times I would have been "swamped" without him.

I remember our calling at a home where a fashionable lady, lavishly dressed, answered the doorbell. When she opened the

door we saw a number of ladies sitting around some tables playing cards. I attempted to deliver our message. She refused a tract and handed me a few "hot shots" and told a short story about our vile practices. Lewis took over immediately and told her the book from which she was quoting was untrue, and that the man who had written the story about us had never been known to tell the truth and was now paying the penalty for his crimes in jail. He seemed to charm the women. We went in, and I don't know of another man who could have interested those women as he did.

He and I visited another city quite early in the morning. The mayor said it would be O.K. for us to canvas the city--in other words, to visit the people. We went to the deacon of the church in the neighborhood, who said he was only a Junior Deacon and that we would have to see the Senior Deacon about the use of the church. The latter deacon refused to let us use the building. The sheriff seemed to be unconcerned as to what we did, as were the people in general. Sometime in the afternoon, after having made very poor headway with our work, we saw a huge pile of lumber on the edge of the public square, across the street from some of the business houses. We sat on top of that pile of lumber and did we sing the Songs of Zion! The longer we sang, the larger grew the crowd of people.

Finally Elder Lewis stood up and began to preach. It seemed I'd never before heard him preach with such power and so much fine logic, and he spoke for an hour and a half. It seemed to me that half the people in town must have been there.

Some of the business men asked us if we would preach in the court house that night. They wanted more of the people to hear him speak. In the court house that night I said to him, "Do you see this crowd?"

He replied, "Yes,"

I continued, "They are here to see and hear you; don't figure on me saying anything."

After that meeting we had all kinds of invitations to go home with people. However, we could only accept one. But we did not want for anything the remainder of the time we spent in that city, distributing tracts and selling books.

So there was something about all the Elders with whom I traveled which caused me to like them, even Elder J.D. Combs over whom I shed so many tears. He made the greatest change

of any of my companions. I attempted to reform some of them but it was all a joke, and as I look back now I can discover the grandeur in the souls of all those men. I felt more sorry for Elder Ritchie than for any of the rest. He couldn't stop smoking cigarettes, I mean he didn't stop.

Following is another peculiar experience which Elder Lewis and I had. After dark one night we heard loud talking in a home. We knocked at the door, however, and were told to come in. Half a dozen men were talking excitedly. We made some inquiries and found that they had formed a debating club in the neighborhood, and a much-talked-about subject was to be discussed that night. Three men on each side were to speak fifteen minutes each, the subject being, "Which is more valuable to mankind, the horse or the cow?"

All in that home were ready to go to the hall, and we were invited to go along. Was I hungry?

At the hall we met the crowd, and it was soon decided that we discuss the subject. I was startled. Lewis did not give me a chance to answer but said, "Sure, we will be glad to discuss that subject!"

He pulled me to one side and said, "This is our chance to make a hit. Which part of the subject do you think you could do the best at?"

I told him the cow, of course.

There were four judges. I led out, giving my views, and was very positive in what I had to say, telling them the cow was about half the life and strength of any nation or country; that her milk had the greatest food value of any other one thing in the world; that people could live and thrive on it alone, indefinitely, and it usually served about half the food value of some countries.--"Just look at our stock yards! Thousands of beautiful steers are slaughtered daily for the market. These steers are the product of the cow. In hotels and restaurants the most called-for food by the general public is a fine beef steak."

"Take her fine steer calves--they made the teams of the world--a little slower than horses, of course, but more dependable. The cow has been the life of the pioneer movement of every new country. She has been known to carry the yoke every day and give her milk every night to sustain the lives of the children she hauled in a wagon a thousand miles across

a trackless plain and desert."

I raved on a while longer and said, "Yes, gentlemen, give me the cow." You should have heard that crowd scream!

Finally Lewis began by talking about pure bred horses that originated not many generations after Adam and Eve were placed on the earth, and he traced their history down through the ages, recounting the great feats they had performed in saving the lives of their masters--and in some instances, whole communities. He had hardly gotten warmed up when I began to see my poor cow was in the shade. He traced that breed of horses down to the time of Dick Turpin, the Tobber, with his Bonny Black Bess. Then in telling of the life of this man and his mare--how they robbed the rich and gave to the poor--the story grew tragic. He would sing parts of the song, such as: "Through each act of kindness you have done your best, you were faithful, my Bonny Black Bess," and, "Thro' kindness I've shot you my Bonny Black Bess"--he had the audience on their toes, some of them crying.

Then he told the story of the Black Mare and her rider and the run she made to warn the people of Johnstown and of how she saved these people from the flood after the dam had broken.

The people forgot about the cow. The decision in favor of the horse was given. You can't imagine the opportunity this gave us to present the Gospel to the people of that community!

After Elder Lewis's new Prince Albert suit arrived he looked like a typical gentleman, but in most respects he was only an over-grown, irresponsible kid. I had to watch him all the time to keep him from pulling some kind of nonsense.

Not long after the arrival of his suit a big hole appeared in the seat of his pants on both sides. I got some nice pieces of cloth from a lady whom we met. It was a different color than that of the material in his trousers, but one day while resting in the woods I patched up the holes with it. I was not much of a seamstress at that. Just before he had finished preaching a beautiful sermon and said, "Amen", he would gather up his coat tails in each hand, turn around and see where he was going to sit, and in so doing would show his patches to the audience. Would they scream! He did that a number of times, so I had to watch him and just about the time he was ready to say "Amen", I would reach and snatch his coat tails out of his hands.

It has been many years since the following events happened. I

am now writing at my home, May, 1947:

May 20, 1897--Met Elders L.A. Stevenson and A.G. Sedgwick who had just been driven from Taylor County by an armed mob of seventeen men, with the threat that if they ever found one of the Elders again in that county they would leave them lying where they found them. Elder Stevenson wrote a letter to Governor William Bloxman outlining the circumstance in detail very beautifully.

We held a series of meetings in the Flatwood Church, built and owned by "Uncle" Thomas Drew. For the next two months we visited a number of pairs of Elders and helped them hold a series of meetings.

August 1--Pres. Cutler and I met Elders Jabez Faux and James H. Allen and together with the Saints of Bluff Creek settlement organized the Bluff Creek Sunday School with B. R. Dinkins as Superintendent and W. S. Harris as Assist. Superintendent and all the other necessary officers and teachers.

(In my Journal I have given names of the teachers of each class, and the number present.)

I think I have already stated that I kept a diary, or a brief account daily, of what happened or came under my personal observation while in the mission field. For the interest of the reader I will write what I recorded the next few days after organizing the Bluff Creek Sabbath School.

Monday, August 2, 1897--Pres. Cutler and I were furnished with a mule and light wagon to make an eighty mile trip into Bradford County to meet ten Elders, with whom we were to hold a counsel meeting and make changes in the Conference. Arriving at Sanderson, a railroad town, we took dinner at the home of Mr. Canova, a very wealthy man. His wife had placed her organ in the house where we were to hold our Sabbath Schools. After dinner we went seven more miles and called at a place at night which was the home of Mr. Michel, who not only took good care of us but our mule as well.

August 3, 1897--We were on the road at 4:30 a.m.; at 11:00 a.m. we were at Mt. Zion Church where the Elders were holding a meeting. Elder Samuel Isom was speaking. When he had finished Pres. Cutler spoke for a while. Names of Elders present: Isom, Robbins, Lund, Gee, Butterfield, Randel, Holtsclaw, Lewis, Dana and Ross B. Cutler. I went with Elders Lewis and Lund to a Mr. Williams' for dinner. The afternoon was taken

up in Priesthood Meeting. About 7 o'clock the Church was full of people. Elders Gee, Robbins, Pres. Cutler and I did the preaching. Elder Lund and I went home with Bro. Murphy and remained there all night.

August 4, 1897--At 5 a.m. we were at the church again to continue with our labors as we had not finished the night before. Our meeting lasted until 10:30. After assigning the Elders their fields of labor, Pres. Cutler and I had dinner with Mr. Williams. Starting back we arrived at Sanderson about 5 o'clock. Met Elders Faux, Allen, Stevenson and Bro. Wright from Columbia County. Elder Stevenson was there in the interest of the Sabbath Schools as he was the Superintendent of all of the LDS Sabbath Schools in Florida. We had supper at Mr. Canova's. Met a crowd in the Masonic Hall. Elder Stevenson and I spoke to them. Bro. Wright and I stayed all night with Mr. James Wilson.

August 5, 1897--I called at Mr. Canova's, assisted Pres. Cutler for a short time helped him with his reports, then we continued our journey toward Bluff Creek. After going about six miles we got out of our wagon, tied our mule to a tree by the side of the road, then retired to the woods and had prayer. At the report of a clap of thunder our mule broke the rope and ran away with the wagon, throwing Pres. Cutler's grip and the wagon seat out on the ground. It ran about two miles over a rough road and into a swamp and stopped without breaking so much as a strap. About an hour later we were at Mr. Dinkins, the place from which we had started. On account of a heavy rain that came up, we were unable to hold a meeting.

August 6, 1897--Weather fine. Elders Faux and Allen came in. Pres. Cutler rode a mule around the settlement to see his friends. About one o'clock he and Elder Faux were ready to leave, having ten miles to go that afternoon. I took a mule and light wagon and hauled them six miles. When I returned I found that a crowd of people at Mr. Dinkins had gathered to hear us preach. We had a very good meeting.

Saturday, August 7, 1897--We spent the greater part of the day dyeing our clothes and helping Mr. Dinkins dye some of his. Met at "Grandma" Sweats for the purpose of holding a meeting, but a heavy rain which lasted all evening prevented the people from coming. Elder Allen talked to the family until bedtime.

Sunday, August 8, 1897--Met at the church to assist with the Sabbath School lessons, it being the first Sunday since its organization. Helped in giving the lessons for the follow-

ing Sunday. Held two meetings in the afternoon; had supper with Sister Revels after which we met a crowd at "Grandma" Sweats and held another meeting. At the meeting a Mrs. Mahoney asked some questions about baptism for the dead. Her minister had promised to come with her and at the last moment had failed her.

I have written these few notes from one of my Journals over a period of one week to give you an idea what we were doing.

Possibly I should have made some explanation about dyeing our clothes. Within three months the hot sun of Florida would turn our black Prince Albert suits brown, so we would dye them with black dye and after they were well pressed they would look like new.

The last hat I had in the mission field I dyed. It was the finest and best hat I ever owned. It always seemed a little peculiar how I got that hat. I needed a hat very badly. I had fasted two or three different times and prayed earnestly to the Lord about it.

We called on a widow lady one day who belonged to the Church. We had heard what a fine character she was. Her daughter, who was married, was visiting the mother. We had known how bitter the son-in-law was towards the Church; he had refused to even speak to the Elders. I now recall his surprise when he came to his mother-in-law's home and found us there. I took him right over and talked to him about the west; how we rode wild horses and punched cattle; about our mountains being full of deer and of how we hunted them. It was only a little while until he and I were good friends.

He finally said, "Mr. Black, I have something put away in mother's pantry on the top shelf. I must have put it there for you." And he gave me the best new derby hat I had ever seen. It fit my head comfortably. I wore that hat through the remainder of my mission and brought it home with me. I had the best and most dressy-looking hat of any Elder in Florida. That young man seemed as happy to give me that hat as I was to receive it. He took quite a lot of pride in telling me its history. His mother-in-law and wife gave me the credit for his conversion.

I have mentioned our Conference at Sanderson but gave no particulars. Sanderson was a small railroad town. The most prominent figure who lived there was Brother Canova who had a

wife and twelve children, as I remember. I think there were three boys and two girls at home; the other children were married and none of them lived in Sanderson. All were well educated.

Brother Canova was about seventy years of age, had a very dark complexion, and weighed about one hundred pounds. Sister Canova, a few years younger, was light-complexioned and weighed about two hundred and sixty or seventy pounds. The youngest boy at home, nine years old, looked like his mother and weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Adeline was dark like her father--a lovely girl with a beautiful form and fine features; she was about nineteen years old. Kittie, about 16, resembled her mother; she also was a very beautiful girl. They were both talented--splendid in music and singing. A number of Elders would have considered Adeline a very choice possession. They had a mansion for a home. It seemed to be no trouble to entertain twenty-five Elders for the night. Brother Canova was the most wealthy man in Baker County. It was believed he owned a big piece of the county.

Our Conference at Sanderson was one of the best. President Lyman, Apostle M. F. Cowley and President Elias S. Kimball and his wife were our visitors. A number of Brother Canova's married children and their families were there. I think we had three days of Conference. Forty-two Elders were present. At the close of it, the Elders were assigned to their fields of labor. Pres. Cutler and his other Counselor attempted to officially canvas the City of Jacksonville. Elias A. Gee and I were to go to Orlando. The story concerning our experiences there follows:

At the close of our Annual Conferences in Sanderson, 1898, Pres. Frank H. Cutler said to Elder Elias A. Gee and myself, "You boys go to the city of Orlando and deliver our message to the people of that city." At once I offered a protest, telling him Orlando was the metropolis of Florida, the home of the millionaires. I then explained how dumb and inexperienced we were not-with-standing I was his Counselor. I told him we had quite a number of college graduates and school teachers, including himself, who were so much better prepared to do that job.

He listened to my story, then replied, "You boys go right along and do as I say. Visit all the homes in that

city, preach the Gospel to the people in their homes and on the streets, and wherever the opportunity presents itself. Go without purse or script, and the Lord will bless you."

So we set out on a several days journey. The first night we were entertained by a lovely family, very poor financially, and one whom I thought had been imposed upon by our Elders. During the night I had a severe attack of stomach or bowel trouble. I could eat no breakfast. The lady of the house was much surprised to find we were preparing to leave. I told her I would be all right; we would really have to be going.

It was about three miles from here to a little railroad town. When about half way there, my legs refused to carry my body and further. I sank down beside the road. Very soon we were overtaken by two Elders who were returning from conference and going back to their fields of labor. They administered to me, then talked the matter over and decided that one of them go with my companion to the little town to hire a horse and buggy to carry me to the home of an old couple who lived just beyond this town who had been very friendly with this pair of Elders. Just before reaching the livery stable, a fellow from the distance hailed them, and put a half dollar in my companion's hand and walked on. Neither of the Elders had as much as a penny.

At the stable they explained to the livery man what they wanted and why. They chose the horse and rig they wanted, and asked the price. The livery man said, "One dollar." They informed him they only had fifty cents. He replied, "If that is all you have, that is plenty."

At the home of the old couple I remained three days. No one will ever know how I suffered. It seemed as though my intestines were constantly tying up in knots, and the only relief I could get was to lie with my face down and my knees up near my stomach, hand locked around my knees. The next day those Elders came and administered to me. Nothing seemed to help. I don't remember of eating anything in that home.

The third morning Elder Gee had been out in the woods a long time. I was lying in this cramped condition when he returned. I was perfectly at ease but didn't dare to move. He came in all excited, as though he had had a hard tussel with some enemy. He said, very excitedly, "Elder Black, I have

found out the cause of your trouble. The devil has been trying to kill you. I will tell you the reason. There is one honest soul, and only one, who is going to accept of our testimony in the city of Orlando." Then he described a woman whom he said was going to be converted by my testimony and my teachings. He continued, "The devil knows this and he has been trying to kill you to prevent that conversion. You are all right now; get out of that bed and put your clothes on and let's be going."

I was out of that bed in a second. I wondered what the old couple who were getting pretty nervous would think of the sudden change. He said, "Don't worry; I'll take care of that." In ten minutes we were ready to leave. We left that old couple crying as if we were their own sons going off to war and not expecting to return.

That afternoon we saw quite a crowd of people gathered in the woods. These Elders were ready to hold a meeting before baptizing some people. I did the speaking and was I ready for my supper that evening--likewise a place to sleep! I never inquired of Elder Gee just what sort of a tussel he had had with Lucifer in the woods. Those experiences are sometimes very sacred.

The next day we were on our way. I had helped canvas some cities, and it was always my plan or custom to fast forty-eight hours before going into a city to commence our work, and to enter the city fasting. It was now Saturday afternoon; we had already fasted one day and while walking along the railroad track wondering just how we were going to spend Sunday, as we did not care to go into Orlando on Sunday, a man hailed us and asked if we were preachers. He invited us to go to his home and introduced us to his family. We then made it plain the nature of our business and exactly who we were. He said we were welcome to stay with them that night. He finally promised that we would have an audience Sunday night. Sunday afternoon we got word that a little daughter of Elder Gee's had died. I don't remember just how we got the word. He felt dreadful. I tried to comfort him, and insisted on his remaining at the house while I filled our appointment, but he would not be separated from me. I did the speaking to a house full of people at the chapel.

Our stay at that home was a mystery to the family. Two nights and one day--and we left there without partaking of food. About nine o'clock on Monday morning we called on the mayor of Orlando, the city council and the sheriff--all fine

fellows who promised to co-operate with us and see that we had protection, etc. Then we began to visit the hotel managers and restaurant proprietors. All except one woman who owned a restaurant said we could come to their places for a meal whenever we chose. The one woman told us "Nothing doing", as well as a lot of other things I would not care to write.

That night we stopped in a hotel that had, I think, two hundred rooms. In the lobby after supper a number of men whom I think were traveling salesmen asked us a good many questions about polygamy and other things. Our answers didn't mean anything to them. After we were in bed, I told Elder Gee we would have to adopt some other plan. We could not stay in the hotels--we would be offensive to the people who paid their way. He wondered what we would do, and so did I but told him we would work it out some way, and of course we began to pray about it. The next day we were walking up one of the main streets. On the corner across the road from where we were standing stood a big white house with a sign, "Rooms to rent." We walked over and into a store that joined this, house, or was a part of the house. Two women were being waited upon by a fine-looking little woman about forty. Presently the women passed by us and went out.

We introduced ourselves to the little lady and proceeded to make our business known, the nature and importance of the message we had to give to the people, all the time stressing the purse-and-script part of our work. Finally she interrupted us by saying, "I am sorry, but I can do nothing for you." Of course we knew she wanted our interview to terminate. Here is where I took over, and I joked her for a while, and we all laughed. I looked at her quite seriously, and said, "Are you married?"

You should have seen that woman laugh! She thought I was looking for another wife. She finally answered my question by saying, "Yes."

I said, "Tell me where your husband is."

She replied, "He is out looking after his turpentine farms and his saw mills. I had a letter from him to say he will be home tonight."

By-the-way, her excuse for not doing something for us was that she had one vacant room with no furnishings and she didn't care to furnish it.

I replied, "When your husband comes home tonight, tell him all about our visit. Be sure and tell him just what you think about us. We will come back about ten in the morning to see what he thinks about us."

At the appointed time we were there. She greeted us with a smile, locked the door behind us and said, "Come with me." We followed her from the store into her parlor, and from there out on to the sidewalk, then up an enclosed stairway to the second floor, through a hall and into a very beautiful room facing two main streets. The room was well lighted, had a nice bed, a table, writing stand, wash bowl and towels and other convenient things. With a good deal of pride we made a general survey and complimented Mrs. Long on having such a beautiful room in her apartment house. She smiled and handed us a key and said, "This is your room as long as you desire to remain in the city, and when you are through and ready to leave the city, it will not cost you one cent. You are perfectly welcome as long as you care to use it."

I had a hard time to keep from hugging her; also from crying.

Now we went to work in earnest. We visited the managers of the two newspapers which had the least circulation and told them our story. They said, "Yes, our paper will come to your address every morning while you are in the city. It will not cost you a dime."

Then we went to the manager of one of the leading newspapers in the state. We tried to be tactful with him. We told him our story, only to be laughed at. He told us that our purse-and-script story was altogether too flimsy; he happened to know that the Mormon Church paid us a good salary--he had the same kind of knowledge about a number of other things concerning our Church, also.

"No," was his answer, "if you get our paper, you will pay for it."

I was determined not to be beaten. I tried him from another angle but he blocked it, then another; he replied, "Mr. Black, you seem to be damn slow of comprehension. How many times must I tell you if you get our paper you will pay for it?"

I replied, "Well, I guess I understand you, but I would like to ask you one question before we leave. It will depend on the way you answer it as to whether or not I ask a second question."

His curiosity was now aroused and he was anxious for the question.

"If I should come to you and tell you I was greatly in need of one dollar, and asked you for the loan of that dollar with a promise upon my word of honor I would pay you that dollar back in a given time, do you think you would loan me the money?"

He replied, "I believe I would."

"Well, I am asking for that favor. Send your paper to our address for one month. I promise to pay for it within the next three days."

He looked at us for a moment and said, "You fellows are traveling without purse or script. That paper is my property. I must know where the money is coming from."

He spoke up and said, "I am making it my business."

I replied, "If I should tell you where the money is coming from you would laugh, and I am tired of being laughed at."

He looked at us very seriously, raising one hand high above his head and said, "I swear I will not laugh."

I replied, "Inasmuch as you have sworn yourself we will tell you. We will take the case before the Lord on our bended knees. We will tell Him the nature of our conversation with you, that you refused to let us have your paper gratis, that we seemed to be unable to make you understand we were His Servants and that we had promised to pay for your paper within three days and we would be so pleased if He would kindly dig up the money that we might settle our debt."

You should have seen that man laugh! We stood like judges until he had finished.

I remarked, "Thought you told us you would not laugh."

He replied, "That's too damn funny not to laugh at, but it's a bargain."

On the second day while tracting we stood in front of a very beautiful home. We finally pressed the doorbell and a voice shouted, "Come in."

I walked across the room and began to shake the hand of a man who had just turned around in a pivot chair. I announced my name, introduced my companion. He asked us to be seated. We spent a beautiful half hour explaining the Gospel as we understood it. He was the leading doctor of the city. We were now ready to leave. Elder Gee expressed his pleasure in meeting the man and walked out. The doctor walked with me. In the center of the room he said, "Mr. Black, I don't want you to leave my house just now." He was trembling like a leaf in the breeze. I put my arm around him and said, "Doctor, pull yourself together and tell me what's wrong."

He replied, "Mr. Black, I would not for the world do or say anything that would hurt your feelings, but I have something in my pocket I must give you." Then he placed a silver dollar in my hand. There was a queer sensation that accompanied that transaction. I had a hard time to keep from crying. He was crying.

We were soon at the office of the paper manager at the counter where we stood at our first visit. I spun that silver dollar, and said, "Here is the pay for your paper."

He walked toward us laughing, and said, "You can't do that to me. You boys are welcome to our paper. I was only fooling. I want no pay for it."

We replied, "You seem to have changed your mind. You did want pay, and it has come in the manner we told you it would. You can't make us lie to our Father in Heaven. That is your money and we would not take it out of your office for all the money in this city."

He seemed paralyzed and tried to talk. His adam's apple chased up and down his throat, but he could not say a word. The look on his face was a death look. We walked out of his office, and never met him again.

I forgot to mention the visit with the ministers before we met the paper men. The Presbyterian Minister was on his lawn. We motioned for him to come to the gate where we told him our business and said we would like to use his chapel in which to hold one meeting at least. He informed us that the offer of no amount of money would be any inducement to let us use his chapel, and said we would fill the minds of his people with so many curious notions he would never get them all out. We told him we would go to their homes and do that very thing. He said he would instruct them not to entertain us.

We replied, "That will be a good advertisement for us." He looked sober as we walked away.

The Baptist Minister, a young man about my age and about my size, black eyes, black curly hair and of a nervous temperament; he was the only one at home. While we were explaining some of the doctrines we were going to deliver to the people he ordered us out of his house. We all three raised from our chairs at the same time. Elder Gee was near the door.

The minister said, "I intend to do everything in my power to block your work." He was almost trembling with rage.

I replied, "That's the same spirit that crucified the Savior." Instantly he tried to kick me. I caught his foot at my hip with my left hand just as I would catch a swift baseball. Quickly I lifted that foot toward the ceiling until the other foot left the floor, then he went back on the floor on his head and shoulders. I made a quick exit, and was standing at the gate when he reached the porch. I thought he would follow me to the gate and try to strike me. I had made up my mind definitely that if he did I would leave him lying in his own yard, so he would not wake up until we were out of sight. I was glad he stopped on the porch where he proceeded to give me a piece of his mind. He asked God, two or three times to damn me. I had never heard a minister profane the name of God before. After all, it was sort of a mean trick for one minister to serve another! I really don't know what kind of a bump he got on his head, but for my thoughts at the gate I decided I had something of which to repent.

One afternoon as we were going to our rooms, we met a woman in the hall waiting for us.

She said, "I have read the tracts you gave Mrs. Long, also the 'Voice of Warning'. I want you to come to my apartment and talk to me."

We told her we could not come to her apartment, neither could we stand in that hall and talk to her, but if she would get permission from Mrs. Long to use her parlor we would be glad to talk to her. After we got into our room, we both wondered where we had met that woman, but soon discovered it was the woman Elder Gee saw in his prophecy.

In Mrs. Long's parlor we taught Annie M. Wair and also Mrs. Long the Gospel. Mrs. Wair was a seamstress. She made dresses for the rich men's wives as well as the minister's wives. Mrs. Long told us she was one of the most lovely women she had ever known, and the ministers had tried for a long time to convert her, but she was able to show that their churches did not conform to the pattern of the church that Christ set up, and she did not care to act the hypocrite with the Lord.

About ten days after our arrival in Orlando, we were preaching as usual on the street in the place where the sheriff had designated, so we would not obstruct traffic. I happened to be doing the talking to a large crowd which had gathered. A traveling preacher stood next to me, also a poor fellow who looked like a tramp--gray hair coming out through the holes in his hat. That was one time I was sorry I was not able to give a guy a quarter. When I had finished, the minister grabbed my hand and said, "That's what I call talking face to face with God." I told him his conception of what it meant to talk face to face with God was quite different from mine.

The old man then spoke to us and said, "Why in hell are you preaching out on the street? Why don't you preach in our chapel?" We explained why.

"What," he said, "you mean to tell me our ministers will not let you preach such doctrine in our chapel as I have been listening to?" We assured him that this was the case.

He replied, "That beats hell! I will see what I can do." Reaching into his pocket he found a soiled envelope, turned it inside out and wrote the following: "You hire a bunch of boys to help you, get a lot of that planed lumber in the back shed,

make seats and a pulpit in the hall above the store and see that it is well lighted. Make it a suitable place to hold meetings. When it is all ready give these boys the key." Signed Ross.

He handed me the note. After reading it I said, "Mr. Ross, what are we to do with this note?"

He replied, "That part I forgot," then he described a big store two blocks down the street, told where we would find the office. "The man in the office," he said, "is wearing a white silk shirt, broadcloth pants, and his shoes are all shined. Give him the note."

I said to the man, "Does this store belong to Mr. Ross?"

He replied, "The whole damn business belongs to him and his orders must be obeyed."

I said, "When will the hall be ready?"

He answered, "I think by tomorrow afternoon."

I believe the hall would seat one hundred-fifty people. There was a big goods box painted green for a pulpit. The hall was reached by going up an enclosed stairway from the sidewalk, an arrangement which was common in that city. Down at the entrance we placed a sign which said, "The Latter-Day Saints Elders will preach in this hall tonight." So we went about our canvassing in good earnest. No more street meetings! Every night we met a crowd in our hall, mostly men. They would accept our literature but none seemed very seriously affected by our preaching, in fulfillment to Elder Gee's prophesy.

For example, one afternoon we were walking south on one of the main streets when we noticed old "Daddy" Ross just a few steps ahead, going our way. We increased our steps. I soon had my arm around him and tried to express our thanks for the kindness he had shown us and how we appreciated the hall he had so generously placed at our convenience in which we were holding our services. We assured him the Lord would bless him for that kind act.

"Well," he said, "I am not expecting any blessings, but

I saw your predicament. It was the best I could do." Then he invited us to go home with him to dinner. We walked and walked and finally came to a mansion with an expensive steel fence around it. He opened the gate.

I asked, "Is this your home?"

He replied, "This is where I live."

He led the way into the parlor where his wife and daughters gave a quick move. He told us to be seated in some big plush chairs, then with a wink he followed his wife and daughters into another room. Some time elapsed before he joined us with a very disappointed look on his face and invited us into the diningroom where we were seated to a beautiful "thanksgiving dinner", only it was not Thanksgiving Day. The meal had been prepared by colored help and he had plenty of it on his premises.

After dinner he invited me to take a walk with him. We left Elder Gee reading. The greatest attraction was an orange grove which covered acres. Among other things he told me the company's agent who usually bought his crops offered to write the company's check for \$50,000 for this crop. He told the agent he would consider it a few days, then said, "The next morning every damned orange in that grove was frozen!"

I expressed my sympathy for him. He said that he had managed some way to pull through it. He told us we seemed as near to him as if we were his own boys. He wanted us to come whenever we chose, that the colored girls would take care of us, and that he was not at home much of his time. We never returned to his home and we never met him again as we were so busy winding up our work, visiting old friends, and getting ready to leave the city. He was a multi-millionaire!

The afternoon before leaving, we notified Mr. Long. A little later Mrs. Wair came to us crying as though her heart would break. We inquired about her trouble. Between her sobs she said, "You must not leave this city without baptizing me."

I replied, "If we baptize you, you will lose every friend you have in this city; you will have no business. The ministers who have pretended to think so much of you will not recognize you

on the street; they will not answer you when you speak to them. Mrs. Long will make it so uncomfortable for you that you will have to leave her home."

She replied, "If I knew all the people in the world would go back on me and not one of them ever speak to me again, I would join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints."

I answered, "That is just what it takes for you to become a Latter-Day Saint."

She offered us some money to put an ad in the paper. I told her we did not need her money. Our article in the paper said, "Latter-Day Saint Elders will perform the ordinance of baptism in Lake Eola near the boat houses at 10 o'clock on the following morning."

Lake Eola was a beautiful little lake in the suburbs of the city. At the appointed time a vast crowd had assembled. We sang and prayed and talked to them about thirty minutes. Sister Wair's friends were at the boat houses to help her with her clothes. She and I walked out into the water where the ordinance was performed. Then the people all left except a few of her friends. We returned to Mrs. Long's parlor where we confirmed Sister Wair a member of the Church and then took our leave with the happy thought that a lot of Gospel seeds had been sown in the hearts of the fine people who lived in that city which would some day ripen into a glorious and rich harvest. We left our blessings upon the people and the city.

In about three week's time we received a letter from Sister Wair saying, "Every word that Elder Black told me has literally come true. I met the ministers and spoke to them, but I have not heard their voices since I saw you last. Mrs. Long made it so uncomfortable for me I had to leave. I am now near Jacksonville with some of the Saints."

Summary--we entered Orlando, 2 P.M., Jan. 31 1898, After calling at the postoffice and getting our mail we called on Mayor J. B. Parimore and explained the nature of our mission and got the assurance of his cooperation. Sheriff J. C. Anderson, a fine fellow, promised us protection and told us where to preach on the street. S. R. Hudson, editor of the Daily Reporter, gave us a nice write-up and the use of the paper while we were in the city. The same was true of W. F. Borns, Manager, and Charles Wimer, Editor, of the

"Orlando Starr". I have already explained the bargain we made with L. C. Vaughan, Manager of the Sentinel. H. H. Dickson, Commissioner, said rules of the court would not allow public speaking in the court house. Mr. Dean, the City Marshal, was equally as finé as the above-mentioned gentlemen. We called on Father Faux, the Catholic Priest, who was a perfect gentleman and W. W. Elwang of the Presbyterian Church, who was very nasty and unreasonable. I have also mentioned our episode with J. O. Massee of the Baptist Church.

The ministers were just a little unfriendly. Most of the hotel managers told us to come to sleep and eat whenever we felt like coming. Of course a great many had no place for us. At the close of one of our street meetings a laundry man told us to bring our laundry to him and it would not cost us anything while we were in the city. Orlando had a choice lot of people. Many of them, we knew, would come into the Church.

These are just a few of the highlights of our experiences in the City of Orlando. Elder Gee has been dead for some time now.

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I have just been reviewing one of my Missionary Journals and I am going to relate an important experience or two which is more or less typical of missionary life. I will relate it as I have written it:

We had an appointment to preach in the Euchana schoolhouse about six miles from where we took dinner. It was in the settlement where there lived a minister who had said a lot of mean things about our people and had given us a lot of trouble. Arriving at Mr. McDonald's store about sundown, we found the minister, Mr. Baker, there. He was a \$1200-a-year preacher.

My companion and the preacher were soon in a conversation, the subject being "Pologamy". My companion was a refined gentleman who would never offend. As the discussion continued I wondered how men professing to believe in the Bible could willfully wound and hurt the feelings of their fellow creatures. Finally the subject turned to "Baptism". When the minister announced he believed in sprinkling, I made up my mind he was not going "to get away with this"--I just had to take a hand in the discussion.

I asked, "From which part of the Bible do you get your authority for such an assertion?"

I was never so surprised when he replied, "My supper is ready and I shall have to go."

He left without saying another word. I don't think he liked my looks and especially the things he knew I was going to tell him. But he had simply poisoned the minds of the people in that neighborhood.

In about half an hour we went to the schoolhouse, opened the door and went in. "Well," said I, "we are all here who is going to come tonight." We sat there about an hour and not a soul came. So we started out in search of a place to stay all night. I was greatly disturbed. I had always been so in hopes of never being deprived of sleeping in a bed while in the South. I also knew I was doing wrong because I had no love in my heart for that minister.

So we searched until eleven o'clock. All kinds of excuses saluted our ears--some were sick, others were going to be sick and every kind of excuse imaginable. At eleven-thirty I was stretched out on a bench in that schoolhouse with my vest for a pillow. My companion was using his grip. At daybreak I was worn out and bid adieu to Euchana, leaving the people in the hands of the Lord. We had given them a fair chance, but, oh, how I had wanted that preacher to come with some of the members of his flock to that meeting which never took place! I guess we got just what was coming to us.

At seven we took breakfast with John Castleford, a young man, well-to-do, who had visited Salt Lake City. He was of northern Irish decent. We next visited Rubin Brown, a good friend, some of whose family we baptized. At eleven o'clock we were at Annie Lindsey's where we ate dinner and at two o'clock a large crowd gathered at her house so we held a meeting. At six o'clock we ate supper at Warren Munn's, another one of our fine friends. At eight o'clock we held a meeting in the Eye settlement schoolhouse--the finest and nicest buildings in which we had ever held a meeting while in the South. We then went home and remained all night with Mr. Munn.

On Saturday, the 8th, at eleven we were in the Lower Alagua settlement and met a large crowd at the church where we preached. Went home with Mr. Steele for dinner, and at early candlelight we met another large crowd at the church. They

had just completed their church building and it would not hold the people who came to hear us. Quite a number remained on the outside. Among the crowd was a Methodist minister who preached there. His flock was there to hear us. My companion and I spoke forty-five minutes each, and both preached doctrine contrary to their belief. Not-with-standing this, they swarmed around us and a number invited us to go to their homes. We went home with Buddie Spencer.

Sunday, 9th-at 11 o'clock we were in the Upper Alagua settlement. At 11:30 they closed their Sunday School and gave us the house. This was a large building and well filled with people who knew we were to preach there. I spoke on "Baptism" and my companion on the "Holy Ghost". They seemed to pay little attention. When my companion had finished I again took the floor. This time they did pay attention. I am sure I could have been heard from some distance. We were invited by a number of people to go to their homes. We went with a Mrs. Henderson. After leaving this place, we only traveled about two miles when we ate watermelon and supper at Jeff Adkison's. After supper we went to the Oak Ridge schoolhouse and met a large congregation, many of whom had attended our meeting in the morning and enjoyed it. Stayed with Mr. Walden. I copied two songs and gave Miss Walden our photos. She was a lovely girl, about 19 years of age, very bright, did not belong to any church, but I am satisfied we have converted her and that she will become a member of the Church.

Monday, 10th--started to Moss head. Received our mail and at dark a crowd began to gather at Mr. Hodges, where we held a meeting. Among the crowd was an old retired Baptist minister and two other ministers, each about forty years old. I took the subject of "Faith", my companion's was "Baptism". I paved the way a little before commencing with my topic, telling them who we were, where we were from and what kind of people we represented. I told them the reason we were in their midst was to preach the Gospel of Christ for I did not believe it had been preached in its purity to everybody.

After we had dismissed the meeting one of the preachers came across the room, shook my hand and congratulated me on my sermon. "with the exception of one thing," he said, "and that is, you say you don't believe the Gospel has been preached in its purity." He began talking loudly, ranting and pitching, saying they had always had the Gospel preached in its purity, and at this I stopped him and said, "Do you lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost?"

His reply was, "Yes, we lay on hands."

I interrupted him and said, "Answer my question, please."

"No," said he, "we do not lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost."

I asked, "Why not?"

He said, "Because Christ did not."

"Then," I asked, "you do just as Christ did?"

"Yes," he said.

My companion then interrupted by saying, "Why do you baptize? Christ never did."

"Well," said he, "He commanded we should also lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost."

This cooled him off and he sat down. Then his companion looked at the old man and asked if he had anything to say.

He said, "No."

"Well I have," shouted the preacher. He bounded up and commenced by saying, addressing the crowd, "My friends, these men appear to be gentlemen. I have never seen them not any of their ministers before, but have heard a lot about them. But for them to come here and say we have never heard the Gospel is absurd"--then he became very excited and pitched and bucked like a wild steer. He said his father was a minister before him and he had been one for the past eighteen years, and for these men to say that his father and mother had gone to hell because they did not have any hands layed on them for the reception of the Holy Ghost, and especially the hands of a Mormon--then he opened his mouth as if he were going to scream. I stopped him and said, "Why don't you tell the truth? You just said you never heard us before and now you are trying to make it appear to these people that we conveyed the idea that those who died without having hands placed on their heads for the reception of the Holy Ghost have gone to hell, when you know no such language was used, and no such thoughts were conveyed. If you have any more to say, talk sensibly."

At this point he cooled off, and tried to apologize, and sat down. I asked my companion if he did not want to say

something. The people sat in a puzzled attitude. He told me to go ahead and be careful what I said. I proved to those preachers that they had no right to preach the Gospel; they were usurping authority and had stolen the commission given to men 1800 years ago, and if their fathers and mothers obeyed the commandments of God and hearkened to the counsel of His Servants when sent to them, they would be saved, and if they disobeyed the commandments and rejected His Servants they would be damned, and if God sent no message they rejected none, but would consequently be saved through the atonement of Christ; also I told them that their parents would stand before them at the Resurrection and condemn them for not having received the Gospel when it was offered them in these the last days.

My remarks were directed to the preachers; I gave them many instructions and called upon them to repent of their sins and be baptized for the remission of their sins and have hands placed on them for the gift of the Holy Ghost. I then sat down.

The younger preachers did not speak. The old man said, "Mr. Black, who called you to preach?"

I told him "God."

"How did he call you?"

I answered, "By revelation, and through an inspired Prophet of God whose name is Wilford Woodruff."

He asked, "Who called him?"

I answered, "The same way--through the Prophet Joseph Smith."

They all three arose from their seats and started to leave. I said, "Grandpa, I want to ask you a question. You use to preach, did you not?"

He replied, "Yes."

My next question was, "Who called you to preach?"

"I believe God did," was his answer.

"How did you get such a curious idea into your head--you know better. How did He call you?"

He answered, "I felt as though I should preach."

I said, "Suppose I felt as though I should kill you, would I be justified in doing so? Suppose every scapegoat in the country got that idea into his head, would he not have as much license as you had? You'd better repent of your sins, too."

I had followed them to the gate; they were moving. I said, "Goodnight, gentlemen."

Meeting another minister soon after our episode with the three just mentioned, the contrast was so great I can scarcely refrain from mentioning it. We had heard of an old retired Baptist minister, past eighty-five years of age, whom we learned had been chosen many times as a moderator at religious controversies or, in other words, when ministers of different churches disagreed on points of doctrine this man was called into settle the dispute, and invariably the ones in dispute were willing to abide by his decision. We had all this information before calling on him.

He was sitting on his porch quietly, apparently taking a sunbath. He asked us to come upon the porch and sit down by him. I sat facing him, our knees close together. He told us to go ahead and deliver our message. I proceeded to teach him the Gospel as though he knew nothing about it, commencing with the atonement. I then began to ventilate the fundamental principals, "Faith, Repentance, Baptism and the Holy Ghost." He soon began to cry, and he cried and cried. I asked him if I had wounded his feelings and if so I hoped he would forgive me, for it certainly was not intentional.

He finally replied, "My boy, you have said nothing but the truth. What hurts me is to find out at this late hour that I have been preaching all these years and did not understand the Gospel," and then he cried again. He seemed to be keen and alert, with a mind as normal and active as a young man's.

I proceeded to explain all about the Restored Gospel, the Father's and Son's visit to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Sacred Grove, what they both said to him and how the Apostles Peter, James and John restored the Higher or Melchizedec Priesthood, and how the Gospel was being carried to the people of the nations of the world. I suppose we talked to him for more than an hour and when we finally left him he seemed to be in a daze. We never met him again. We both felt as though he was

a good man. (We did not forget to tell him of the mission of John the Baptist and of the Angel Moroni.)

Elder Summerhays and I, as well as a number of other Elders who traveled with me, found ourselves at times traveling over long stretches of country in order to contact the different pairs of Elders to give them a hand, helping hold series of meetings, getting the true and everlasting Gospel before the people. The contrasts in our experiences were extreme; one day we would find people who loved us, the next day people who hated us.

Early one evening after one of these long walks on an extremely hot day, having eaten very little breakfast and no dinner, we were in a locality in which our Elders had never visited. We called at a home where an elderly lady told us to help ourselves to the scepansons--sweet yellow grapes, most delicious. She said her husband would be home soon and supper would be ready. They had never met our Elders, but they were it, seemed to me the most lovely couple I had met in the South. The Gospel seemed like sweet music to them. We taught them the Gospel in humility. They seemed to live in a very beautiful atmosphere. To say the least, that old couple literally fell in love with us and it seemed pitiful when we had to leave them. The next evening it was a repetition. At 5 p.m. we were invited in by Mrs. J. S. Blanchard who said her husband would be pleased to see us, which proved to be the case. After an enjoyable supper my companion spent more than two hours explaining the Gospel to that truth-seeking couple. Again it seemed a pity we had to leave them. They surely seemed to feel badly when we left.

Saturday, Sept. 11--Traveled 17 miles arrived at the home of John Mosley who had a family of twelve children. He and his brother, William, and families were good Latter-day Saints.

On Sunday morning we were glad to be in attendance at an L.D.S. Sunday School. The Sunday School was in splendid shape. We held two meetings during the day and one in the evening; spent about three days visiting among the Saints, encouraging them and leaving our blessings with them. This visit included friends, too.

Sept. 15--For the next 15 days we visited four pairs of Elders, helped them hold numbers of meetings, held counsel meetings and helped them plan their work, etc. During this

time he refused to talk about religion but seemed to take pride in trying to abuse us. We finally gave him our testimony about the truthfulness of the work we were engaged in and it seemed to completely silence him.

It is now Sept. 30th. We are at the beautiful St. Mary's River with Elders Heber C. Blood and William Shakespeare. Elder Summerhays is still my companion. He is about eighteen now; he was seventeen when he came into the Mission Field. He and I have waded miles in water. At one time it was more than four miles and then we had to take off our clothes to cross the river and carry them and our grips above our heads. The four of us crossed the St. Mary's River on a raft and afterwards, believe it or not, I took off my clothes, returned the raft, and then swam the river back to my companions. We were then in Baker County where we had a lot of friends and a few Saints among whom we held a number of meetings.

At the first morning session of one of our Conferences with President Kimball presiding, he asked me to offer the opening prayer, after which about forty Elders sang another song. Then, to my great surprise, Pres. Kimball told me to go ahead and talk about the "Holy Ghost". About four or five hundred people were seated in an arbor to listen to our message. Some were standing at the back. I made an effort to speak. Four fellows at the back seemed to be amusing themselves, so I shouted to them, telling them I had the floor and it was my business to entertain these people and if either of them spoke another word while I was speaking I would come down and snub their noses. Pres. Kimball snorted right out in a big laugh, which seemed to give the audience the license to do likewise. Elder Butterfield nearly took a fit. (I never spoke in his presence but when he laughed--he really thought I was funny!) At the close of the meeting the fellows I had threatened all apologized. I put my arm around him and blessed them.

At the close of the Conference Butterfield asked permission of Pres. Cutler to travel with me for a while. The Pres. told him he would have to make that arrangement with me. After listening to his story, I told him it would be alright. He was about thirty, heavy set, stooped-shouldered, bald-headed and near-sighted. He could scarcely read and could not write. He was an expert at "mutilating" the English language when he spoke, but he seemed to be endowed with a greater capacity or power to love than any man I ever knew. His humility could not be excelled. I have never met a man who seemed to have greater faith, and the gift of healing seemed to be his. Children loved him wherever he went.

An infidel captain of a steamboat which traveled up and down the St. Johns River had argued with our Elders. They all paid full fare, not even a clergyman's ticket. Elder Butterfield got on his boat, explained the order of the universe, the action of our own solar system and systems of worlds, the intelligence of everything that inhabits this earth; the tiny birds that built their nests and lined them with wool or cotton; how tenderly they fed the little birds too small to open their eyes, etc.

"You know", said Butterfield, "that those things did not come by chance. You know, as well as you know you live, that God is the author of all these things."

The next pair of Elders that went on that boat were special guests. The captain asked about Butterfield at the same time saying he had learned more from that simple, unlearned man than from all the men he ever knew or had read about, and told the Elders that as long as he was captain of that boat no Mormon Elder would ever pay another fare.

One evening he and I were going into a neighborhood of farmers. We stopped at a home where there was a mother and five or six little children. I asked her about the direction we wanted. Elder Butterfield picked up the baby, less than a year old, and sat down on a chair with it on his lap and the balance of the kiddies swarmed around him. I watched the mother while he told them a story. The tears ran down her face in streams.

It was early in the evening, but the first man we met asked us to remain all night. After supper I told the family the story of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and read from the book itself. The next morning soon after breakfast we met the deacon of the church and his wife at their door. This was Saturday morning. We told them the nature of our mission and the importance of the message we had for the people and asked permission to use their chapel the next day. The deacon rushed back into the house like he was going for his gun. He came back with a big long brass key and handed it to me. I presume we were excited, for we thanked him and started to leave, then turned and went back and apologized for not telling him the nature of our procedure.

We said, "We intend to begin preaching promptly at eight in the morning and we are going to preach all day, so if you and your children think you would like to hear two Mormon Elders preach all day long be at the chapel promptly at eight in the morning, and be sure to bring your lunch."

We went through the neighborhood and told that same story to every family on which we called. At night we were in the extreme southern part of the district and stopped with another fine family. Before going to bed we told them we would go early to the chapel and for them not to be late. Imagine our surprise next morning when we got near the chapel to see harnessed horses and mules tied to the trees, carts and buggies scattered around among the trees, and groups of people on the big lawn around the chapel! A handshaking took place immediately. We unlocked the door and they began to file in. The house was full, and promptly at eight we were singing, had prayer and started to preach. We each spoke about twenty-five minutes, then had the congregation stand and help us sing. We then dismissed the meeting with prayer. Then we sang and prayed and began preaching again until we had held four meetings, after which we gave them an intermission for lunch. Two long tables were spread on the lawn by placing one tablecloth next to the other, and the food was placed on them. These tables were about ten feet apart and the people lined up and down on both sides, some standing, some sitting on the grass, some kneeling. We finally made them understand it was our Fast Day. Mr. McDonald, chairman of the school board, asked me to say the blessing. I stood at the head of the table, between the two tables. As well as asking the Lord to bless the food, I told the Lord I thought these people were among the very finest I had met in the South and I would like it if He would bless them and their families, their lands and all their possessions. (I first of all asked all the men to remove their hats.) After the blessing there was silence for some time. I told Mr. McDonald to tell them to eat their dinners.

During the noon hour we talked for a few moments to a highly educated, refined and cultured lady who, McDonald said, was Superintendent of the schools of that district. She sat about four benches from the pulpit and did not take her eyes off us at any time while we were speaking.

After everything had been cleared away and put in baskets and boxes, they all filed back into the chapel. I was the last one to go into the chapel after dinner and I noticed that not one left the grounds but all went back into the chapel.

We proceeded by holding four more meetings. There was perfect silence in all the meetings both morning and afternoon. We had now held eight meetings. Before dismissing the last meeting I was explaining what a fine people they were and how much we appreciated the kind and courteous treatment we had received at their hands, etc., when a man stood up in the audience and raised his hand. When I asked him what he desired, he said a number of the people wanted to know if, after they had taken us home and supper was served and we had rested a while, if we would return to the chapel and tell them how Joseph Smith dug up that Gold Bible out of a hill up in New York State and what it purports to be. We told them "Yes" and set the time for the evening meeting. Elder Butterfield reminded me later that this was my job. I spent an hour and fifteen minutes telling that story. The house would not hold all the people; they stood in the windows.

We had promised to return and remain all night with the family with whom we had just stayed but, having left some books at the home where we had spent the Friday night, we told the people to go on home and we would come later.

It was a bright, beautiful moonlight night. On our return we had to pass by the chapel where we had held our meetings that day. Opposite the building we stepped out of the road on the grass and stood for some little while looking at it. Finally Elder Butterfield remarked that some Gospel seeds were planted in the hearts of the people who sat in that building that day that would some day ripen into a rich harvest.

He had no sooner said those words when he fell at my feet as though he had been shot by an assassin's bullet. It seemed I felt that concussion of the blow that struck him down. Immediately I thought of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Sacred Grove, and the only difference I could tell between them was that Elder Butterfield had the use of his tongue, but that was the only member of his body of which he had any use.

I shall never forget the peculiar sensation that went over me when Elder Butterfield remarked, "Elder Black, I am helpless, and blind--I cannot see a thing. Kneel down and administer to me quickly." I was on my knees instantly with my hands on his head and in the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of the Lord Jesus I rebuked Lucifer and commanded him to release his hold upon my companion. Elder Butterfield sprang to his feet instantly and said he was all-right. I tried to get up, but it seemed I was glued to the

ground. I was getting weaker and started to fall before Elder Butterfield realized what was happening. I was unable to speak. He stooped down quickly, put his arms around me and raised me to my feet and held me up until the strength came back into my legs. I knew he was praying all the time.

Imagine our feelings as we walked on and into our bedroom and had our prayers! We were soon asleep. It was nearly midnight.

Next morning I was up early and out looking at the flowers and admiring the big lawn and evergreens, when I saw a woman coming down the sidewalk. I discovered it was the Superintendent of schools. When she reached the gate she motioned for me to come. She appeared sad. I extended my arm across the gate and shook her hand. She looked as though she had been crying.

She said, "Mr. Black, I want to congratulate you on the very excellent manner in which you delivered your discourses yesterday. They were very beautiful. However, your general department and manner of delivery was nothing, nothing compared to that of your companion's. His delivery was beautiful, his English perfect! I have traveled a great deal and listened to some of the greatest orators in the United States," (Dr. DeWitt Talmadge seemed to be her favorite)," but none of them are in your companion's class. He is the best orator it has ever been my pleasure to listen to!"

Then she broke down and cried like a child. She tried to speak again but could not speak for crying. She walked away a few steps, then came back and said, "Please give him my congratulations." She then went on down the sidewalk crying like her heart would break.

I stood in the same place and was unconscious of the fact that the tears were streaming down my own face when my companion touched me on the shoulder and asked what this was all about, at the same time he was laughing. I turned and told him the story; then he cried.

The Lord magnified my companion in the eyes of those people and tempered his remarks by the power of His Holy Spirit that they seemed to the whole audience as they did to that cultured lady. We went to the house and had our breakfasts and then went on to the neighborhood for which we had started. I don't remember of ever seeing any one of

those people again, but I am sure it was as Elder Butterfield had predicted about the Gospel seeds--and that is what upset Satan so badly. I truly believe that if anyone who sat in the audience that day had been asked to give an opinion of Elder Butterfield's preaching it would have been the same as that woman's opinion.

I will now relate a few things which I call oddities which I saw while on my mission:

On our way to another Conference we knew we were coming closer to the Swanee River. I was so anxious to see the river the poets had written and sung so much about. One evening we called at a home a mile from the river. We could see the big trees along its banks.

I talked to a young woman nursing her baby and to her mother who was also nursing her baby. Then I talked to the grandmother and the great-grandmother--five generations, and to a flock of children. I was unable to tell which were which because none of the women seemed old. Then I directed my remarks to the young girl-mother. I asked her first what the river looked like at the nearest point. She said, "I don't know; I have never been over there."

"What," said I, "you don't mean to tell me you have never been over to see the Swanee River?"

"Not yet," she replied.

I then enquired the extent of her travels. She had been twice to the nearest town eight miles away.

While still on the way to Conference we met a man whose hand I shook and told him my name was "Black". He replied, "So is mine." We stopped that night at the home of Joe Chason. The next day we visited his mother who had nine children. She looked enough like my own mother in Utah that she might have been taken to be her twin. There were only three single children at home, two boys, ages twenty-seven and twenty-nine, and a beautiful girl, aged twenty-two. They know nothing about the Gospel.

We stayed all night with Warren Munn who was acquainted with Pres. Brigham Young. He had an old newspaper, "The Ulster County Gazette", published in Kingston, Ulster Co., Pa., Jan.

4, 1890. In it were three letters sent by John Adams to George Washington; one letter was dated Oct. 18, 1799. It was concerned with an advertisement of negroes for sale.

It had been thirty-one years since the war between the North and the South had closed when I arrived in the Mission Field. Wounded soldiers were everywhere in all shapes and conditions--some of the greatest sufferers I had ever seen. One-armed men and men with wooden legs were common sights. Some had running sores. One had been shot behind the right ear--the bullet came out where the nose once was; now a running sore was the result.

One day an old soldier was hauling another in a small express wagon asking for alms. They were both Northern soldiers. The wounded soldier had both arms off at the shoulder and both legs off at the hips. An old Southern soldier stopped to enquire where he got all that trouble. I think it had happened at Missionary Ridge Battle. The Southerner had been fighting in that same battle and he became quite excited. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out fifty cents and said, "I am going to give you the last fifty cents I have because you are trimmed up to suit me better than any Yank I have ever met!"

Some of the sights I saw I would not care to write.

We saw a child, eight years old, whose head looked to be twice as large as its body, almost perfectly round; it was entirely helpless. The only thing it could do was cry. The trouble was called water-on-the-brain.

Another boy, twenty-one, whose head sloped like an idiot's had never spoken a word; lay helpless with both hands clenched--they had grown that way. He had never helped himself to a drink or a mouthful of food in his life. Either the father or mother sat by his bedside. If a fly would get on him he would let out a screech that would make one feel funny. The mother had thirteen children and an old-maid sister raised them all.

I said to the mother, "What a blessing it would be if the Lord would take him back home!"

That remark wounded the mother's feelings. She cried, and I had a time apologizing and trying to square myself with her.

She finally said, "Mr. Black, I would rather part with every child I have than to loose this one."

I shall never forget the sorrow stamped on the faces of the parents of those two children!

I think I must have been different and known less than most of the Elders sent from out town. I was gone three years and never received a letter from any member of the Bishopric nor any of their families nor any of the organizations of the Church. W. H. Culmer of Salt Lake sent me ten dollars and Pearl Kimball sent me five, the only money which was sent to me from home. My mother and four sisters wrote me often and always sent stamps which helped out greatly because I wrote lots of letters to the Elders and Saints in the Mission Field.

People gave me money all over the State of Florida. Seems like the most was in dimes to pay for being ferried across rivers. Sometimes my fare was paid on the train. Often those who gave me money said it was to buy writing material. After remaining in a dark room for sixty days with sore eyes when I first arrived in the Mission Field I traveled strictly without purse or scrip, both in city and country. In all those cities money was given to me and my companion. Into all those cities we entered without as much as one penny in our possession, always having fasted forty-eight hours before entering the city; and sometimes it was the best part of three days before we received food.

It was a common thing at the close of some of our street meetings for someone to give us a dollar, at the same time advising us to go buy ourselves a good meal. A dollar would buy two good meals in those days, and that is what those dollars were spent for. Aside from the money that was given us for that purpose, I do not remember spending as much as a dime for a meal in all my three years of missionary work. During our stay in the City of Sanford, Elder Willey Nebaker and I received more dollars with which to buy meals than in any other city.

I shall never forget our first experience canvassing in that city. The first lady who answered the doorbell was richly dressed and had company. I told her we were ministers of the Gospel, passing tracts which explained the Gospel as we understood it. She was delighted and accepted the tract, then discovered what it was and threw it at me, and said, "I want

none of your Brigham Young doctrine."

She then slammed the door; I put my foot between the door and the casing and the door flew back and hit her in the face. She called me a sassy, impudent pup; I would not like to write the others things she said. Believe me, I had a time trying to make things right with her! I was glad she did not own a watchdog.

After leaving Sanford we were blessed with a wonderful experience. When we were forty miles from the oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, we were given a ticket to take us on the train to visit the old historic city. We met a Mr. H. W. Chalfinch on the train, a friend of Elder Isome's, who took us to places of interest. We learned that Hotel Pons De Leon was built at a cost of one million dollars. Wagons, hacks and buggies were waiting to take the people to the bridge across the Matanzas River. From the river to South Beach was five miles. A railroad train drawn by a dummy engine carried the people to the beach. We were guests of Mr. Chalfinch and, believe me, he showed us a swell time! We were shown all points of interest.

The railroad route went through a thick mat of timber which grew in the swamp--the home of the alligator. The beach was beautiful; waves, mountains high, it seemed. I saw what looked like a family of porpoises playing about on the surface of the water.

Two hours elapsed before we took the train back to town. At a restaurant we had dinner, Mr. Chalfinch footing all the bills. Then we visited the old Fort--one of the oldest buildings in America. It had been built of crushed shells and cement. It was a hundred and ninety-one years in the course of construction. The sergeant, Mr. Brown, took us through the different rooms and explained what they had been used for. We saw the dungeons where the Spaniards used to punish and put to death their prisoners, etc.

St. Augustine was, to my idea, a very pretty city; its population then was between five and six thousand people. When I looked at the old auction stand where they used to sell slaves, I thought of old Jeronemo the famous Apache Chief, who dealt out so much misery for our government. He and his squaw were taken there and held under guard until they died. I knew the history of their son, Billie the Kid, a college grad-

uate. I knew men who had known him and liked him. I had traveled over some of his trials in the mountains north of Phoenix, Arizona, in 1887-8.

For the treatment of the government towards his father and mother he had sworn vengeance, and he played havoc with the government for some time. I'd better not use this space to relate his depredations, but he finally surrendered with a promise to lead a peaceful life, with a promise from the government that he would not be punished for his past deeds. Without this promise he had told the government he would fight it out to the end.

My trip to St. Augustine was in 1898, ten years from the time I traveled over the trails of Billie the Kid. I was only a "kid" then.

We returned to Polatka, thinking it was a day well spent.

At the post office I found a letter from H. L. A. Culmer, Salt Lake, with a check in it for \$43.00 for work done by me at Pariette Mine in March, 1895, so I decided we would make a trip to the west coast (Florida) and see that beautiful body of water known as the Gulf of Mexico, and visit the people whom we knew were in a very scattered condition and the country very sparsely settled. We did not expect to see anyone who had ever seen a Mormon Elder.

The first family we met was named "Ward". They refused to take a tract. The next three families lived about a mile apart. I do not believe any of them could read or write. They all looked sickly, having tallow faces as though they had yellow jaundice. We wandered around in the woods and finally ran on to a shack. Outside a woman was sitting under a tree and there were two kiddies on a barrel by her side. She was troubled with sores, poor thing, but her old pipe was filled and in operation. No one could have guessed the color of the little slip or dress she wore.

Quoting from one of my Journals: "About dark we called on a Mr. Sanders who willingly supplied our wants, sheltering us and feeding us clabber, sweet potatoes, and cornbread for supper, which was very fine. We sang some songs and went to bed.

"April 24, 1898--This was our fast day. At Mr. Barber's we learned that five miles from his home was the Fish Bone

Schoolhouse where Sunday School was held each Sunday. Mr. Barber wanted us to stay all day, but we told him we would visit the Sunday School and possibly get to preach to the people. We thanked him for his kindness. We found about twenty-five at the schoolhouse. The school commenced by singing and prayer; all knelt in prayer. A young man, Henry Rutch, presided and also prayed. His prayer was meaningless. About every other word was the name of Deity. His mouth was so full of tobacco we could hardly understand him.

The schoolhouse was about 14 ft. x 18 ft. In one corner some young men with their hats on were smoking pipes and every foot of the floor was used as a spittoon. I told Elder Shakespeare it would almost be offering an insult to the Lord to ask for His Spirit to be there. When the Sunday School was dismissed a Mr. Baker said they all wanted us to preach. So we did. Then they wanted us to preach again at night. We agreed. We were invited home to dinner by J. R. Cason who lived a mile and a half away. Mr. Cason was about 22; a friend of Cason's and his wife went with us. They had their outfit there. It was two little steers and they were about the size of six-month-old calves at home. They were yoked to the front wheels of a light wagon or cart. Soon after leaving the schoolhouse both the young man and his young wife lighted their pipes; the breeze brought the smoke back to us. It brought to mind a time of my childhood days when once I got a good whiff of Uncle Tom Greener's pipe.

"Dinner was ready; it consisted of a cabbage palmetto, boiled with a piece of sow boson--the very part that the little pigs tugged at. I wrestled a piece around on my plate for some time before I could get it corralled and cornered so that I could handle it. In addition to this we had cold cornbread and a cold sweet potatoe. After dinner the young women lighted their pipes and they all had a regular jolly time.

"I wandered off into the woods and thanked the Lord for what little sense He had given me, and had honored me with His Priesthood and a call to preach His Gospel to the nations of the earth.

"We actually had supper before going back to meeting. (I won't mention it.) We met mostly the same crowd. While I was speaking some men rode up to the house on the gallop; their purpose was to break up our meeting and give us trouble. Jim Drager and Stephens were their names. Some of the men met

them and said, 'Before you break up them preachers' meetin' we will spill your blood all over these woods.' The men rode away and that put an end to the mob.

"After meeting, James Lemuel Mikell invited us home. (He reminded me very much of James Lemuel Dorritty at home.) Mr. Mikell and his widowed mother with whom he lived treated us exceptionally fine, and really felt badly when we left their home. There is no telling how much good was accomplished on that trip.

"We turned our faces toward the Gulf, twenty miles away. The country was all flat woods. When the heavy rains fall, water covers the ground. A road was cut through a dense forest. We called at a place--a few poles piled together to keep the family from the weather. At this place were three little children, dirty and ragged, who told us their father and mother had gone up the country three miles. We soon met John Valentine, who had met Elders John Watts and Combs. He was grubbing sawtooth palmettoes. Three women hauling corn were nearby. We supposed one was his wife. He told us to go to the house and make ourselves at home. A woman sat under a tree nursing a baby. I began writing in my Journal and heard another baby cry. She got it. It was about like the one she was nursing. Then another baby cried. I told her it was really crying. She said that that was Sarah's baby. We were led to believe from the information we got and by general observation that Valentine was a strong believer in polygamy. He soon came to the house. Supper was ready. In addition to the usual diet, cornbread and bacon, honey was added and sassafras tea, the latter being very good. We talked about the Gospel and went to bed.

"Tues. 26--Weather fine. Breakfast ready--sassafras tea again. Mr. Valentine told us that about ten miles west Dan Stewart lived near the coast and to be sure and see him. So, with a hearty invitation to return, we wended our way through the tall timber where cabbage palmettoes grew in abundance. They look something like the savioia or cactis of Arizona--grow thirty feet high, and have sharp, thorny limbs all around them. In the top is a bud which is used for food. Bears sometimes climb the tree and get the bud, so they told us. (Maybe a bear story.)

"A mile before reaching Stewart's we called on Widow Corbins--oh, how poor! Mr. Stewart resembled my Uncle William Black. He had a wife and family of eight children.

A Mr. Weaver, young man of twenty, teaching school had seven pupils. Mr. Stewart soon came with an alligator skin. Told us of a pond half a mile away where we might see an alligator by going there. If not, we could see a small one. He and some of the boys went with us--no trace of a grown alligator, but I did catch one twelve inches long. We spent the evening singing.

"April 26, 1898--Mr. Stewart lived four miles from the coast--his brother lived half-way. The boys were busy so he went with us as far as his brother's and one of the boys went on the rest of the way with us. The weather was a little rough. About nine o'clock I was permitted to look across that great body of water. Very serious thoughts came rapidly to my mind. I felt as though I were standing on Holy Ground, and wondered if I was really worthy to be standing there on the suburbs of a once sacred and Holy City where God once condescended to walk and talk, to live and converse with the people who lived in that city for a period for 365 years. They had become so much like Him that He took that piece of ground and all its inhabitants to dwell with Him in His Heavenly abode. I began to search for some kind of souvenir, or even a pretty shell, in remembrance of this momentous occasion.

"Enoch's City seen of old where the righteous, being perfect, walked with God in streets of gold. As himself, each loved his neighbor--all were one in heart and mind. So the City went to Heaven, and the world said 'Zion's fled'".

"The above sentences are the prophetic sayings of Eliza R. Snow.

"We were standing on Sandpoint where we could get the best kind of vision. Elder Shakespeare and Dannie Stewart threw in their hooks to catch some fish. After searching some time for a pretty shell, I proposed to my companion that we remove our shoes, roll up our pants, wade out into the ocean and gather oysters which were fastened to the big rocks in the sea. Sometimes the clusters have to be jarred loose with a hammer or a stone.

"This was my first experience at eating oysters fresh. We gathered our handkerchiefs full. Elder Shakespeare could not eat them but broke them open for me while I put them out of sight. When he counted the shells to see how many I had eaten, even I was astonished. I would not dare tell you because it

is worse than any 'believe it, or not' story, but I am sure I never enjoyed a feast so greatly.

"We returned to the boy's home, rested a while, then took a boat down Rocky Creek, another way to the Gulf. Rocky Creek is thirty feet wide and three to fifteen feet deep. We caught two horseshoe crabs, gathered some more oysters and returned to Mr. Dan Stewart's as it was just dark. Were we tired!"

The short sketch I have written about my trip to the coast over a period of five days I thought might be of interest to my readers.

"April 27--The next pair of Elders we visited was Harley P. Randell and J. D. Combs. We met them May 1st. at the Union Grove Schoolhouse at 12:30. A large crowd was on the lawn and lunch was spread I asked the Lord to bless the food and also the people, and asked Him to help them to understand their relationship towards Him and help them to keep His commandments, etc.

"The dinner consisted of cornbread and butter, bacon and greens, syrup and honey, sweet potatoes and milk. We assisted our Brethren with their meetings there and at other places.

"We next visited L. R. Lewis and J. A. Wixon. (Elder Randell is traveling with me now.) These Elders had a series of meetings scheduled and we took pleasure in helping them, after which we moved on to visit Elders L. W. Robbins and Jabz Faux. We had a delightful time helping them because there is nothing in the world so dear to the heart of an Elder who has the Spirit of his mission than preaching the Gospel of the Redeemer to His children who do not, but are anxious to, understand it."

From there we went to Elders Samuel Isom and Elton. If I should attempt to write all the varied, strange and peculiar circumstances we encountered, much less to write the sermons we preached, it would fill volumes. For instance, we were resting at a place between meeting Elders. I was trying to post up my Journal. I stopped my writing and went out into the yard where the lady was washing and told her that her baby had fallen off the bed and was screaming. She replied, "Oh, that's nothing; he often does that." I moved out, too, to finish my writing. We both moved.

We were looking for Elders Allen and Ritchie--the latter is the Elder I tried so hard to help refrain from smoking cigarettes. He was one of the finest men one would wish to

know. Cigarettes ruined his usefulness.

It was a common thing for us to stop between meeting the Elders and hold a series of meetings according to the wish and desires of the people. The same is true in canvassing a city.

"Traveling through a big turpentine plantation we met Bro. Bland who was the foreman--no other Mormon in that part of the country. He was converted and baptized several years before in North Carolina by Elder D. S. Dorrity, a life-time citizen of Kanosh, Utah, but left his home with his family to get away from persecution, but said he had seen plenty of it since leaving there. He had seen Elder Dorrity knocked down with a club, one Elder whipped who could not sit down for nine days, and other Elders driven from the county. We remained with Bro. Blend one day and two nights. He was well supplied with Church works and gave us the Compendium and some 'Voice of Warning' tracts to dispose of. We had no special visits now to make.

"Sat. 28th--We are at Bro. and Sis. James Sutton's--fine Latter-Day Saints. A week from today and tomorrow till be our Branch Conference in Bro. Nels Dowling's neighborhood.

"Sun. 29th--Held services at 11:30--nice crowd. Now at Sis. Sutton's for dinner. We had new potatoes and squash, fresh roast beef and milk, strawberries and pie.

"We are now at Sis. Andrew's. While talking about the coming Conference, Bro. Nels Dowling came in with Elder Butterfield. Bro. Dowling had a horse and light buggy. Elder Butterfield suggested that I return with Dowling's rig and he and Randell would come together. I was delighted to get that 35 mile ride. Thinking I was going alone, I was very much surprised to find a young lady perched on the seat beside me when it was time to leave. Bro. Dowling was to go another way on horseback to see a friend on business but would meet us at his brother, Hance's, place which was half way.

"My new companion and I got lost; she seemed to rather enjoy getting lost. We went through an old plantation and through thick woods and, believe me, I was worried! But, realizing she was enjoying the trip so darn much, I was able to keep cheerful. Of course, we had to stop a number of times to determine which way to go. All the time she seemed to be in the height of her glory. I considered her advice and counsel was good, but if she had given me her best advice in

the beginning we would not have been until after dark making that eight or ten miles to Bro. Hans Dowling's. I don't know really whether I was out of patience with her or not. I thought maybe that was the way with girls.

"I had decided to leave her at Bro. Hans Dowling's, but when I was ready to start next morning again, there she was perched on the seat beside me. So we went on our way. From Bro. Hans Dowling's I knew the road as well as she. We arrived at Bro. Nels Dowling's that evening, May 31, 1898.

"Wed., June 1, 1898--Elders Randell and Butterfield were there; they had made the trip on foot sooner than the girl and I, and we had a good horse and buggy--still, I don't think it was my fault.

"Pres. Cutler and Elders Robbins and Faux were there, also.

"June 2--At a well-attended meeting of more than three hundred, notice was given out that all who would like to give a hand towards building an arbor to be on the ground next morning.

"June 3--A group of men and boys were on the grounds. I planned the arbor and managed the building until late in the afternoon when I had Randell and Butterfield take over as I was called away on important business.

"June 4--More than three hundred people were present", my Journal reads. "After singing and prayer, Elder Butterfield spoke about 'sacrifices bringing forth the blessings of Heaven', Randell and Robbins spoke on 'Faith and Repentance', more singing, and prayer by Elder Faux.

"A long lumber table was spread with a delightful dinner, the 'inner man' was refreshed and all was peace and love. At the 2 p.m. meeting Faux, Cutler and I were the speakers.

"June 5, 1898--Promptly at 10 a.m. between four and five hundred people were in that arbor. Bro. Canova and Bro. Hill had driven twenty-five miles from their homes in Sanderson that morning, and people from four counties were there. Robbins and I were the speakers. All the

Saints had fasted with us. We visited for two hours between sessions. At the 2 p.m. meeting Cutler spoke for two hours. He was being released to go home and this was his farewell address. His talk was not too long to suit the Saints and friends who had come to listen.

"Elder L. W. Robbins and I were now the counsellors to Elder John Z. Brown who had just succeeded Pres. Cutler. I was expecting to be released at any moment. As has been stated, I had been a counsellor to Pres. Cutler and we had traveled among the Elders, helping in every way possible. A number of pairs made their weekly reports to me, and so far as I remember there was never a jar; under all circumstances we were happy in the service of the Lord and were trying in our weak way to explain to all who would listen the beauty and grandeur of the Restored Gospel. It seems to me I put my arm around more men in rags more often than men in good clothes. On their return home from this Conference Bro. Canova and Bro. Hill were ambushed. About eight o'clock at night, while Bro. Hill was opening a gate, Bro. Canova was fired upon. A ball passing through his head and stomach tore him to pieces with shot. Bro. Hill was fired upon while he was running, but made his escape. No definite clue was ever found as to the identity of the assassins. Bro. Canova was very wealthy and it was generally believed to be jealousy on the part of the villains who performed that wicked crime.

His thirteen children were soon assembled; six were married. It was a job to try to console them. Pres. Cutler preached the funeral sermon. The body was taken to Jacksonville for burial. Pres. Cutler and I remained at the home two or three days at which time we wrote a circular letter to the Elders and Saints, (struck off on a hectograph)--I don't know how many copies we mailed.

Pres. Cutler was now ready to start for Utah. Bro. Jones came for me to come to his home seven miles from Sanderson. His neighbor wanted to see and hear from me. He surely had his home full of people to listen to me preach.

"Sat., June 11, 1898--I am thirty years old today; have been in the Mission Field nearly three years." I thought I would remain over all day at Bro. Jones' and write a number of letters, but Bro. Mann who only lived three or four miles sent for me to come to his home to hold a meeting. Such requests were always much more important to me than writing letters or anything else. Such a crowd! The sewing machine was carried out on the porch and used for a pulpit, and the

people listened to what I had to say.

A few lines from my Journal:--"Sunday, 12th--Bro. Mann hitched his team and took his family and me to Sanderson to Sunday School. Pres. Cutler was still there. The Canova family was at Sunday School. Grief and sorrow kindled again in their hearts and in their faces when there was no one to teach or give the lesson in Bro. Canova's class. We held a meeting after Sunday School. I said but little; the few words Pres. Cutler said were fine."

"The final separation with Pres. Cutler and for some time with the Canova family had come. It was just about like pulling eye teeth to get some of us fellows away from that home. I intended as much as could be to spend that last night with Pres. Cutler, and I mean Pres. Cutler. But Bro. Jones grabbed me and said, "I have told the people out where I live I would bring you back according to their requests."

So a general handshaking took place. Adaline Canova felt badly and she told me so. She said she thought it a perfect shame I could not spend that last night with Pres. Cutler. I told her I appreciated her kind thoughts and words, and that I presumed she would have to fill in and take my place and comfort him, because it was really a hard job for him to leave all us fellows.

So, true to my tradition, I met that---now wouldn't that have been awful if I had said "mob"? The crowd I did meet was just the reverse--a lovely, beautiful class of people, men and women, with their hearts set on hearing the truth and we all really, if I do say so myself, had a fine time at that meeting.

I spent the next day at the home of Bro. Jones, writing letters, and when night came we had a repetition of the same thing that happened the night before, except that the crowd was larger. The following day Bro. Jones hitched a mule to a buggy and took me eight or ten miles on my journey. There I met Elders Randel and Butterfield who were ready to meet some preaching appointments. I told the Elders to attend to their appointments. At the post office I found mail from home, some photographs, etc.

At the home of Merrill Hutchings I remained all night. Sister Hutchings and her four children belonged to the Church. I next called on a lovely little woman, a widow when

she joined the Church, but since had married a Baptist minister (hard shell). The neighbors had told me how vicious and mean he was, and of the lies he had told about the authorities of the Church. I felt as though I could not let his lies go unchallenged. He went into a rage when I told him what he had been doing and what was coming to him if he did not repent. I was told later my visit made a new man out of him.

"We are at Sis. Long's home. Elders Randel and Butterfield are with us or, rather, we are with them. At the Duck Pond Schoolhouse we held some meetings and did a lot of good, I am sure." Sis. Long is the woman who has been keeping a pair of mocking birds for me to take home. They are young but the male is a real singer. The Duck Pond Schoolhouse was where L.D.S. Sunday School was held. It was a very badly neglected Sunday School with plenty of room for missionary work to be done. We held meetings, and counsel meetings with the officers, etc. I have with me a new Elder just from home. It is now July 1, 1898."

I have tried to be quite explanatory in writing this story of my missionary labors. I am writing it for the benefit of my children and their children, also my friends who feel as though they would like to read these pages. I think it will give a pretty general idea of the way in which the missionary work was carried on in Florida while I was there; also the part I played in that work. I am now writing these lines in July, 1947, just forty-nine years since I was tramping through the sands of Florida---then a young man trying my best to obey the counsel of those who presided over me. I have almost finished writing about my missionary labors. My work through July was very similar to that done in June, but I will just make a few remarks about what happened in July.

Leaving Mr. Long's we were given money to ride on the steamboat eight miles up the St. Johns River. We remained all night with a man who claimed he believed there was no God. He pulled a hair out of his arm and holding it up he said, "This is the sign of a monkey; I belong to that family."

It seemed I came in contact daily with things which led me to thank and praise my Heavenly Father that He had given me a little sense at least, and a testimony and knowledge of the truthfulness of the Gospel of His Beloved Son, and an opportunity to tell it to others.

We had a little business in Jacksonville with Bro. Abe Roberts who worked on the policy force. He was a fine man. His wife was a good Latter-Day Saint. He took us to listen to an Episcopal minister. Of all the shame and pretense which was there displayed! It was reported to me by the best of authority that he (the minister) drank one quart of whiskey every day.

"We are now with Elders Stevensen and Jensen, holding meetings as usual."

Bro. Nolan, one of the finest of men, Superintendent of the Sunday School, told me it looked as if he could live with his wife no longer as he felt she had inherited some of the mean traits of her ugly father. He wanted me to help him out of his trouble. I told him his wife was a good woman and that he had a fine family. I also told him to put his farm and all his cattle in the hands of his brother-in-law and leave the country, get a job and go to work, not letting any of his folks know where he was. When he got ready to go back his wife would be the happiest woman he ever knew. It worked.

It seemed all kinds of trouble had taken place in that neighborhood. Two of our finest and best brethren had had a regular knock-down, drag-out fight and they had become real enemies. Another man whom we thought was one of the best had committed adultery. So we got the Saints all together in a meeting, and a number where there who were not Saints. Elder Stevenson spoke for an hour and had everybody crying. The two men who had fought asked each other's forgiveness and that of the Saints'; and the man who had committed the terrible offense cried and asked the Saints to forgive him, and with the uplifted hands they did so.

I told the Elders they had better "stick around" there another day or so and iron out things a little more.

Our next call was at the home of "Uncle" Sam Griffis who was quite wealthy. He was glad to see us. He reminded me of "Uncle" Dick Hatton back in Utah. He had three grown girls at home, also a wife and two sons. He told the girls to get us some supper. They sure bustled around and had it ready at nine o'clock. It consisted of three little hoke cakes, some syrup and a cup of mile each. I had a large teacup out of which to drink, my companion, a small mug. His knife was an old-time one--the blade was about half as long as my finger. The one I had was nearly all ground

away. After supper we sang some songs and were shown our bedroom.

There were a few old quilts lying on an old tick on a rough bunk; another old quilt was used for a cover and one for a sheet. The smell of them proved they had not been washed very recently. In one corner of our bedroom were two or three old quilts spread on the floor on which the two grown sons slept.

I think I shall write my next three day's experiences just as they appeared in my Journal, and which also concludes my last Missionary Journal:

"Sat., July 30, 1898--Rested fine; breakfast was ready. In addition to what we had for supper there was grits. The old man and the boys drank coffee out of a saucer as we had the mug and the teacup. After breakfast one of the boys started for town as his father wanted something. (Elder Randel said he saw the man's purse full of money, most of it being gold.) We also gave the boy an order to pick up our mail.

"We went around the neighborhood telling quite a lot of people we would preach that night. About twelve o'clock it began to rain. We had dinner and supper with T. B. Raiser and were then ready to start a very good meeting and went back home with Mr. Raiser.

"Sun., July 31, 1898--The country was nearly all under water but the sun was shining. We began our meeting with a few people and some children present. The crowd increased. Dismissed our meeting at 11:30 to go home for dinner, having preached four sermons. Commenced meeting again at 2 p.m.; dismissed at 4:30. Took supper with Bash Raiser. Held a meeting at night. Went home with the rich man, Sam Griffis.

"Aug. 1,--Our breakfast exactly the same as Sat. morning. With a very hearty invitation to come again we left the Griffis' home and the neighborhood. About five miles west we called on a man to get a drink. He invited us in. We sat down and ate peaches and talked about the Gospel for an hour or so. Sang two songs and started on. Called on Wright Browning with whom the Elders had stayed a few times, but he was not at home. His wife tried to tell us all about a war, asked us if we had heard about that great prophet out in the West--she believed it was in Nebraska; said his mission was the same as John the Baptist's, and he now had two million, five hundred thousand followers; he gave the Holy Ghost with

a kiss, "And he said, " she continued, "the two beasts spoken of in John and Rev. 13 represent the government of England, and I believe it!" I told Elder Randel we'd better be going, and we went on. After a two-mile walk we called on Mr. G. W. Teston."

The last page, number 648, concludes my reports as I have recorded them day by day in my eight Journals over a period of three years, less one month. Four of the Journals have 177 pages each, one has 191 pages, the other three have less.

Since meditating I have discovered I have omitted a great many things of interest: important meetings, important characters, a number of baptisms, babies blessed (blessed seven babies one day), a great number of times the sick were administered to, blessings I gave to others, special advice and counsel I gave to young people at their request and on my own account, the sick spells I had the last year or so--how I suffered with chills and fever, and numbers of times I went and spoke to an audience when I should have been in bed, but people had asked for me. Once I collapsed in the middle of my talk and had to be carried from the schoolhouse or the church. A number of times I nearly collapsed. Somethings, which might have been of interest to some of my readers, I omitted purposely.

For a few days after my last recorded night's entertainment I was with some of the Elders all the time. For the most part I was with Pres. Brown and Robbins, going over the condition of the Conference. We were in the vicinity of New Zion where our Conference was ready to convene. That Conference was rather a swell affair. More than forty Elders and hundreds of people met to instruct or be instructed for a period of two days when, to our surprise, right from home, Elder Ben E. Rich came into our midst. He had just succeeded Pres. Elias S. Kimball as Pres. of the Southern States Mission.

It seemed as though he came right to me and said, "Elder Black, how long have you been in this mission?"

I replied, "Only three years."

He said, "You are going home at the close of this Conference."

So he preceeded to make as much use of me as he could during the sessions that followed. Elder Heber C. Blood was released at the same time and we came home together, but from

that Conference he and I went different directions, visiting the people we wanted to see, with an agreement to meet at a certain place at a given time.

"Uncle" Tom Drew had requested when I was released that I visit him for three days before going home. When I called at his home I told him I was going to stay two nights and one day and that he would have to give me the money to go home because I did not know to what office to have it sent from Chattanooga, Tenn. He replied, "I will keep you three days." He let me go on the second day. I think we both cried.

I had to leave the mocking birds at Mrs. Long's as it was out of my way to call for them.

After leaving "Uncle" Tom Drew's I visited my friends in Western Florida where my missionary work had first begun to take on form, where I had spent so many hours in communion with the people I had ever known. Believe it or not, I saw many tears shed. There is some kind of a love built up between the Elders and their friends, some of whom the Elders have converted and baptized--a love that cannot be described. I joined Elder Blook and our first stop as I remember was New Orleans.

Strolling up one of the business streets, after leaving our grips at the railroad station, we met a man in front of a restaurant. He seemed to be in a terrible way, telling us how long it had been since he had something to eat and if we would only give him fifteen cents he could buy a cup of coffee and some doughnuts and how happy he would be. I told him we were going into this restaurant to eat and he could go with us and could order anything and everything he wanted, and I would pay for it. He insisted on having the fifteen cents. A man stepped up and said, "Gentlemen, you are wasting your breath talking to that drunken bum!" The fellow started down the street. I tried to call him back to have that meal, but he kept right on going.

On our way home we saw a lot of different country, the account of which I will skip. I think we were about four days making the trip. I shall never forget the sensation when we began to pull into the western mountains and through some of those canyons like the Royal Gorge. Then I thought of one of our songs:

east across the mountains to Gunnison. The road across the mountains was not much better than a cow trail.

We stayed all night with a Brother and Sister Christensen, who had a boy and girl who had been palls of Jesse's and Rachel's at the B.Y.U. We were treated fine. The next morning we agreed after being married to return and stay another night at the Christensen home.

Jesse and I had both had our endowments before going on our missions. President J. T. D. McAllister performed the ceremony and gave us some good counsel. He was the man who converted my mother in Ireland, and they had always been good friends.

We had tried to sense the sacredness of the occasion and to say the least we were all very happy.

Leaving Mantí, going down an incline on a slow-trop, one of my horses stumbled and fell across the buggy tongue. I handed the lines to my wife and I had those horses by the bridle bits before that horse got to his feet. The tongue was broken in two. We got a piece of pole and with some wire a neighbor gave us we sliced that tongue and went on. When the girls saw what might have happened, they were pretty frightened.

At the Christensen home we got the surprise of our lives. In the evening the people began to gather. Among them was the Bishop and his Counsellors and their wives, and I think the Stake Presidency and their wives, and we all sat down to as swell a wedding dinner as I had ever seen. There was a big Wedding Cake ornamented and decorated most beautifully with silver bells on top of it.

I stood amazed and dumbfounded, wondering what it was all about. Then the thought came to me, it was the love those people had for Jesse and Rachel that brought this fine thing about.

The next problem was how we were going to sleep. Sister Christensen noticed our puzzled look and took Jess and myself upstairs and showed us our bed. We did not know what became of the girls, neither were we worrying. We learned, the next morning, however, that the three girls had slept together.

Morning came, and after breakfast was over we tried to

express our thankfulness to those good people for the lovely manner in which they had taken care of us and entertained us, and for the splendid reception they had given us.

At night we were in Scipio, having gone the long way around. I drove to Billie Bradfield's, a cousin of mine whom I had known for years and with whom I had been very friendly. Jesse, I think, drove to the home of more school friends.

Again I began to worry about how we were going to sleep. It seemed the time had come when I was supposed to sleep with a young lady. I worried more about her than about myself. I wondered if when it came to a showdown she would cry. To my great surprise she went about turning down the quilts and discarding some of her clothing as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening. We had our prayer for the first time together and have kept up the practice to the present date. We were called to breakfast and thanked those good people for their kindness, then went in search of Jesse and Rachel. We were forty miles from home. It was after dark, as I remember, when we reached home. The Kimball home was my home for a short time.

After the holidays were over she took up her school work again, teaching the smaller grades, and I went to Grass Valley horse back to see my brothers, George and Will, and their families and my many friends there at Coyote, now known as Antimony.

I stopped at Kingston the first night with Uncle Edwin King. The next morning which was Sunday he hitched a team to his buggy, tied my horse by the side, and went with me to Coyote, eighteen miles. We were there in time for Sunday School. Notice was given out that I would be the speaker at the Sacrament Meeting at 2 p.m. My brother, George, presided. He was 1st Counsellor to Bishop Culbert L. King who was away. It seemed as though most everybody came out. I tried to explain the fundamental principals of the Gospel as I would to a crowd in the South whom I knew had never heard the Gospel.

Bro. Edwin King paid me quite a compliment. He said, "Bro. Black, I never heard the Gospel explained that way before, and I have filled two missions." I don't know when I had a little praise do me more good.

I visited for several days before returning home. It had only been a short time since Bro. George Crane had built a new home and lost his wife. Bishop Hopkinson had died, and

"Our mountain home so dear,  
Where crystal waters clear  
Flow ever free----"

I was conscious of the fact that we were coming to a country where I could look across great stretches of sagebrush and desert and soon would be looking down into the valleys dotted with cities and towns along the slopes of the towering mountains to the east where these pure crystal streams were actually flowing, and out to the west where fields of grain and hay were growing.

We pulled into the Salt Lake Station early in the evening. A large crowd had gathered to greet the incoming travelers. I could see no one I knew except Pearl Kimball, and as far as I was concerned that was all that mattered. She was standing smiling, just as she had been when I boarded the train for Chattanooga, Tenn., three years before. She had seemed blessed to see me leave and now seemed pleased to see me return.

It all seems strange. Today is Sunday.

I told Miss Kimball at the station that Pres. Joseph A. West lived a block or so west. We went to see him and his wife and first baby. Ada Britt was there. She threw her arms around me and kissed me; then I was reminded that this same Bro. West had accused me of kissing this same girl in the Mission Field before I had been there a week. I swore at this time I was not guilty of having done that. I remembered also having replied to him at the time, "All that's troubling you is that you could not have the same chance."

Before leaving Salt Lake I was attacked by chills and fever. We went as far as Deseret and stopped at Uncle William Black's for a day or two. I was taken in a light-covered wagon where a bed was made for me. We went through by Mud Lake stopping all night with Bro. Rasmussen at Sink of Chalk Creek. I was taken to the home of my sister, Alice Rappleye, the old home my son, Wells, now owns. I was kept in the south bedroom for days. Sometimes it seemed I was burning up, other times it seemed I was trying to shake the bed to pieces.

Pearl Kimball dropped in every day. It seemed everything possible was being done for me. Mother kept close to me all the time. One day I said, "Mother, if you will get someone to take a team and go out to Cove Fort and bring Sister Jane Black, she will cure me." I had no sooner made this remark when Sister Jan Black walked into the room. Mother told her what I had said. She replied, "The boy is right." She walked out of the room and into the kitchen and presently returned with a teacup full of black coffee. It was extremely bitter.

She said, "Drink this", and I obeyed. She talked to mother a few minutes, then went out and got another cupful. I drank that. Then she went and got the third cupful and I drank that. It did the trick. My chills and fever were broken. I have never had any chills and fever since. I repeated this remedy in August every year for four or five years as a preventative.

Doctors seemed to be of no use to me. I loved Jane Black as I loved my own mother. She moved to Beaver where she lived the remainder of her life. Whenever she came to Kanosh on visits, or I went to Beaver to see her, I always took her as if she were my own mother. I have been absent from a great many funerals, but none bothered me like being absent at Sister Jane Black's funeral. (I was in Los Angeles under a doctor's care at the time. I knew she had cautioned and re-cautioned some of her children that I must be present at her funeral, but things worked out differently.)

After the chills and fever episode it took me some time to recuperate, but all the folks in Kanosh treated me with courtesy and kindness.

Pearl Kimball and I finally decided to go to Manti and be married in the Temple. We talked the matter over with Jesse J. Bennett of Meadow and Rachel Bechstrand of the same place, who had been planning the same thing. I don't believe we planned exactly how we were to go. I took a good team and a light, one-seat buggy, or a seat-for-two. I thought Jesse might furnish a buggy with two seats and take my team and we would all go in the same rig, but it seems he could not find such a rig in town. He took a team and a rig like mine. Leaving early the next morning, after crossing the Scipio Divide, we went along the foothills south of Scipio until we came to Scipio Lake, then

his wife had been left a widow. She and Bro. Crane were soon married and he went to her home to live. Pearl and I thought we would pay them a visit and see if they would consider selling us the home they were not suing. He said another man had the first chance and Saturday was the deadline. The next day Bro. Crane came over to Sis. Kimball's to say he had been to see this other party but they did not want the home. He had a written proposal for us, which we accepted, which gave us possession of the home. We were to pay a certain figure interest at a certain rate; we could settle any time within a year or turn the home back to him if we had not paid for it in twelve months. We settled for the home in ten months.

I went back and took charge at the mine at Pariette which was out in the desert six miles off the main road to Ford Duchesne and Vernal. Pearl and her sisters, Florra and Laura, came in the Spring. Florra visited for some time before going home. In October Charles Kimball took Pearl home in a wagon and Golden, our first baby, was born Nov. 16, 1899. I expected to be home when he arrived, but he put in his appearance about three days before I arrived on the scene. Of course I was glad he had come and everything was o.k., but he was surely a homely, squalling, little mortal.

In my field in the summer of 1940, I was horrowing an eight-acre piece of newly-plowed land which was quite loamy. I was using a three-section, heavy steel harrow, each section being five feet wide; all three were fastened together. I was using four horses working abreast on a four-horse evenner, all of them tied together with a small rope. The two center horses were about five feet apart. A line was on the two outside animals. The animal on the offside, or right side, was a saddle mare which had only been worked in the harness a few times and did not know the meaning of the word "Whoa!" I had a long, wide board on the harrow tied fast with some wire, and a wooden box for a seat.

I accidentally dropped the line on the saddle mare and said, "Whoa!" which only made her travel faster. I jumped off behind the harrow. The horses made a circle. I don't know what possessed me, but when they came back I stood in front of them, raised my hands and said, "Whoa!". At the same time I went under that rope. The horses were still traveling; I think three of them were on a fast walk and the saddle mare was trotting.

I caught hold of the harness mane of the big gray mare, which was working with the saddle mare, with the view of pulling myself up on her back, then I would get the saddle mare's reins and stop the team. My efforts to climb on the mare were a failure, and the only thing left for me to do was to fall on the ground in the path of that harrow.

I knew I could do that and the harrow would not hurt me one particle. (I knew that better than--I was going to say 'better than I knew that I lived!').

I dropped on my stomach, my face resting on my arm, my feet next to the harrow. I sprang to my feet almost instantly. I had dropped down on ground which was not harrowed. I was now standing on narrowed ground. The team was about two or three rods from me, still going north. I began to examine myself. My hat was on my head in its place. Not a particle of dirt was on it nor any other part of my clothes except the front where I had lain on the ground.

The team began to circle again. I walked some distance and waited for them to come to me. This time I stood on the side line and said. "Whoa!" They stopped almost instantly. I petted them and talked to them, then picked up my lines and finished my job, after which I unharnessed them, turned three loose in the field, then rode the saddle mare home.

As I was going by Bishop Lloyd Rogers' home, he was leaning over his yard gate. I stopped and briefly told him of my experience. I knew he had as much confidence in me as he had in any other man. He looked at me rather curiously, I thought, but did not say a word. I rode on home. A few days later I told my son, Mark, the story and related my experience with Lloyd, informing him I felt sure that the latter did not believe me. He told me that Lloyd did believe my story and had so informed him.

A few months ago Lloyd and I were talking about it. He believed that the Lord lifted the harrow over. I said, "No, he lifted me up while the harrow passed by, then laid me down in the same place--on the ground which had been harrowed.

I bear testimony that I actually had this experience.

To each of my children four boys and two girls, and their children, I am sending my Holiday Greetings and reminding them of the birth which in the next few days we will commemorate of the two greatest men that ever lived in mortality on this earth--Jesus Christ the Son of God, and Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet. I bear testimony that I know that Jesus is the only Begotten son of the Father, the Redeemer of all the children of our Father who now lives or who ever did live or ever shall live upon this earth. That He established his church in the meridian of time and did all things as spoken of and recorded in the New Testament which was according to the saying of the Prophets who lived before Him. That He died on the cross and was buried in a borrowed sepulchre where His Body lay for three days, while he was in the spirit world preaching to the spirits in prison, that they might be judged according to men in the Flesh but live according to God in the spirit. That He took up his body the third day and was seen first after the Resurrection by Mary Magdalene, than by his apostles and on one occasion He was seen by five hundred at one time and with this immortal Celestial glorified body. He walked and talked with men and people for forty days before ascending to his father.

I further know and bear Testimony that Joseph Smith saw and talked to the Father and Son in the sacred grove in the spring of 1820, and that the Prophet Moroni delivered to Joseph the Gold Plates from which, by the aid of the Urim and Thummim an instrument found in the stone box with the plates, and by the gift and power of God translated that record into the English language, which record revealed the hand dealings of God with the ancient inhabitants of America for a period of a thousand and twenty years. I know that record is true and the most correct history in the world today. I know that John the Baptist appeared and conferred upon Joseph and Oliver Cowdery the Aaronic priesthood and later Peter, James and John, restored the Melchizedek priesthood and the church is organized by the will of the Lord after the pattern of the church organized by the Saviour after the pattern of the Church in Heaven. That this is the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and the only church on earth that the Lord recognizes as His church. That each man who has presided over this church from Joseph Smith to Heber J. Grant have been Prophets, seers and Revelators to the Latter-Day Saints all over the world.

Wherever the Latter-Day Saints live and by living the principles of this Gospel is the only real source of happiness in this life or the life to come, and by living these principles is the only way of knowing this work is true, so I admonish you my children to refrain from doing the things the Lord has

forbidden. Never take his name in vain, for nothing grieves him more. Your father has never once profaned the name of God. Keep yourselves clean so the spirit of the Lord will be your companion. Please do not use tobacco, tea, coffee, or liquor of any kind. If you do you defile your body and the spirit of God cannot dwell in unclean bodies. Go therefore to the places where you will be taught the ways of the Lord, so you will be prepared to teach. We are all suppose to be missionaries. Don't forget to pay your tithing and be blessed. I prayed all my life as a little boy to be a missionary, and when I was called to fill a mission in the southern states it was the greatest thrill that ever came into my life.

On my way to Salt Lake I told the young man who was with me I was going to fill my mission in Florida. I knew that better than I knew I was on the road to Salt Lake. I went to Florida and before reaching Greenville Florida, I met the President of the Conference. I contacted almost instantly a bad case of sore eyes. The president hired a room in the home of Chaplain Griffeth where I remained with an elder taking care of me with large black glasses on my eyes. No one will ever know how I suffered. All the elders fasted and prayed for me at different times. Eight came and held a prayer circle and administered to me. Nothing seemed to help. The president came a number of times, and finally said the two Doctors who have been waiting on you say you are going to loose your sight entirely, if you do not go back home or to one of the northern states. I said tell those doctors they know nothing about my case. I am going to stay right here. He nearly cried. A few days later which was the end of the 60 days we had lived in that room, we got a letter from the president to say he and his companion would hold a meeting the next morning at 10 o'clock, five miles from there, and if there was some way to get Elder Black there, thought it would do him good. I told my companion we would go. I had then fasted two days and nights. I had made a number of such fasts. I went right on with my fast three days and nights. I spoke at the meeting the first audience I had ever stood before. No audience since has given me such attention. I spoke on faith for one hour and fifty minutes. That night after supper I went out in the woods and on my knees I told the Lord I knew I was his servant and I knew before I left home I was going to Florida to meet a great many people who were looking for me. I told him I thought I had made the sacrifice and I

would like him to please restore my sight, so I could be about his work. All the while I was praying, I was crying. My crying increased so I had to quit praying. I sat down and cried and cried until I was satisfied. As I sat there meditating, a sweet heavenly influence crept into my soul and I knew my eyes were healed. I stood up on my feet and removed those glasses, and threw them away in the darkness through the woods. I went to the house and went to bed. The next morning my eyes were well as they are now, and I have never had any sign of sore eyes since. I have no use for glasses, and can read small print for hours. I refer to these two circumstances that came to me in my weakness. I could write pages of circumstances that came into my missionary life you would think more miraculous, so why should I not know this Gospel is true and the only way you will ever know it is true will be by living it. The Saviour has said if we will do the will of his father we shall know that his (The Saviour's) doctrines are true. Know the truth, and the truth will make you free. This is life eternal to know the only true God and Jesus whom he has sent. It is my daily prayer that my children will be protected from the sins of this wicked world and will see the importance and necessity of keeping the commandments of the Lord and be useful and instrumental, helping to establish his righteous purposes in the world and earn for themselves a place in his Celestial Kingdom. Some how a sort of longing possessed me to write you these few lines in the hopes it might increase your faith in the Lord and stimulate a desire to live a better life and learn something about the real object of life which is to know the Lord and his ways and keep his commandments and laws and be assured of eternal life. The next duty is to reflect your fine life. That it will be a blessing to others and help them to find true happiness. The Saviour said if you spend your whole life and bring save it be one soul unto me how great shall be your reward in heaven with that one soul and you bring many souls unto me how much greater shall be your reward.

I say it with all humility. I have had a number of people put their arms around me and cry expressing their joy for something I said or done for them, mostly in a spiritual sense. I leave my blessings with you.